MEMORIES OF A RED LETTER SUMMER

ELEANOR CHILDS MEEHAN

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MEMORIES OF A RED-LETTER SUMMER.

BY

Mrs. ELEANOR (CHILDS) MEEHAN.

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Dedication.

ON THE SHRINE ERECTED IN MY HEART OF HEARTS
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED PARENTS
I LAY THIS LITTLE TRIBUTE
OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION.

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INTRODUCTION.

These pages were written with the idea, at first, of merely elaborating my journal for the perusal of my family and friends, especially some young people in whom I am much interested, and to inspire those young people with the desire to study the history and literature of other lands; but, as the subject grew, I concluded to offer it to other readers.

I have illustrated some of the spots visited by scraps of history and incidents indicative of the character of the people, quoting almost altogether from those who differ from me in religious conviction. And now I invite you to share with me the reminiscences of a summer that, to me at least, is marked by a RED LETTER.

Among my souvenirs of travel, an album is prized, containing flowers and leaves from spots visited, and the scenes where I plucked them come to my mind in loved association.

This bit of ivy recalls a romantic Irish ruin; this bunch of purple heather, Scottish scenes; this hawthorn blossom, the snowy hedges along perfect English roads, where we sauntered in leafy June. Here is a wild flower from the forest of Fontainebleau; a tulip from a German garden, a lichen from an Alpine

rock, a rose from Capri, and an orange blossom from Sorrento. Here I sat, forgetful of time, in the darkening valley of Interlaken, and watched the fairy scene on the summit of the Jungfrau as the setting sun coquetted with the snowy peaks, or drifted away in a gondola to tuneful melody on the Grand Canal in Venice.

Here, watched the surf beat on the Mediterranean shores, as restless as in the days when her islands were peopled by the fabled gods and goddesses; or in beautiful Florence sat with Dante, admiring the famed Giotto Tower; gazed with Galileo through the first telescope into the wonders of the heavens, or followed the Misericordians in their solemn offices of charity. Here, contemplated the grim walls of silent, sad Chillon, and with Byron compassionated the lonely prisoner; or with Napoleon penetrated the sublime fastnesses and stony crags of the Pass Saint Bernard; drifted along the picturesque Rhine and peopled the crumbling ruins of her old castles with the knights and robber barons of old.

Here, languished in the Mamertine prison with Peter and Paul, knelt in the sacred galleries of the Catacombs, and at the shrine of "Domine, quo Vadis" heard the Divine reply to the remorseful apostle; in the Coliseum listened to the cries of the brutal populace the roar of the wild beasts, the triumphant pray-

ers of the martyred Christians, and the call of the gladiators, "Caesar, we, who are about to die, salute thee!" In old Pompeii walked with blind Nydia, heard the oracle, looked in at the feast in the house of Diomed; saw the warning "Cave Canem" at the door of the house of Glaucus, and fled with the affrighted populace from the ashes of Vesuvius. At Oberammergau's Passion Play we knelt with Mary and John at the crucifixion, and awakened again in Rome, in the presence of the most august monarch of Christendom, though throneless, Leo XIII.

So, if you have visited these spots, we will share the rehearsal; if not, may mine be the pleasure to depict, if in but a faulty way, some of the pleasures of foreign travel.

MEMORIES OF A RED-LETTER SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

OUR ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

And so, one lovely May morning in the year of our Lord 1900, a happy family group, we stepped on board the good ship that was to be our home for a week, and as we were swung out of the harbor at New York, and saw the land gradually disappear, a feeling of sadness was combined with the happy prospects of a long anticipated trip abroad. However dear home may be, still there is implanted in every breast a longing for something beyond, else should we be but clods. Soon we were indeed "out on the ocean sailing," and as the shadows of evening fell our hearts were raised to Mary, "star of the sea," committing to her tender care our own fortunes and the loved ones left behind us. "Ave Sanctissima, 'tis nightfall on the sea; guard us while shadows lie dark o'er the waters spread!"

And so we sailed and we sailed, until one day the spectral shadows of the eclipse fell over us, and all eyes were turned on the great phenomenon of nature

which, viewed at sea, seemed to be particularly impressive. Nothing occurred to relieve the monotony of the daily routine; a tracing of smoke in the far distance, indicating our nearest neighbor in a passing vessel, created the only excitement, until at last a faint line appeared, and we approached the coast of France at Cherbourg, where many of our passengers left us directly for the great Paris exposition.

Now came aboard the welcome newsboy, bringing packages of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, dating from the day of our departure, and we felt, as we greedily obtained our share, that we were once more in touch with the great half of the world behind us. Carefully guarding our precious newspapers for a favorable time to look them over, we turned our attention to the strange shores with their long lines of fortifications, the blue bloused laborers assisting in the unloading of the vast cargo of mail and baggage, and waved goodbye to the friends who boarded the puffing tender that was to carry them to the shore. At last our vessel's head was turned northward, to cross the channel, passing the beautiful Isle of Wight, with its many attractions and memories of Charles I., and soon we reached Southampton, where we disembarked and watched with regret the graceful, receding vessel continuing to Bremen.

Band on Steamer Deck.

A strange feeling possessed me as I stepped first on England's shore, foreign, yet native, for from this land one of my ancestors came, while from the "Green Isle," so near, another forsook castle and lands to follow a loved husband's fortunes to the new world. In both cases their descendants later took up arms to defend their adopted country from the tyranny of King George, pledging "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" for the securement of the blessed liberty we now enjoy. Yet, we go back now, as children grown too large for parental leading strings, and defiant of parental injustice, still turn with affectionate remembrance to the old home.

The visitor to the old world is at once brought face to face with the mighty past. Here, at Southampton, King Canute rebuked his flattering courtiers by taking his seat on the sands, and commanding the ocean's waves to recede. Here, Philip of Spain landed when he came to England to marry Queen Mary; and here, on the only remaining gate of the city are the figures of Sir Bevis and the great giant whom he killed, Ascapard. From here, Richard of the Lion Heart led his crusade; and in 1620, the Mayflower left for America with her Puritan passengers.

From here, we took the cars for London town, and found the hotels filled on account of the famous

" Darby Day." A horse belonging to " His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales," was to run, and all loyal England was on tiptoe. How lovely were the English roads, with their carefully kept thorn hedges full of snowy bloom, and the smoothly clipped lawns surrounding the comfortable, pretty homes. The fields were full of peaceful looking cattle and sheep, with their young; and we mentally contrasted the jolly crowds of both high and low degree, hurrying, in all sorts of conveyances, noisily to the racing grounds, with the poor fellows of their own blood in Southern Africa engaged in most unholy struggle against a people contending for their liberty. Soon after this came the tidings of the fall of Pretoria, and then London ran wild. Our curiosity had led us to Epsom Downs to witness the scenes of the long heard of " Darby," but as our late arrival on the previous night had given us no time to exchange our money, the hard-hearted gatekeepers only looked askance at our beautiful American gold pieces, and we were obliged to return without witnessing the races; feeling, however, well compensated for our disappointment, by the amusement the outside had afforded us.

The next morning being Sunday, and the bells calling to holy Mass, we went to Kensington, to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, the church of the famous

Cardinal Newman, a fine statue of whom stands near the door, and whose life has been compared to those of Saints Ambrose and Augustine. His secession from the Protestant Church, after a long and bitter struggle, and his reception into the Catholic fold in 1845, when he said, "To apprehend the ancient church as a fact, is either to be a Catholic or an infidel," was described years afterwards, by Lord Beaconsfield, as "a blow from which the Church of England still reeled." Mr. Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man," referring to this event, said: "It has never yet been estimated at its full importance." In 1879 he was created Cardinal, and his master mind illuminated the literary and religious world of the century. His beautiful verses, "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," written about this time, have been loved and quoted by thousands, both in and out of the Church, and his influence has led many souls out of doubt and despondency into the blessed haven of rest, in perfect trust and truth.

How sad for many who do not accept the leading of the "kindly light" that would guide them, but for human respect, for pride, or self-interest, they ignore it, or hesitate under the shadow of ritualism!

"So near the gleaming, kindly light,
So near the path to lead them home;
So near the aid of priestly rite,
So near the outstretched arms of Rome."

Like a weak Catholic was the Lord Mayor of London, a few years ago, who said he would attend the Protestant churches in his official capacity, and some one inquired of him if he should die in office, would he do so privately or officially.

The community at the Oratory is under obedience, but without vows. It was introduced into England in 1847 by the then Father Newman, under Father Faber, also a convert. The church is magnificent. Among the numerous side chapels is one of particular note, in honor of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin. An inscription on a tablet reads: "This altar was erected by Flora, Duchess of Norfolk, who died in 1887, to the Mother of Sorrows, that they who mourn may be comforted." Opposite is the inscription: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." There is a picture of the "Mater Dolorosa," her heart transpierced by seven swords, representing her "seven sorrows," and above all a copy of the entombment of our Lord.

Truly the pious Duchess was afflicted in her hoped-for son, heir to the oldest and greatest of names and titles, being a helpless paralytic, and indeed a hopeless one, save by the intervention of a miracle, for which both she and her equally pious husband have appealed unceasingly to high heaven, by pilgrimages and vows and charities. The altar

of the patron of the church, St. Philip Neri, was donated by Henry, Duke of Norfolk. Five silver hanging lamps are votive offerings in memory of Alexander Gordon Lennox, who died in 1892. In the sanctuary the floor is of the finest inlaid wood; this, with the ivory inlaid stalls, was the gift of Anne, Dowager Duchess of Argyll. The gilt canopy is a copy of that suspended in the shrine of St. Anthony in Padua. The surrounding paintings are very fine; the frieze and molding of gold mosaic are inscribed in blue letters, "My house should be called a house of prayer, saith the Lord." The pair of branched lamps are after those on the arch of Titus, taken from Jerusalem; the marble stands bearing the arms of the donor, the noble convert, Marquis of Bute, whose conversion created such a sensation in England that Beaconsfield, Lord Disraeli, made him a character in one of his novels. Mexican onyx faces the walls of St. Wilfrid's chapel, and the panels are occupied by pictures of the English Saints Winifred, Gregory, Bede, Edward, Alban and Thomas a-Becket.

In the seventh century St. Wilfrid founded a Benedictine Monastery at Ripon, and his noble soul was well fitted for the moral combat he had to wage against crime in high places. The Lady Altar is another fine piece of work. The Oratory profited

by the persecution of the church in Italy, when church property was confiscated. This fine altar of Carrara marble was purchased for £16,000, and conveyed to England. The Purgatorian Altar brings our hearts to the Suffering Souls. Cardinal Newman, in his "Dream of Gerontius," beautifully depicts the doctrine of the church on this subject.

The walls of the chapel to St. Patrick are of Irish marble, erected by the confraternity. A statue of St. Peter is a reproduction of that in St. Peter's in Rome. I have only noted a few of the main points in this grand Oratory, raised by the faithful for the refreshing of the weary souls of life's pilgrims. Here, from the busy streets, one may enter an atmosphere of peace and prayer, and the soul is lifted above earthly dross and pain by the contemplation of things heavenly, conscious ever of the Sacred Presence.

One of the English daily papers, giving an account of the funeral of Lord Russell, the great Chief Justice, occurring here during our trip to Scotland, says: "They kept strange vigils with Catholic fidelity to the dead, who watched all night beside the coffin of the Lord Chief Justice, while the four high tapers around the catafalque flickered upon the ghostly shadows of the vast nave, and the silent mystery of the altar was touched with sanctuary gleams. Until those obscure hours, when all prayers are sighs,

were penetrated by the dawn, the great Oratory was the solemn vestibule of eternity. This was the prelude to the Requiem for Lord Russell of Killoween."

During our stay in London, quite lengthy for tourists, we made frequent visits here, as the most convenient to our hotel, and I look back with deep affection to the restful hours spent in the Brompton Oratory, with its many sacred associations.

Out from these peaceful walls into London's busy streets, where the living hurry and jostle in the daily struggle for existence, or for power, how few ever give thought to the fact that beneath their ceaseless tread lies the dust of so much greatness, and that the vast city, civilized under the mild sway of the cross, was once the scene of Roman contention and conquest. Roman London lies about eighteen feet below the present surface. Discoveries have been made, during excavations, of pavements, of tombs, statues, coins, ornaments and weapons, and, over all, ashes as if from fires. The London of the Britons lies yet beneath all this.

We visited the Houses of Parliament, but they were not in session. The Houses of Lords and Commons are separated by a hall, the Queen's throne commanding a view of both houses. We stood where Charles I. was tried and sent to the block. On the tower is the great clock, whose dial measures

ninety-two feet in circumference, and requires five hours to wind. The bell weighs thirteen tons, and is known as "Big Ben." In the House of Commons we were told of the Mace — a club-like emblem of the Speaker's dignity, and always in his custody. It is borne on the shoulder of the sergeant-at-arms, and there is no business transacted in its absence. We regarded with becoming respect the London Bank, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and just here will remark what we learned in our banking experience. When we asked for gold money, it was scooped on to scales and weighed — then we could count it, to be sure. One thousand sovereigns weigh twenty-one pounds, and their notes, printed on white paper and used only once, require five hundred and twelve to weigh one pound.

The site of London Bank is said to have been once occupied by a Roman palace.

Steerage Passengers.

CHAPTER II.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

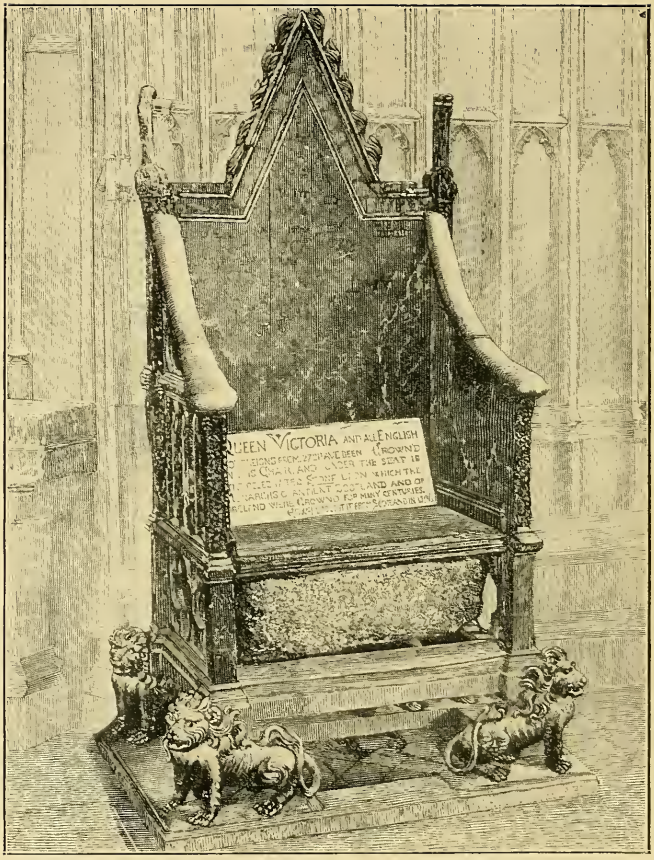
Over the ruins of a temple to Diana rose "Paul's Cross," as the seat of the Bishop, while farther west rose a Benedictine Monastery, Westminster. St. Paul's has risen phoenix-like from the great fire of London in 1666, commanding attention from historical interest and as a triumph of architectural art; but Westminster holds our affection. We spent much time in wandering through its dim aisles and cloisters, and peopling it with those whose dust lies below. Here is a perpetual sermon against the folly of attaching the heart to the pomps and vanities of life.

This grand old pile, the fruit of patient labor of hand and brain for centuries, is now a vast cemetery. The vaulted ceilings, that once resounded with praise and prayer, now echo back the footsteps of the visitor, be he but the careless sight-seer, the reverent antiquarian, or the pious Christian bent on homage to the saintly relics still remaining here in spite of the vengeful wrath of the fanatical destroyer.

No longer burns here the perpetual lamp, cheering the heart of the worshiper as indicating the Sacred Presence of our Divine Lord! It was extinguished

centuries ago. Shall it ever be re-lighted? Services of the Church of England are held here, and a Catholic entering Westminster feels as one who, entering his father's house, finds another in possession. Tradition carries the first foundation back to the early days of the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain by St. Augustine, when the See of Canterbury was instituted. Mellitus, a noble Roman, consecrated first Bishop of London, and Sebert, King of the East Saxons, began the church. His tomb is here, dated 616. We also hear of a fisherman ferrying over a stranger on the evening before the dedication, who proved to be St. Peter; the church was lighted up and angel choirs singing. Edward the Confessor next added to it. He was buried in front of the altar in 1066. So much beloved was he, that kings, nobles and all great men vied in honoring his memory and desired sepulture near him. He was canonized, and events of miraculous nature occurring at the time of the changing of his tomb, proved his sanctity.

From the days of William the Conqueror to Victoria, every sovereign has been crowned here. The coronation chair incloses the famous stone of Scone. It is said to be the stone on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel; carried to Egypt, thence to Spain, thence to Ireland, where it is said to have pillowed



Coronation Chair, Westminster Abbey.

the head of the dying St. Columba. It was placed on Tara's Hill, and Irish kings were crowned on it. It was said to groan if the claimant were of royal blood, but remained silent if he were not. It was received in Scotland about the year 850 and deposited in the Monastery of Scone. Upon it the Scottish monarchs were crowned. When Edward the First overran Scotland, the stone was seized and carried to England, and deposited in Westminster in 1297. A magnificent chair was made to contain it, and it still stands there, battered indeed by time and the abuse of visitors, before it was more carefully guarded. On coronation occasions it is covered by cloth of gold. It has never been taken from the Abbey but once, and that was when Oliver Cromwell was installed Protector. The Abbey suffered from his soldiers in the demolition of grand and beautiful works of art of all descriptions. The once magnificent shrine of Edward the Confessor, with its gold, silver, precious stones and curious mosaics, is now but a bare structure. Still it stands high above all, the center of pious pilgrimages.

The fine tomb of Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, close by, had the solid silver head knocked off, and the sheets of gold that covered the effigy were torn from it. Of him Shakespeare wrote: "Hung be the heavens in black," etc.

Edward the First lies near, and the good Queen Maud, or Matilda, who by her marriage with Henry the First united the Norman and Saxon lines. It is recorded of her that in Lent she would walk barefooted from her palace to the shrine, clothed in a hair garment, and spend long hours in prayer and penance. Here also lies Eleanor of Castile, in whose honor crosses were raised wherever her body rested on the way to the tomb. The last of these is Charing Cross. She accompanied her husband, Edward the First, on his crusades, and once saved his life by sucking the poison from a wound.

Here, too, are Katherine of Valois, the ancestress of the Tudors; and Philippa, so beloved of her husband, Edward III., that after her death and that of his son, the Black Prince, his fortunes failed, and he died broken hearted and neglected. Near by is the chapel of Henry the Seventh, once "Lady Chapel," built by him as a burial place for himself and family, where Masses could be said for his soul, "pperpetually, forever, while the world shall endure." This was once magnificent and adorned with curious emblems. By his grave is a bronze dragon, that asserted his claim to descent from King Arthur, and a crown on a bush, commemorating his hasty crowning on Bosworth field with the crown of Richard.

found on a bush, and many other emblems significant of his rank.

The carvings on doors and ceilings, and all the works generally, are most admirable. High up still remain stone statues of the saints; while along the walls are the seats of the Knights of the Bath, each with his coat-of-arms and banner above.

The "reformers" made sad work of this magnificent place when they began the spoliation of the Abbey, at its dissolution by Henry VIII., with all other religious houses. At the head of Henry the Seventh's tomb lies James I. of England, son of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots. After her death by the headman's ax, at Fotheringay, in 1587, her body was interred at Peterborough Cathedral, but James, after his accession to England's throne, had it removed to Westminster, where he had the same honors paid to Queen Elizabeth and his "dearest mother." A facsimile of his letter hangs on the screen by the tomb. They lie opposite each other, and beneath Elizabeth is the body of her half-sister, Mary, daughter of Catherine of Aragon. In this chapel also lies the body of Edward VI., son of Henry the Eighth and Jane Seymour. At his funeral was first used the burial service of the English Church. He died at sixteen. Council under him ordered the "purging of the library of all mis-

sals, legends and superstitious volumes." The tomb of the mother of Henry Seventh is surmounted by her effigy, most beautiful. Her life was full of good works. Her funeral sermon was preached by her friend and confessor, Bishop Fisher, afterwards beheaded by her grandson, Henry VIII. The eulogy was a model of concise and perfect praise, "Every one who knew her loved her, and everything she did became her."

The bodies of the young princes murdered in the Tower were found at the foot of a staircase, and removed here by order of Charles II. This chapel has been described as "sown with the dust of kings," for beneath the pavement lie many royal bodies of lesser note and many children. Here, also, is the tomb of General Monk, Oliver Cromwell's aid, close to that of his royal master, Charles II., whom he aided in restoring. A tablet to Oliver Cromwell marks where his body laid, together with some of the prominent leaders of the commonwealth; but at the Restoration they were dug up, thrown into a lime pit, and their skulls set on Westminster Hall. Here lie, also, many clergy and confessors for the faith.

The Abbey begun in early ages, adorned by the patient labor of loving hands and gifted with precious offerings befitting the house of God, has witnessed many stormy scenes.

Attila's hordes had at least the apology of being heathen, but here, under the guise of religion, hundreds of years later both Thomas and Oliver Cromwell's men destroyed works of art, rifled the shrines, burned in ignorant hatred precious manuscripts, the result of patient labor of studious and learned monks, and committed many other sacrilegious outrages. Of the old painted windows but little escaped; such pieces as could be recovered were made into a kind of patchwork by the respecters of antiquity. Dean Stanley deserves special mention for this care, and he, too, lies in the Abbey. Edwin, the first Abbot, lies in the ancient chapter house. Part of a stairway yet remains by which the monks used to descend at night into the church to pray.

The Abbey had a ghost in the person of Bradshaw, who died in 1659. He presided at the tribunal which condemned Charles I. He lived a while by permission in a little chamber in the corner. The last coronation by Catholic rites was that of Elizabeth; the last Requiem Mass was Queen Mary's, excepting one for Charles V. of Germany, soon afterwards, by order of Elizabeth. This capricious Queen was a queer compound, one day attending holy Mass, another giving orders for wholesale persecutions. A victim of remorse, she died flung on her cushions on the floor. In the Louvre Gallery, in Paris, we saw

a most terrible and realistic depiction of the last sad scene. In Westminster, Nelson craved a tomb, but while he has here an effigy in wax, he is buried in St. Paul's, inclosed in a wooden coffin, made from a mast of the Orient, underneath a magnificent sarcophagus made by order of Wolsey for his own interment, but confiscated with his other properties when he had fallen under the displeasure of his royal master, Henry VIII.

No one knows where the monks buried Wolsey, the broken-hearted Cardinal. En route to the Tower for imprisonment, on the charge of treason, illness compelled him to stop at the Abbey of Leicester, and to the monks who met him he said: "I am come to lay my bones among you. Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

In St. Paul's also lies England's other great soldier, Wellington. In Westminster are remembered, if not buried, the world's brightest literary lights, from Chaucer, born about 1340, whose "Canterbury Tales" still delight all readers, down through five hundred years. Among them Spenser, of the "Faerie Queen," laureate under Elizabeth.

A number of his contemporaries, including Shakespeare, dropped into his grave eulogies on him, together with the pens with which they were

written. Burns, whose body lies in his own beloved Scotland, has here a memorial; and Dryden, so well known by his "Hind and Panther," written after his conversion to Catholicity. Cowper and George Herbert have a memorial window placed by our own generous compatriot, George W. Childs. There is a bust to Milton, whose body lies in St. Giles' Churchyard, and a bust to Shakespeare, who lies in the church at Stratford on Avon. Some suppose that the reason why his body has never been brought here is out of respect to the words of his epitaph:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed heare," etc.

Our own Longfellow has a bust from his English admirers, and Thackeray a memorial, but his body lies at Kensal Green. There is a bust to Gray, who lies at Stoke Pogis, the scene of his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Wordsworth has a statue, but is buried at Grasmere, his old home, whose surroundings are woven in so many of his sweet poems. Here, too, is Thomas Campbell, whose "Hohenlinden" was the delight of my childhood, and is always associated with a little, chubby, rosy-cheeked boy, whose favorite recitation it was. His black eyes would sparkle under the inspiration of the martial words, little dreaming that one day his fate would be as those for whom "the snow should be their wind-

ing sheet" when he fell in the conflict between the North and the South in our own Civil War.

There is a memorial of Sir Walter Scott, whose body lies in Dryburgh Abbey, near his Scottish home; Robert Southey, once laureate; Coleridge, of "Ancient Mariner" fame; Thomson, of the "Seasons"; while side by side lie Browning and Tennyson, late laureate. His last verses are so beautiful:

"Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving, seems asleep, too much for sound and foam.
When that which drew from out the soundless deep, turns again home.
"Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark.
For, though from out our bourne of time and place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar."

"Rare Ben Jonson," the friend of Shakespeare, is buried standing on his feet. There is a statue of Joseph Addison, of the *Spectator*, who died in 1719, "the noblest purifier of English literature." At his death, after lying in state in the Jerusalem chamber of the Abbey, his body was carried at night, by torchlight, around the shrine of the "Confessor," while the

choir sang a funeral hymn, and was deposited in the Henry Seventh's chapel. Here lie Macaulay, the historian, Charles Dickens, the beloved of all readers, and Sheridan, of the "Rivals." These are names most familiar in the "Poets' Corner." Strange to say, among all these brilliant lights lies the body of "Old Parr," who died in 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two years, having lived in the reigns of ten sovereigns. In this neighborhood also is Anne of Cleves, one of Henry Eighth's wives, who died a Catholic, and was buried here by the monks; and it is believed that the wife of Richard the Third is also buried here.

Among the statesmen are William Pitt, so familiar in our own revolutionary history; Grattan, the great defender of Ireland, and his devoted friend, Charles James Fox. England's Prime Ministers, Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli, also a great writer, and Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man." During our stay in London his wife, aged eighty-eight years, died, and was laid in her husband's tomb. The burial was private. The account read: "The proceedings were as simple as possible, the coffin of plain oak, and there was an utter absence of display. As the body was lowered into the grave, one could not help recalling the pathetic incident of two years ago, when this woman, now gone to join him, sat at the foot of her

husband's open grave, a bowed and weeping figure." The anthem sung was, "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore." Besides a telegram from the Queen to the bereaved daughter, the Prince and Princess sent a wreath with verse, breathing the gentle soul of the Princess so much beloved:

"In Memory of Dear Mrs. Gladstone:

"It is but crossing with a bated breath
And white set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved one waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

"Alexandra."

Here is Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, whose devotion to Charles I. cost him nearly a million pounds. Warren Hastings has a monument, but is not buried here. His eulogy, by Macaulay, is very beautiful: "With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey, which has in so many ages afforded a quiet resting place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should mingle with the dust of the illustrious accusers." The

trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall occupied seven years, and brought him financial disaster, but he was at length unanimously acquitted of the charges brought by his enemies, and closed his days in honorable retirement, being provided for by the West India Company. He was buried at Daylesford with his people.

Here lie Richard Cobden, the champion of free trade and the repeal of the corn laws; Sir Thomas Hardy, the excellent soldier, present at Nelson's death; and Major John Andre, who was hanged by Washington as a spy in 1780. For forty years his body lay on the banks of the Hudson, and was then transferred here. The chest is shown which was used in place of a coffin, to disarm the superstitions of the sailors. On the monument is a bas relief of Washington receiving the petition in which Andre begged for a soldier's death by shooting, instead of a felon's death by hanging. A wreath of autumn leaves, an American offering, is over his monument. Side by side lie Herschel, the astronomer, and Sir Isaac Newton, the great mathematician and formulator of the law of gravity. A slab on the floor bears the name of Darwin, whose theories of evolution have caused much discussion. George Peabody, the great American philanthropist, rested here a while, and was then removed to his native Massachusetts. Stephenson,

the great engineer, and James Watt, the improver of the steam engine; and Livingstone, the great African explorer, who died in Africa, and was carried by his faithful servants to the coast, where his body was shipped to England to be interred here. A monument to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, contains a beautiful inscription from Tennyson's pen:

> "Not here! the white north has thy bones; and thou,
> Heroic sailor soul,
> Art passing on thy happier voyage now,
> Toward no earthly pole."

The persistence of his devoted wife, in organizing searching parties for him, has made his name and hers household words and enlisted the world's sympathies.

There is a memorial to John Wesley, the father of Methodism, buried at Marylebone; and Wilberforce, the philanthropist; General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, and has there a joint monument with his brave opponent, Montcalm, who has here also a monument, but is buried at Greenwich. Among the musicians are Balfe, the Irish composer; Henry Purcell, once organist of Westminster, of whom Dryden wrote: "He has left this life and gone to that blessed place, where only his harmony can be exceeded." Another organist and composer, Dr. William Croft, has the inscription on his tomb: "He emigrated to

the heavenly choir, with that concert of angels, for which he was better fitted, adding his hallelujah." Handel has a fine statue, and beneath it is a bust to Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, who so well interpreted his music. Among dramatists and actors are Congreve, considered Shakespeare's only rival; Anne Oldfield, whose fame as the greatest actress of her day has come down to the present; Barton Booth, ancestor of the American Booths; Beaumont, David Garrick, Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Kemble; Barry, the tragedian of 1777; and Mrs. Bracegirdle, noted in both the dramatic and political world. While on the subject of great men and women of England, I will mention beside the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, in St. Paul's, the rival in antiquity of foundation of Westminster, lie also John of Gaunt; the painter Van Dyck, who was in England the last nine years of his life by request of King Charles; General Gordon; Hallam, the historian; General Brock, killed at Queenstown, Canada, 1812; Sir John Moore; the painters Turner and Reynolds; General Pakenham, defeated at New Orleans in 1815 by General Jackson; and Lords Howe and Cornwallis, both of whom figured so largely in our struggle for independence. Here also lies Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, under the canopy of this most fitting monument to his genius, the great St. Paul's. Returning to

Westminster, I must recall that this once possessed the right of sanctuary, which was abolished by James the First. By this right the Queen of Edward the Fourth twice took refuge here. On the first occasion her son, Edward V., was born and baptized, and the second time, thirteen years later, she returned with her young children, fleeing from the Duke of Gloucester. She was persuaded to give them up to their uncle, who later had them murdered in the Tower.

I was told that Westminster once contained the quaint and very true old epitaph:

"How now, who is heare?
I, Robin of Doncastire,
And Margaret, my feare,
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost."

But we were too much interested in the personality, so to speak, of the tombs, to search for something merely curious. On one of our visits to the Abbey we noted a Chinese woman in native costume come in and kneel with rosary in hand to recite her prayers. To those interested in the burials of royalty I will mention that in the vaults of Windsor Palace, just out of London, lie the bodies of Henry VIII. and one of his Queens, Jane Seymour, and the beheaded

Charles I. Byron says: "By headless Charles, see heartless Henry lies." Here lie Kings Edward IV., Henry VI., George III., William IV., George IV. and his only child, the much bemoaned Princess Charlotte.

I have but touched on the names and incidents most familiar to the casual reader. I always love to stroll among the resting places of the dead, be they great or humble, and Gray's "Elegy" runs through my mind. Especially appropriate here are these lines:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath!
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death!
The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The path of glory leads but to the grave!"

Longfellow also writes so beautifully of the dead:

"Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves."

Westminster memories crowd thick and fast on one who, like myself, has in youth studied history only through the narrowest of Calvinistic spectacles.

Henry the Eighth was once a pious child of the Church, when learning flourished, and the bodies as

well as the minds of his people were cared for; but his baser passions led to the destruction of this state of prosperity, uprooting of schools and colleges; pulling down and confiscating for himself and his favorites what years of labor had erected, his title as "Defender of the Faith" became a mockery. On his own brow he placed the crown of spiritual supremacy. Green's *English History* says: "All that men saw was political and religious chaos, in which ecclesiastical order had perished, and in which politics was diving down into the squabbles of a lot of nobles over the spoils of the Church and crown. Divinity ceased to be taught in the universities, students fell off in numbers, libraries were scattered and burned, and the intellectual impulse died away." Hallam, the historian, writes: "The most striking effect of the first preaching of the Reformation was that it appealed to the ignorant."

The historian Spelman writes that when Henry's Council was slow over passing one of his bills, he angrily said: "I will have that bill pass, or I will have some of your heads." Of course the bill was passed. The apostate Bishop Cranmer did his spiritual bidding, while Thomas Cromwell, low born and bred, was the fitting tool to enforce anything else. Monasteries founded by such a good king as Alfred, and his tutor, St. Swithin, were speedily undone by

this other pair. As one example alone of the occupation of the monks in what is called the Dark Ages, the most beautiful volume in the Congressional Library in Washington is a Bible transcribed in the sixteenth century by a poor, unknown monk. Written on parchment in German text, the lettering is so perfect that even a magnifying glass fails to detect any irregularity. So in the British Museum I have seen examples of similar work, some of the few rescued from the destruction so general then.

The Bibliographer says: " The Religious Orders used to have almost the monopoly of copying books, as few laymen possessed the requisite skill. The Carthusians made it one of their chief labors for support. In the Abbeys a certain room was set apart, called the Scriptorium, for this purpose, and here the monks doing this work met every day. The Missals, Bibles, and books requiring the greatest skill and learning, were only executed by priests of mature years and experience. The monks were enjoined to work in strict silence, to avoid distraction, and guard against errors in grammar or spelling. Every possible precaution was taken to secure strict accuracy. Some illuminated the copies, while others again bound them. In the Cotton Library is a copy of the Gospels, written by Eadfud, Bishop of Durham. The illuminations, capital letters and pictures of the

evangelists were skillfully executed by his successor, Ethelwold, and the whole bound by Bilfud, the Anchorite, with gold and silver plates and precious stones."

Cobbett writes: "That the ruffians of Thomas Cromwell, to whom Henry VIII. had given license, tore down altars to get the gold and silver, tore off the covers of books, all manuscript, that had been ornamented with the precious metals. Single books that had taken, in many cases, half a long lifetime to compose and copy, whole libraries, that had taken ages to get together and cost immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by them when they had robbed the rich covers of their ornaments."

But let the waves of persecution dash as they will against the rock on which the Church of God is founded, all must come at length to agree with Macaulay's tribute. He says: "She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine; when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

A few years ago Lord Salisbury, a good Church

of England man, said: "The great and beneficent Reformation itself was set rolling in England because Henry VIII. got tired of his wife and fell in love with her maid." The Protestant rector, Dr. Jessop, says, among other things equally just: "The religious houses were then, as now, hives of industry. Everything that was made or used in a monastery was produced on the spot. The grain grew on their own land, the corn was ground in their own mill; their clothes were made from the wool of their own sheep. They had their own tailors, shoemakers, carpenters and blacksmiths; they kept their own bees, they grew their own garden stuff and their own fruit; they knew more of fish culture than we moderns; they grew grapes and made their own wine. No traveler of any degree was refused food or shelter; the mere keeping of their accounts required a number of clerks, for every nail was accounted for; they could not have been idle to do this in such a minute manner to the fraction of a farthing."

Macaulay pays this tribute to the Jesuits: "They were to be found spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the inhabitants of Paraguay, perfecting themselves in the language, translating books, caring for the sick and instructing children." "The Jesuits have always been the pioneers of civilization and Christianity. In their foreign missions,

they first make the savages men, and then make the men Christians."

The Catholic clergy have always befriended the poor, always advocated peace and submission to proper authorities. Note the noble conduct of Cardinal Manning as he stood between capital and labor on the London docks, representing the Church in all ages. Papers of twelve years ago say that, of the one hundred thousand strikers, but one-fourth were of his faith.

CHAPTER III.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This ancient building stands on Tower Hill, on the banks of the Thames. From articles found in making excavations, it appears of Roman origin. In Shakespeare's *Richard Second*, he makes the Queen refer to it as "Julius Caesar's ill erected tower." Under William the Conqueror it was continued for the purpose of defending the city, and served as fortress, prison and palace of kings. A moat, now dry, once surrounded it, and from the river the Traitors' Gate was much used for landing prisoners. We stood for a moment, to imagine the scene of unfortunates entering to their doom. How many have passed this arch with bursting hearts, uncertain of their sentence, perhaps for mere imprisonment, perhaps to the block! To this fate passed two miserable Queens of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. The Bloody Tower was the scene of the murder of the infant Princes by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Under its stairway, marked by a plate, their remains were found, and buried in Westminster. The most ancient part, the Wakefield Tower, is now the repository of the crown jewels. Among these is first noted the crown of Victoria,

weighing over thirty-nine ounces. One of the jewels is a large ruby, given to the Black Prince in Spain in 1367, and worn by Henry V. in his helmet at Agincourt. It contains twenty-seven hundred diamonds, seven sapphires and eight emeralds. St. Edward's crown is here, also his staff, a golden scepter, four feet seven inches long, and said to contain a fragment of the true Cross.

There are badges of knighthood; the Sword of Mercy, pointless; the royal baptismal font and plate used on different sacramental occasions; the royal scepter and crowns belonging to different sovereigns; a recess, shown as a chapel used by Henry IV., and the scene of his murder. Adjoining this Tower once stood a hall used at the trial of Anne Boleyn. The White Tower was built by the "Conqueror" partly from an old Roman city wall, which had been continued by King Alfred in 885. Many illustrious prisoners have lodged here, among them David, King of Scots, John, King of France, and the Duke of Orleans, captured at Agincourt by Henry V. Here Richard Second signed his abdication in 1399.

The chapel of St. John was used by William the Conqueror and family, and the state apartments were reached by a narrow, winding stairway. But one or two fireplaces have been found, and the whole place is more of the nature of a prison than a palace; and

even during our summer visit we shuddered at the bleak surroundings in the dark stone rooms. "Banquet halls" and "royal chambers" seemed but mocking appellations.

From here monarchs proceeded to Westminster for coronation. The Armory contains a curious collection of articles used in ancient and modern warfare. The armorers of early date, chiefly German and Italian, were most ingenious workmen. When we examined the curious and intricate armor and remembered that every part was labor of the hands, we wondered at the careful, unique productions. Mounted figures display protection for both horse and man, and it seemed incredible that human strength was equal to the burden of the armor and the immense implements of warfare — spears, battle-axes, swords and helmets. It is possible, though, that only the rich were able to afford this expensive work, as leathern and quilted protection is also seen. One figure is especially noticeable, the "Crusader" covered with chain mail. The Japanese were also most ingenious workmen in this art. Coming down to the use of gunpowder, old cannon are noticed here, being formed of strips of iron welded together and encircled with hoops. One old gun is from the wreck of the "Mary Rose," sunk in 1545 during an engagement with the French.

Here is the cloak worn by General Wolfe at his death in Quebec, in 1759; also the block and ax used at the beheading of Lord Lovat in 1747, for his siding with the Pretender, and marks of the ax are on the block. Here are also instruments of torture — a not very creditable exhibition, since they have been admittedly added to for effect.

In the Queen's House, now occupied as the Lieutenant's lodgings, is the door through which Lord Nithsdale, disguised as a woman, escaped in 1741, the night before he was to have been executed In one of the rooms Guy Fawkes, accused of the famous "Gunpowder Plot," was examined in 1605. Adjoining is the house occupied by Lady Jane Grey during her imprisonment, and here she is said to have seen her husband's headless body carried by, while the scaffold was prepared for her own execution, in 1554. The Royal Chapel contains the tombs of herself and husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, several Scotch Lords beheaded for their share in the rebellion under the Pretender in 1745, the Dukes of Monmouth, Somerset, Northumberland; also the Queens, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. The Tower green, in front of this chapel, was the place of execution; and here also suffered Jane, Viscountess Rochford, in 1542, and Robert, Earl of Essex, in 1601.

But sad as were the memories connected with these spots, where ambition, revenge and other human passions lie buried, the place most appealing to the heart was the Beauchamp Tower. Dark and gloomy, it was lighted only by slits in the walls, until some years ago a large window was opened for lighting the main apartment, converted into a mess room. The walls are covered with inscriptions, carved by the unhappy prisoners to while away the sad hours of their confinement, while awaiting death or whatever the caprice of those in power should dictate.

Entering the door, we see the name of Paslew and the words, "My hope is in Christ." The name of Robert Dudley appears, created Earl of Leicester by Elizabeth, once so high in her favor as to hope for her hand; again, so far under her displeasure as to be here a prisoner. He finally died at his castle of Kenilworth, around which spot Sir Walter Scott wove one of his most charming romances.

The name of Peveral, with curious device, embracing a cross, a death-head and arms of the Peverals, seems to mark him a religious prisoner under Elizabeth. Further on, the same armorial bearings, three wheat sheaves, are again seen, and a cross inserted in a heart, showing another member of the family a prisoner.

The name of William Tyrell, 1541, with a shield;

is supposed to be a Knight of Malta, who wrote to the Prior in London of some irregularities of another Knight. The Latin inscription reads: "Since fortune has chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed; my planet being ever sad and unpropitious." Another inscription reads: "The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting he will be just."

Arundel, June 22, 1587. This was Philip Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1573. The name Arundel was from his mother. As he was a devoted Catholic, it was easy to bring accusations against him; among others, that of harboring priests and having Mass for the success of the Spanish Armada. Although Elizabeth spared his life, he was confined to prison, not even being permitted to see his wife and infant son, who was born after his incarceration. She offered him liberty to renounce his faith, but he refused, and died a prisoner in 1595, aged thirty-nine years. Nearly thirty years later his body was removed to the family church; and I have heard that the late wife of the present Duke of Norfolk, herself of a most deeply pious nature, has his skull encased in gold as a relic of a martyr.

The name of John Dudley, son of the Duke of

Northumberland, joined with his father and others trying to prevent the succession of Queen Mary to Edward the Sixth. He was condemned, reprieved, but died in the Tower. He was, however, treated with leniency, and allowed the company of his wife and attendance of his church. The carvings he made to while away his time are very interesting; the family arms, surrounded by a wreath of oak, geranium and honeysuckle, emblematic of his brothers' names, one of them the husband of Lady Jane Grey, and four lines of quaint verse.

The name of Charles Bailley, the bearer of dispatches, in cipher, of a conspiracy in favor of Mary Queen of Scots, by some of the Scotch and English nobility; was seized, put to the rack, and confined to the Tower. He moralized thus: "Wise men ought, circumspectly, to see what they do; to examine before they speak; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and above all things, to whom they trust."

John Store, Doctor, 1531, was a learned man, whose offense was adherence to the Catholic religion. Although over seventy years of age, he was executed. Near by is Thomas Miagh, an Irishman, of whom mention is made in a treatise on the use of torture in England. He was seized in connection with the correspondence with rebels in Ireland, and repeatedly

tortured, but without effect. His inscription reads: "O Lord, which art of heaven King, grant gras and life everlasting to Miagh, thy servant, in prison." Farther on he again carves:

> "Thomas Miagh, which lieth here alone,
> That fain would from hens be gon;
> By torture strange my troyth was tryed,
> Yet of my libertie denied." 1581.

The name of Poole is in several places, but appears to be that of Edmund, Arthur and Geoffrey. The two former were implicated in a conspiracy for seating Mary Queen of Scots on the English throne. Geoffrey gave evidence against his brothers. An inscription in another place of the same date, 1568, is ascribed to the Poole brothers; while Arthur Poole later carved his name and the words "I. H. S.," "To serve God, to endure penance, to obey fate, is to reign." Another monogram tells the sad story of Dr. Abel. It consists of a bell, on which is carved the letter "A." He was the chaplain of Queen Catherine of Aragon, first wife of Henry VIII. For his devotion to her cause, his opposition to the divorce proceedings, and denying the King's supremacy, he was beheaded in 1540. Cardinal Pole suffered from Henry's displeasure, on account of opposing his divorce from Catherine, but as the King could not lay hands on him, being in foreign lands, vengeance was

wreaked on his unhappy mother, the Countess of Salisbury. This aged lady, having given no cause by which they could reasonably accuse her, was sentenced by "attaint"— that is, condemned without trial, only on general principles,— by a council under Thomas Cromwell. She was of royal blood, the last of the Plantagenets, and more than seventy years of age. She was carried to the scaffold, but when bidden to lay her head on the block, said: "No; my head shall never bow to tyranny; it never committed treason, and if you will have it, you must get it as you can." The executioner pursued her around the scaffold, striking at her with the ax, her gray locks hanging loosely, until at last he brought her down. This in Christian England! Cobbett spares no invective, of which he was certainly master, in denouncing the deeds done in the name of "Reformation."

An interesting device and inscription, of which, however, there is no history, is noticed mainly for the laborious effort it must have required and the registering of the agony of a sad heart. A circle contains a shield in one corner of a slab, three salmon in another, the date 1622; the name T. Salmon, the inscription, "Close prisoner, three months, twelve weeks, two hundred and twenty-four days, five thousand three hundred and seventy-six hours." Latin inscriptions signifying "Neither rashly nor with

fear"; encircling a star and cross, "So live that thou mayest live." Surrounding a death's head the inscription, "Et morire ne morieris"—"And die that thou mayst not die." Adjoining this the name of Thomas Roper, 1570, and the words: "By the painful passage let us pass to the pleasant port." He is supposed to be the Catholic husband of a daughter of Sir Thomas More, who was also beheaded under Henry VIII. More's body is buried in St. Peter's Church at the Tower, and his head is at St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

There is the name of Thomas Fitzgerald, an Irish nobleman, who was the victim of kingly treachery and cruelty in 1538, his whole family threatened with extermination. And next Adam Sedbar, Abbot of Joreval Monastery. For opposing Henry VIII., he was, with others, executed at Tyburn, 1537. Doctor Cooke, 1540, Prior of Doncastle, for the same offense, was hanged, drawn and quartered in the same year. The name John Martin, and an Italian inscription, "O unhappy man that I think myself to be!" John Seymour, 1553, evidently the Seymour who was confined to the Tower in 1551 as an adherent of the Duke of Somerset. This gentleman, with Stanhope, was beheaded.

The name John Prime, and inscription, "The

word of the Lord remains," is that of a priest who suffered under Elizabeth; also, John Colleton, priest. 1581, was a learned clergyman, admired by all of both religions. His wanderings, apprehensions and imprisonments extended over many years. He composed several works, and died at the age of eighty-five.

Egremond Radclyffe, 1576, "to arrive at," son of the Earl of Sussex, a Catholic, and charged with high treason. He also suffered banishment, then imprisonment, and death in 1578.

An interesting inscription, but without history or explanation, is the simple word "Jane," probably that of Lady Jane Grey, and carved by her husband, as she was never confined in the Beauchamp Tower. Many of these who suffered for the faith are some of the "martyrs not mentioned by Fox."

Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned in the Tower for thirteen years for treason, which season he improved by literary work. Released and again imprisoned, he was finally executed in front of Westminster Palace, and lies in St. Margaret's Chapel, near by.

Thomas Cromwell was the tool of Henry VIII., who coolly cut off his head when he had no further need of him. Cobbett relates of Thomas Cromwell, that "he rifled the tomb of St. Thomas a-Becket, de-

stroyed the tomb of King Alfred the Good, sent Sir Thomas More to the block, and in every way was the pliant tool of his master, Henry VIII."

As historical research is ever brushing the cobwebs from the chronicles of these times, posterity has come to award to the great and good Sir Thomas More the justice due him. He had been Lord Chancellor of Henry the Eighth, but, wearied with his labors, had retired, still in favor. The King, being refused by the Pope a divorce from his good wife, Catherine of Aragon, the pliable Cranmer granted him one, and proclaimed him head of the Church. The conscience of the godly Sir Thomas More would not subscribe to this, and he was condemned to the Tower. Every inducement was held out to him to yield; his friends, and even his son visited him in his damp and gloomy cell and pleaded with him. To his son he said: "Cease, my child, to persuade your father to an unworthy act. Tell the King I am not his enemy, but I can not obey his commands to overturn the altars of my God." Sir Thomas More was beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886.

A little over one hundred years later was born Titus Oates, a consequence of the political and religious agitation of these times. Pretending to be a convert to the Catholic faith, he entered, in turn, two Jesuit seminaries, but was expelled from both for bad

conduct. He then invented a great plot, pretending that the Catholics were to rise, murder the King, exterminate the Protestants, burn London, and involved hundreds of innocent people. He found numberless dupes and plenty of perjurers to back his scandalous charges. After several years reason began to dawn on the people; he was seized for perjury, stripped of his honors, sentenced to the pillory to be whipped, and imprisoned for life. A few years afterwards he was released. One of his victims, Sir William Howard Stafford, who was a Catholic nobleman, was beheaded. Macaulay calls it a judicial murder. He says: "During several generations the Roman Catholics were in no condition to demand reparation for injustice, and accounted themselves happy if they were permitted to live unmolested and in silence. At length, in the reign of George the Fourth, more than one hundred and forty years after the day on which the blood of Stafford was shed on Tower Hill, a law annulling his attainder was passed unanimously, restoring the injured family to its ancient dignities."

Green's *English History* says "that Thomas Cromwell's administration was the 'English terror.' By terror he mastered the King; by terror he ruled the people." Oliver Cromwell came later to finish up the devastation. Cobbett, whose *History of the Reformation* holds up to execration the deeds done in

England and Ireland at this period, concludes thus: "When I considered the long, long triumph of calumny over the religion of those to whom we owe all that we possess that is great and renowned, when duty so sacred made me speak, it would have been baseness for me to hold my tongue. To be clear of self-reproach, I pray God to save my country from further devastation, and can safely say that neither expressly nor tacitly am I guilty of any part of the cause of her ruin." He quotes many authorities, among them the *London Quarterly Review* of 1811: "The world has never been so indebted to any other body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine Monks," and after long praise concludes: "The Church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed. It was regarded as a sacred realm by men, who, though they hated one another, believed in and feared the same God, and afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or were weary of it in their age. The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms."

Even Voltaire, referring to monasteries, says: "For a long time it was a consolation to the human race that these refuges were open to those who wished to escape Goth and Vandal tyranny."

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON STREETS AND FOOTSTEPS OF DICKENS—BRITISH MUSEUM.

Down Fleet Street we wandered, and thought of the many pageants and processions of different kinds that had passed over its pavement. It has always been one of the main thoroughfares, and quaint old houses still occupy space on it, but they are gradually disappearing. Temple Bar, which separated Fleet Street from the Strand, was removed in 1878. Originally it was only posts and chains, but later a house was built on it. On the occasion of royal processions, the King's herald would knock loudly, demanding admittance. The city herald would ask who desired to enter. Then the gates would open, and the Lord Mayor would advance on foot to offer the city sword to the King or Queen. The sword would then be returned to him, and he would ride up Fleet Street beside the royal carriage. Queen Elizabeth passed through the Bar when going to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It was called the Golgotha of English traitors, for on its spikes were set the heads of those executed.

The body of Henry the Fifth rested here while on

its way to Westminster Abbey; also, Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. During this century the throng of travel was so great that the London Council decreed its removal. A column, surmounted by a dragon, now marks the spot. Close to this spot is "Childs' Bank," the oldest in London. The original sign of the "Sun and Marigold" is preserved in the bank over the door. I wondered idly how it would do to enter and announce my name, proclaiming my ancestry from a Childs family, pose as a poor relation, and see the blank and haughty stare at the presumption of the wild American.

From Fleet Street to Holborn runs Chancery Lane. Izaak Walton once had a shop here. Around Fleet Street and the Strand are many "inns," as they are called — colleges of law. Lincoln's Inn is historic. The site was once occupied by the residence of Henry the Third's Chancellor, and the ancient monastery of Black Friars, given to the Earl of Lincoln. I studied the Gothic gateway for some time. It was built in 1518, and bears the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell and the date. At the corner of Chancery Lane once stood the older Temple. The present old Temple Church and gardens have figured in fiction. Oliver Goldsmith lies near the church, his name being sufficient epitaph.

Dickens makes these gardens the scene of charm-

ing little episodes in his pictures of Tom Pinch, Little Ruth, and honest John Westlock.

Holborn, with its quaint old timbered houses, recalls the unfortunate genius, Thomas Chatterton, who lived and suicided here at the early age of seventeen. His pitiful shade haunts the old neighborhood, and his pauper grave has been lost in the improvements of the city; but his native town of Bristol has erected a monument to his memory. His life may be compared to the flight of a brilliant meteor. Wordsworth referred to him as "the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride." A sketch of the short life of this poor boy moves one to tears. Certainly his youth was molded to Christian reverence when he wrote concerning some of the early dramas:

> "Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet;
> Let some great story of a man be sung;
> When as a man we God and Jesus treat,
> In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong."

Driven by poverty and discouragement, he fell into intemperance; then his love for his mother drove him to fits of remorse, and finally, after destroying much of his literary work, he ended his short, sad life by poison, in 1770.

Another Inn of Court, Gray's, in Holborn, was once monastic property, but at the seizure of all such possessions by Henry VIII., passed to the crown.

Barnard's Inn, in this neighborhood, figured in the "No Popery Riots" of 1780. Dickens mentions it in this connection, and the reader of *Barnaby Rudge* will go with interest over these streets, where the Gordon rioters held high, bloody and fiery carnival. Newgate was wrecked in rescuing prisoners, and as Dickens writes: "Business was quite suspended; the greater part of the shops were closed; most of the houses displayed a blue flag in token of adherence to the popular side; even the Jews in Houndsditch, Whitechapel, and those quarters, wrote on their doors: "This house is true Protestant."

The crowd was the law, and never was law held in greater dread or more implicitly obeyed. At 6 in the evening the vast mob poured into Lincoln's Inn fields; and Barnard's Inn was next to the distillery burned by the mob as the property of a Catholic. This place is also mentioned in *Great Expectations.* Pip says: "We entered the little square, that looks like a burying ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses I had ever seen." Even at this day London's old and winding streets are all but cheerful in this neighborhood. In one of these lost corners stands the "Old Curiosity Shop," which Dickens describes as "one of those receptacles for old and curious things which

seem to crouch in odd corners of the town and hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust." We stepped into the low room, which is now a little shop, in which the dweller probably derives more profits from literary pilgrims than the sale proper of his wares. Here we spent a little while with the ghosts of Little Nell and her poor old grandfather, and fancied Quilp and Mrs. Jarley and the other characters once visiting here.

The old gabled houses of Holborn once numbered among them a famous tavern, called the "George and Blue Boar." Prisoners conducted by officers from Newgate along this way often stopped here on their way to Tyburn. Swift wrote:

> "As clever Tom Cinch, when the rabble was calling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die of his calling,
> He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it as he came back."

But as he left his life at Tyburn, the landlord evidently lost the price of the drink. The highwayman, Jack Sheppard, had also his name connected with Wych Street, a little way off the Strand. Tyburn, where criminals were executed, was close by where now stands the magnificent "Marble Arch," one of the entrances to Hyde Park. It is built of Carrara marble, and is modeled from the Arch of Constantine, in Rome. The grand bronze gates open into

the beautiful grounds once used by Henry VIII. and several succeeding monarchs as hunting grounds.

Bigotry ran riot for many years after the so-called Reformation; even the great fire in London in 1666 was attributed to the Catholics, and the monument upreared to commemorate it bore the legend to that effect, calling forth Alexander Pope's lines:

> "Where London's column pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

St. James' Palace was another of Henry VIII.'s seizures. It was once a hospital, and the surrounding grounds he turned into a "faire park, for his greater comodotie and pleasure," now St. James Park. The "Bird-cage Walk" still retains its name as in the time of Charles II. For a long time the Park was a kind of sanctuary, the use of arms being forbidden in its limits. The gate tower bears a clock that was made in the time of George II., and had but one hand, and the dial curiously constructed. It was once removed, as too heavy for the tower, but replaced at the petition of the neighborhood. In the palace court each new sovereign is proclaimed on his or her accession. The Horse Guards' entrance is imposing, and here on each side sit, like statues in the sentry boxes, soldiers in splendid uniforms on magnificent horses.

"London Stone," a Roman relic, is preserved in

St. Swithin's Church, incased by another stone within an iron railing. It is the same as the miliary stone in the Roman Forum, from which distances were measured. Shakespeare, in *Henry VII.*, makes the rebel, Jack Cade, say: "Here sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign." This stone is but one of the relics of Roman occupancy of London. Parts of the old wall are yet to be seen, the London of those days being composed mostly of that part between the Tower and where the Bank of England now occupies the site of a Roman palace.

We tried to follow the footsteps of Dickens where we could. In Chancery Lane we met little Miss Flite, still hoping for an early decision in the case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce. We met the Pecksniffs and the Smallweeds, Lady Deadlock and poor Joe, little Dora and Agnes and Aunt Betsy Trotwood. Mr. Micawber was still waiting for something to turn up; while at the vegetable stands we watched Betsy Prig stuff her wonderful pockets with the greens and "cowcumbers" to be unloaded at her famous tea-drinking with Sairey Gamp, where her unwillingness to "drink fair" precipitated the dissolution of their friendship and the downfall of her belief in Mrs. Harris as "there being no sich a person."

Honest Sam still followed Mr. Pickwick, while the elder Weller continued to bid his hopeful son "Bevare of the vidders." In the great mansion of Mr. Dombey, little Paul, with his old face, asked, "Papa, what is money?" and the patient, loving Florence watched from the background, with adoring eyes, her little brother. Captain Cuttle still exhibited his wonderful watch; and the sight of a spoiled lapdog, of which his fair owner was making much, recalled little Dora Copperfield's "Jip" worrying imaginary cats. The sound of a Yorkshire tongue brought back John Browdie, Tilda, Nicholas, Squeers and poor Smike; while in the country, at the canal locks, we saw the "honest man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow." Dear, delightful Dickens, whose fertile pen has peopled London's streets with never failing interest in your funny, quaint or solemn characters, peace to your ashes! Your mantle must inclose them, for it has descended on no other shoulders.

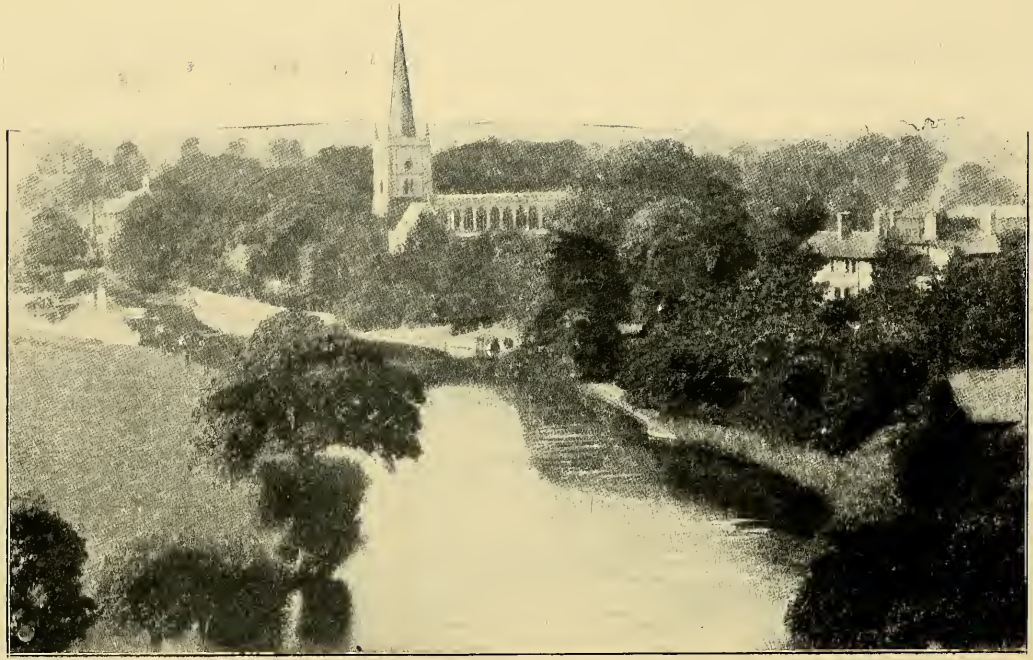
The British Museum was a center from which it was hard to tear ourselves, and weeks could be spent profitably and delightfully among the priceless collections. Especially to be noted is a copy of Magna Charta, the "bulwark of English liberty," and signed by King John; also, of special interest to Catholics,

the Anglo-Saxon charter of Edward the Confessor to St. Mary's Abbey, Coventry, founded in 1143, a relic of Catholic times and the devotion of King Edward to the service of God and His dear Mother. Here we also saw the Rosetta Stone, four thousand years old, the key to ancient hieroglyphics, captured by the British at Alexandria, Egypt. Here also is the famous Portland Vase, of cameo glass, very ancient. This, sometimes called the Barberini Vase, is a fine specimen of the skill of Greco-Roman work. A visitor had accidentally broken it, but the parts had been skillfully put together, thus saving to the art world this antique treasure, which was found in a Roman tomb four hundred years ago.

Hyde Park was near our hotel, and here we spent much time in driving and strolling. The Albert Memorial, in honor of Queen Victoria's husband, is one of the grandest of monuments. America, Europe, Africa and Asia are represented in magnificent marble groupings, and all the arts are paying tribute to the Prince, whose statue is seated under a towering canopy. To defray the expense of this, the government assisted, while offerings came from the poorest to the richest to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars. "Rotten Row" is a long and beautiful drive in this park, the name being probably a corruption

of "Rue de Roi." The Kensington Museum is of great interest. We especially noticed a skeleton of an immense deer, found in an Irish bog.

London Bridge is the most crowded highway in the world. Of course we must cross it, and so we viewed the palaces and art galleries, the monuments of great men and the far-reaching charities of devoted women. Each has a charm. On the Thames Victoria embankment stands one of the numerous obelisks which have been taken from Egypt, known as "Cleopatra's Needle." This one was presented to King George IV. by Mehemet Ali, ruler of Egypt. It is a single block of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics. In order to transport it to England an iron vessel was expressly built. It passed safely through the Mediterranean, but in the Bay of Biscay parted from its tug. It was found afterwards, and towed into a Spanish port, where it remained three months for repairs, when a powerful tug was sent from England, and the great obelisk was safely landed and set up.



Stratford on Avon.

CHAPTER V.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOME — ANCIENT MONASTERIES — EDINBURGH — ROSSLYN CASTLE — SIR WALTER SCOTT — MELROSE ABBEY — ROBERT BURNS.

Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the immortal Shakespeare, the great Mecca of literary pilgrims, is a typical English town, with agricultural surroundings. We were told that curfew rings and the town crier proclaims tidings of importance. We went at once to the Red Horse Inn for lunch, the old building under whose roof many distinguished visitors to Shakespeare's home have rested. We entered through an arch into a stable yard, recalling some of Dickens' sketches. It was clean and tidy, and on either side there were rooms and offices. We were shown into the apartment occupied by our own compatriot, Washington Irving, during his visit here. A large chair was inscribed with his name, and the very poker was called "Geoffrey Crayon's scepter." Of course Shakespeare's is the master spirit that pervades the town. At his home we visited the room in which he was born, the kitchen or living room, up the stairs, and all around the humble home, where his genius developed and gave to the world those

writings that have never been equalled. On the queer little window-panes, as well as over the walls, are scratched the names of many who came to pay tribute at his shrine. His desk, books and old surroundings are religiously preserved by a Board of Trustees, who take care of his relics, his dwelling and that of Anne Hathaway, the old grammar school, the church in which we saw his baptismal record in 1564, the font and his tomb. A fine memorial theater has been erected for the enaction of his plays on the banks of the Avon, with valuable library and picture gallery attached.

The Gower monument contains exquisite statues of some of his heroes and heroines, while our own George W. Childs has here erected a fountain and a clock tower with appropriate Shakespearean quotations.

Here, in the old Trinity Church, Americans have a window illustrating by Scriptural subjects the "Seven Ages of Man." We stood by Shakespeare's tomb, to the left of the altar, and read his last injunction:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To digg the dust enclosed heare;
> Blest be ye man yt spares th's stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

His bust, said to be from a death mask, is above his

Shakespeare's Home, Stratford on Avon.

grave, and, underneath, a Latin inscription, which, interpreted, reads: "The earth covers, the people mourn, and Paradise possesses him, who was in judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, and in art a Virgil." The tablet to his wife's memory reads: "Here lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the sixth day of August, 1623, being of the age of sixty-seven years." This is followed by a Latin inscription. This church is but another instance of the ancient Catholic property seized, despoiled, confiscated. It was formerly connected with the Abbey Evesham, and served by a college of priests. The Dean Balsall, who rebuilt some of the older parts, died in 1491, and is buried here. Like all old churches, the Holy Water stoup is at the door and at various other places; and on the door is the ancient knocker with ring, such as were found where sanctuary was accorded. Three niches over the door remind us of the dedication to the Trinity, but the statues which once occupied them shared the fate of other sacred symbols. The old oaken stalls are quaintly carved, and the stone slab of the altar was recently found and restored to its former position. At the end of one aisle is a chapel to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The churchyard is typically English and filled with graves. The old elms have long been the haunts of

hundreds of rooks, and one yew is several hundred years old. I did not intend to describe the American window, as it gave me the impression of disrespect to sacred subjects, and I regretted that our country should be thus represented; but I will do so, as others may not share my ideas. The "Seven Ages of Man" are thus depicted:

Moses in the bulrushes, "The infant, muling and puking in its nurse's arms."

Samuel, "The schoolboy, creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to school."

Jacob, "The lover, with sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow."

Joshua, "The soldier, bearded like the Pard."

Solomon, "The justice, full of wise saws and modern instances."

Abraham, "The lean and slippered pantaloon."

Isaac, "The last scene of all, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything."

Anne Hathaway's cottage is much visited and kept well preserved. Shakespeare, as a lover, made a very happy play on the words of her name:

> "To meet the sad, make blithe be gay,
> To charm all hearts, Anne Hathaway;
> She hath a way, Anne Hathaway,
> To breathe delight, Anne hath a way."

Marie Correlli resides in Stratford, and has started

Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford on Avon.

a movement to organize Shakespearean clubs all over the world, with headquarters here, believing such a federation would inspire more appreciation of the poet's works.

A few miles from Stratford stands Warwick Castle, with its picturesque views and priceless art treasures. Near this route lies Banbury Cross, to which Mother Goose has danced all the babies for years; and Oxford University, with its pile of buildings, founded by King Alfred, and the center of scholarly interest. Many of our tourist companions stopped here to visit the famed seat of learning. The whole world of scholars will soon unite in honoring Alfred the Great on his one thousandth anniversary. By strength of arms he brought peace to his country, and for fifteen years he strove to repair the waste of years of strife. A present-day eulogist says: "Throughout all the land that owned his rule, Saxon craftsmen were at work and public buildings rose, he inviting to his realm skilled workmen, that his people might benefit from their knowledge. Religion was fostered, and the monks, as sole repositors of learning, prospered under Alfred's enlightened patronage. So great was his zeal for the study of literature that some of his nobles found their submission irksome.

"But the Danes broke loose again, and resistance to their invasions made him much trouble. When

he died, he had sown the seeds of learning, for the harvest of which the reapers are still at work."

England, Ireland and Scotland abound in old churches and sacred spots desecrated and appropriated by those to whom might makes right. One of these is at Glastonbury, which, tradition says, was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, whose staff, stuck in the ground, grew and blossomed always on Christmas day. A fanatical Puritan cut it down, but the spot is marked by a stone. Slips of the thorn have been taken to other places; one is known to be still thriving in the grounds of the Wells Cathedral.

The author of *The Origin of the British Nation* says of Glastonbury: "It stands alone among English Minsters as the one link which does really bind us to the ancient church of the Briton and the Roman." The last Abbot stood up against the robbery of Henry VIII., who in turn confiscated this property, and the brave Abbot was dragged out, hanged, drawn and quartered. In the crypt, in the time of Henry II., was found a coffin containing the bones of a large man, and the smaller ones and golden hair of a woman. The coffin was inscribed: *His jacet, sepultus inclytis, Rex Arthurus, in insula Avalonia.* So Arthur was not, after all, a myth. Another shrine, so dear to the Catholic heart, is that of the Canterbury Cathedral, the foundation dating back even before St.

Augustine. Under him the site was created cathedral and monastery. After the murder of St. Thomas a-Becket on the altar, and his burial here, the shrine was made most magnificent by pious offerings. Thomas Cromwell, under Henry VIII., destroyed the shrine, confiscated the treasure and burned the body. The pavement is worn by the knees of pilgrims. The old Winchester Cathedral shared the same fate. Under the Tower is an old tomb, reputed to be that of William Rufus. Six mortuary chests contain the remains of Ethelwolf, Canute, Egbert, and other early kings unidentified, as also the body and shrine of St. Swithin; while in the church of St. Swithin, in London, is preserved the *lapis miliaris* of Roman days, from which distances were calculated.

In an old book in my library I have read an account of the finding of the body of King John in Worcester Cathedral. The book is of 1797, and records that "on Monday, in beginning the repairs of our Cathedral, the body of the King, which had been deposited in 1216, was discovered," and goes on with full description, reading, after over one hundred years, like an item from a morning paper of the twentieth century.

The Ely Cathedral, dating back to 1083, contains also many old and interesting tombs, and has been added to and improved through the centuries. At

Ely the Saxons made their last stand in 1071. The Oxford Cathedral is of the same antiquity. In one of the old stained windows a Puritan trooper struck out the head of the figure of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and one of plain glass has been substituted.

Peterborough Cathedral was founded in 656 attached to a Benedictine Monastery. Here the martyred Mary, Queen of Scots, reposed until her son James removed her body to Westminster. Here lies Catherine of Aragon, first victim of Henry VIII.'s apostasy. In 1643 the Puritans destroyed the fine stained glass windows and desecrated the tombs. Some English ladies have placed here a slab bearing the single name "Mary" to mark the spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, rested. York Cathedral goes back to 627, and Chester to pre-Roman period. Carlisle Cathedral is of the time of William Rufus, modernized, of course, and here Sir Walter Scott was married. Owing to its strategic position, the ancient town of Carlisle has witnessed many stormy scenes for centuries. The beautiful Salisbury Cathedral dates back to 1220; St. Osmond, 1079; Chichester, 1085; and Lingard says that "Battle Abbey of the Benedictines was founded by William the Norman in performance of a vow that he would build one on the spot where God should give him victory at the battle of Hastings in 1066. It was originally called St.

Martin's, where perpetual prayers were to be offered for all who fell there in battle." The altar is on the spot where Harold fell. Henry VIII. seized and presented it to one of his officers at the Reformation. The purchase of the Abbey is now being considered by one of our countrymen, who has transferred his allegiance to England. He is said to crave royal notice, and is anxious to acquire ancient properties. The present owner says the black marble staircase is worn and hacked by the heels and swords of the Crusaders. Rochester Cathedral was founded by St. Augustine. So on for pages might we continue the mere sketch of these buildings, sanctified by prayers and alms, and again desecrated by covetous fanaticism. We had not the pleasure of visiting all these places, but studied them with interest. The old cathedrals and historic churches of England are numberless.

A night's ride from London brings us to Edinburgh. The Castle was imposing, on its high rock, and on our way to visit it we passed by the magnificent Gothic memorial to Scotland's famed son, the great Sir Walter Scott. His statue is in a sitting position, with his favorite dog Bevis beside him. Reaching the top of Castle Hill, we alighted to enter the gates, and here met a pretty sight. A company of soldiers, in their picturesque Highland costume

and led by the shrill bagpipes, passed rapidly by us, evidently amused at our curious American gaze. A tiny chapel interested us much. It was built by St. Margaret, the Queen of Malcolm, daughter of Edward the Outlaw and mother of David, "who, oftener on her knees than on her feet, died every day she lived." We tried to imagine the scene, when, after long watching for her husband and sons away at the wars, she entered this little chapel, and pressing the holy Rood to her breast, so received the tidings brought by her son Ethelred of the death of his father and brothers, and her cry: "I thank thee, Lord, that givest me this agony to bear in my death hour."

Near by, on the ramparts, stands the immense gun, "Mons Meg," with which many traditions are connected; it is held in much respect by the people. And here, also, is the grate for ancient beacon fires. The crown room is a small place of great strength, and contains the famed regalia of Scotland, consisting of crowns, scepter and sword of state. Sir Walter Scott traces the crown back to Bannockburn, when Robert Bruce wore an open crown over his helmet, which crown is the foundation of the present one. The scepter contains precious stones dating back to Druidical days. So much political contention existed concerning the Scottish regalia, that, to

preserve it, it was concealed for a hundred years. Around the rooms of Queen Mary cluster saddest memories. A small chamber is shown where her son, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was born, and the window over the high steep rock, down which as an infant he was lowered in a basket and taken to Castle Stirling. For many hundred years Edinburgh Castle was the scene of contention, and once, in 1650, Cromwell captured it.

Holyrood Palace was once an Abbey, founded by King David. The chronicles say that it was erected as a repository for the holy Rood bequeathed by Queen Margaret to her sons, and was the scene of learning and pious study in the midst of the rude surroundings. The relic was for ages considered as the palladium of Scotland. The history of the Abbey from its foundation, for many years, is virtually the history of Scotland, for here kings and queens were entertained, crowned and married — among them, poor Mary, Queen of Scots, to the weak Darnley,— until at the Reformation it went the way of other religious houses. Entering the palace, we passed through a long and interesting picture gallery into Lord Darnley's apartments, where there are again many portraits and some ancient tapestry, on which expert needle women were making repairs as it hung on the walls. But most we cared for the view of

Queen Mary's apartments. We passed through the audience chamber, and it seemed haunted with the shades of Mary and her rude opponent, John Knox, who, frequently here, contended roughly with his gentle young Queen. He was not content to thunder against her from the pulpit, but privately insulted her faith, and by his abuse stirred up trouble against her, and made of her short reign a season of terror. Posterity is gradually awarding to this unhappy Queen the justice so long denied her; and one has only to read James Meline's excellent and painstaking refutation of Froude's attacks in his *Mary, Queen of Scots, and Her Latest English Historian*, to see in its true light this period of history. I must insert here a few lines from a letter written by Mary to Elizabeth in the fourteenth year of her captivity, as showing the cruel suffering of mind she endured: "The vilest criminals in your prisons, borne under obedience to you, are permitted to justify themselves, and to know both their accusers and their charges. Why, then, should not the same order be taken with me, a sovereign, your nearest relative and lawful heiress. Your prison, without any right or just cause, has already destroyed my body; there remains only to me my soul, which is beyond your power to make captive."

For twenty years she languished in prison, after throwing herself on the protection of Elizabeth, be-

Mary, Queen of Scots.

fore she was at last led to the block. Even here the consolations of her own religion were denied her. Declining what her conscience revolted against, she prayed for her son, for Elizabeth, for Scotland, her enemies and herself, and with crucifix in hand exclaimed: "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." Then kneeling by the block: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." Here is the last prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots, written in her prayer-book the morning before her execution:

	Translated.
"O Domine Deus,	"Oh, my Lord and my God,
Speravi in te.	I have trusted in Thee.
O, Care mi Jesu,	Oh, Jesus, my love,
Nunc libera me.	Now liberate me.
In dura catena,	In my enemies' power,
In misera poena,	In affliction's sad hour,
Desidero Te.	I languish for Thee.
Languendo, gemendo,	In sorrowing, weeping,
Et genuflectendo,	And bending the knee,
Adoro, imploro,	I adore and implore Thee
Ut liberes me."	To liberate me."

Raising a corner of tapestry, we were shown into a small room, in which the Queen sat at her supper on the fatal night when the brutal assassins rushed in and stabbed Rizzio in her presence. All know how Darnley held the Queen in her chair, while Ruthven

and others in their rage overturned the table, while the trembling victim clung to her skirts, hoping Her Majesty might be his protection. We looked down the narrow private stairway by which they entered and the way by which the bleeding body was dragged. The little dressing-room was very tiny for a queen's robing, and her bed, still standing, has the silken hangings dropping from it in decay. The chapel royal is the last remnant of the church attached to the monastery. We strolled around the ruins, now open to the sky, and endeavored to read some of the inscriptions on the tombs and to imagine it at its early glory.

In 1896 Queen Victoria had the relics of her ancestors, the Stuarts, collected and reverently cared for, for here the Reformers had also desecrated the tombs. As John Knox said: "Pull down the rookeries and the craws will flee awa'." Some stone coffins were discovered a few years ago, which were supposed to be the tombs of the early monks and abbots, probably from the years 1200 and 1300.

Leaving this interesting spot, we drove through the city, and observed on the pavement a heart-shaped design, marking the site of the old jail: "The Heart of Midlothian." Farther on, in the pave also, trodden daily by thousands of busy feet, are the initials "J. K.," and here the disturber, John Knox,

lies buried, as Doctor Johnson wished he should be. Knox was no respecter of persons, having the courage to even refer to Queen Elizabeth as a "weik instrument."

We visited the ancient church of St. Giles, dating from 1259, and closely connected with the city's history. At the Reformation it was despoiled, and the sacred vessels sold to pay for the altering of the building for the convenience of those who seized it from the rightful owners. From its stolen pulpit John Knox thundered his maledictions, and a tablet in the floor marks the place where Jeannie Geddis threw her stool at the Dean. Here are the tombs of Montrose and the Earl of Moray. The tomb of Montrose is very beautiful. This Scottish nobleman and soldier had left the Presbyterian army and joined the King. He defeated the Covenanters in several engagements, but was finally captured, and after suffering many indignities, the sentence was executed, that he be hung, drawn and quartered and his ashes scattered to the winds.

I particularly note this, as the lines are very beautiful and hopeful, which he scratched on the window of his prison with a diamond the night before his death:

"Let them bestów on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim

To Thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake —
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air;
Lord! since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

We visited the site of the old Grey Friars' Monastery, called the Westminster of Scotland, where lie many noted personages. On a small column, on the street, Lady Burdett Coutts erected a memorial to a little dog that died of grief on his master's grave. A tablet on a house marks the early home of Scott, and a cottage is shown as the residence of his heroine, Jeannie Deans. There are many attractions about here, among them the Grand Drive, Arthur's Seat, St. Bernard's Well, the great Forth Bridge, the remains of the ancient Dumferline Abbey, where lie Queen Margaret and the mother of Wallace, and the body of Robert the Bruce, although his heart is in Melrose Abbey.

Now we drive out to Rosslyn Castle, on the banks of the romantic Esk. This was founded by Sir William Sinclair, Lord Rosslyn, Earl of Orkney, whose many titles "might weary a Spaniard." He built the castle, where he lived in royal splendor, and founded a chapel, which is of the most rich and florid Gothic style of architecture.

Queen Victoria, on the occasion of a visit here many years ago, requested that "so unique a gem should be preserved to the country." It contains the "apprentice pillar," of which the story is told that the architect in charge, despairing of producing a pillar according to orders, went to Rome for farther study. In his absence an apprentice undertook and completed the beautiful work, and on the master's return he was so consumed by jealous rage that he struck the apprentice a death blow.

At the Reformation the Laird was summoned to destroy the altars and statues. Remonstrance was of no avail; the orders must be obeyed; the emblems of his faith came down; whereupon the chronicles tell us "the general, provincial and Presbyterian assemblies were fully satisfit, for which the brethren praysit God."

His son, Sir William, was buried in the chapel on the very day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. Tradition says that on the death of a member of the family, the chapel seems on fire where the former knights were buried in their armor. Sir Walter Scott says:

> "Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
> Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,
> Each baron for a sable shroud
> Sheathed in his iron panoply."

The "chapel fire" legends were, perhaps, imported by the Earls of Orkney, as tomb fires are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

We approached the castle by a bridge and along the wildest precipices. We were guided through the ancient rooms, down into the dungeons and soldiers' rooms, built on the solid rock. We marked the places for arrows to be shot through, and the great yew at the entrance, from which arrows were made, which we could readily believe was, as we were told, eight hundred years old. This magnificent structure was often besieged and repaired, but the worst damage was done by that portion of Cromwell's army under General Monk, when they stabled their horses in the lovely chapel. Like all old ruins, it has a legend, which says great treasure is buried in one of the vaults, guarded by a lady of the ancient house. When she shall be awakened from her long slumber by the sound of a trumpet, she will point out the treasure. The precipices along the banks of the Esk are clothed with verdure, and the whole of Rosslyn Glen is sublimely beautiful. One should visit these places with Scott's poems in hand. Of this he says:

> "Through woods more fair, no stream more sweet
> Rolls to the eastern main."

Hawthornden, near by, is closely connected also with early history. Sir Walter has preserved, in his

matchless fiction, much of the lore of these old places. We had the pleasure of visiting his home at Abbotsford, of which some one has said: "A visit to Abbotsford would make an oyster enthusiastic." This home seemed part of himself. Here he planted nearly all the trees, and the place was doubly endeared to him, that by the failure of his bankers he was compelled to redouble his exertions to save it. Of this period he wrote: "I have walked the last time on the domains I have planted, sat the last time in the halls I have built. I find my eyes moistening; but this will not do; I will not yield without a fight for it. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity, to me, is a tonic and a bracer." Then came failing health and the loss of his loved wife; yet in two years his fertile pen brought to him forty thousand pounds. All honored and loved him, and he jokingly alluded to the honors paid him: "What a tail of the alphabet I should draw after me if I were to sign with the indications of the different societies I belong to." The collection of curios would seem to be the work of a lifetime, outside of his literary labors and the time he gave to others. The study, with his chair, desk and books; the many paintings; the last suit worn by him ere he expired and was laid in the beautiful and venerable Dryburgh Abbey, were all of much interest.

Among the curios we particularly noted the key of the old Tolbooth Jail, the "Heart of Midlothian," the genuine Genevra casket, and the crucifix held in the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots, at her execution; Rob Roy's gun, a pistol found in Napoleon's carriage after Waterloo, the portal and key of old Tolbooth, Marie Antoinette's clock, and numberless other articles of value to a collector. The armor and hundreds of priceless curios, collected by the great novelist, would require pages to describe. The present owner of the home is his kinswoman, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, whose husband adopted the family name, as there was no male heir. She has written most interestingly of the home and its contents, besides other works. I understand that she is a Catholic convert.

Melrose Abbey, near by, was much beloved by Scott, and is one of the most beautiful of ruins. It was founded in 1136 by St. David. Here lie the remains of Michael Scott, the wizard, whose book of magic is said to be buried with him; and the heart of Bruce, where it was deposited after an unsuccessful attempt to carry it, according to his wishes, to the Holy Land. Sir James Douglas was chosen to execute this pious wish, and with Sir William Sinclair, of Rosslyn, and other noblemen, started to Jerusalem; but learning that the King of Castile was engaged in

"Hoot, Mon."

war with the Moors, and wishing to take part in what he considered a holy warfare, he joined the King's forces. Pursuing the flying enemy with too much ardor, he was surrounded by them, when, taking from his bosom the casket which contained the heart of Bruce, he cast it from him, and exclaimed: "Now pass onward, as thou were wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He fell in death. His body and the casket were found the next day on the battle-field, and the heart was consigned to Melrose Abbey, while the Douglas was buried with his family. A noble companion, Sir Simon Lee, was the custodian of both to Scotland. In the Abbey also lie Alexander Second and his Queen, Joanna, and many venerable clergy and noble warriors. Here Sir Walter was wont to spend many hours in meditation, and in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* he has woven many memories. The villagers will point this or that place as "Sir Walter's favorite seat." He has described its exquisite traceries and scrolls, "that teach thee to live and die," and bids us —

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> Then go, but go alone the while,
> To view Saint David's ruined pile.
> And home returning, soothly swear
> Was never scene so sad and fair."

But now we must take our departure, hoping some time to repeat our visit here, and go also to Burns' country, to the banks and braes of "Bonnie Doon," the "Auld Brig," the scene of Tam O'Shanter's ride; the Alloway's haunted Kirk, the Castle of Montgomery, and the home of Highland Mary, who inspired his tender verse, "To Mary in Heaven":

> "Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
> That lovest to greet the early morn,
> Again thou usherest in the day,
> When Mary from my soul was torn."

Truly, poets are born, not made, for from the home of the humble plow-boy have come some of the tenderest and sweetest songs as well as cutting satires.

Returning to London, we prepared to visit Ireland.

CHAPTER VI.

DUBLIN — O'CONNELL — EMMET — GLASNEVIN — DROGHEDA — CROMWELL — FROUDE — FATHER TOM BURKE.

From London we leave for Holyhead, to cross the Irish Sea. There is a popular saying that only fools and Americans travel first-class, as in Europe the trains are first, second and third class. We are content to be classed among the fools, as even the first-class is sufficiently comfortless; and as for "luggage," our English cousin seems to wish to have all his impedimenta of travel crowded around him where he can view it, regardless of the convenience of his fellow travelers. The umbrellas, canes and "gowf" sticks, the rugs, hat boxes and bags, that accompany him, and with his high hat set firmly on his head, make him a character.

The guard, or conductor, runs along the side of the train, locks you in your compartment, gives a whistle, and off you are. Arriving at your destination, you must look out for your own baggage, and then they will pile it all on your conveyance, until, as we traveled from our station in Dublin to our hotel, we felt like part and parcel of the contents of a great moving van. En route to Holyhead we passed,

among other noted spots, the Castle Conway, an immensely solid structure, dating back to about 1284, erected by King Edward. From Holyhead to Dublin we had a chilly, sickening passage, soon forgotten, though, when we found ourselves comfortably settled on Erin's shores. Opposite our hotel in Stephen's Green we strolled and sat to observe the new surroundings.

On Sackville Street, the great thoroughfare, are a number of monuments, notably one to Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who visited our own country on his mission about fifty years ago. Truly, the good men do lives after them, and the seed sown by this earnest Irish priest has thriven and blossomed and borne good fruit. At the end of the O'Connell Bridge, across the Liffey, stands a fine statue of William Smith O'Brien, the great Irish leader. Statues are erected to Tom Moore, whose songs have delighted the world, and to Burke and Goldsmith.

The library of Trinity College contains many valuable works — the Books of Kells, of Darrow, and of Armagh, and a Book of Leinster in the Irish language. Referring to the Book of Kells as an example of ancient Irish art, I shall quote a sentence here and there of an article written several years ago to the *New York Sun* by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly: "In

the library of Trinity College, where there are preserved wonderful remains of ancient Irish art, I had come to behold with my own eyes and touch with my own hands the book of Kells, the copy of the four Gospels, written and exquisitely illuminated by the great Saint Columbkille, thirteen hundred years ago. The city of Kells grew up early in the ninth century, when the Northmen first swooped down on Iona and forced the sons of Saint Columba to take refuge on the neighboring island, among their own kinfolk. Kells grew up around the monastery they founded in North Meath. And there, after the suppression of the monasteries, Usher, first appointed Bishop of Meath, and afterwards Bishop of Armagh, found this book, and bequeathed it, with his library, to Trinity College. Here it is before me, incomparably beautiful! No wonder that people who looked upon this exquisitely formed writing should have said, in their despair of reproducing anything like it, that 'it was the work of an angel.'" After an attempted description, he adds: 'I must despair of conveying to the reader, even were I master of word-painting, anything like a correct picture of this magnificent specimen of Christian art. Examined with a magnifying glass, every tracing is simply perfect. The fancy which guided the hand that traced these lines seems to be one of exhaustless variety in its designs; the hand

itself must have been possessed of a skill of which no modern artist or penman could boast. These infinitely correct and delicate traceries are not to be found outside of the Celtic schools, where Irish scholars kindled the flame of learning from the fifth to the ninth century."

The harp of Brian Boru, the Irish king who fell in battle in 1014, is also shown. Moore eulogizes his reign in the poem, " Rich and rare were the gems she wore," when one could, in those troubled times, travel in perfect safety all over the realm. Dublin is rich in libraries and museums. In Phoenix Park, once a part of Kilmainham Priory, is an ancient cromlech, and the curious note the pillar that marks the spot where Burke and Cavendish were murdered, and also the dueling ground. Glasnevin Cemetery contains a magnificent monument to the great liberator, O'Connell, a round tower one hundred and fifty feet high. He died in 1847, and bequeathed his " body to Ireland, heart to Rome, and soul to heaven." He was deservedly the idol of his people; his character was the purely ideal Irish type, witty and fearless, and his eloquent tongue gave rapid utterance to the emotions that stirred his noble heart, magnetizing the sympathies of his listeners. His monument in the city is a noble one, surmounted by his statue, while around it are grouped figures sym-

bolizing his marked traits, Fidelity, Courage, Eloquence, and Patriotism. His beloved country is represented by a female figure, pointing to him as her liberator, while in the other hand she holds the emancipation bill.

The poet Mangan, the statesman Curran, and sculptor Hogan lie here. The grave of Charles Parnell attracts much attention, and shows loving care. The plat surrounding it is covered with memorial wreaths under glass. Near here is the grave of Barry Sullivan, surmounted by a beautiful statue of him as Hamlet.

Kilmainham Hospital, founded in 1174, is not far from the Kilmainham Jail, which is well remembered by the present generation as the place of detention of political offenders. The jail is dark, damp and gloomy. We were told that often people in passing make the sign of the cross, with the words: "May God in his mercy keep me and mine from all harm. Amen." Charles Parnell was imprisoned here for holding up to execration the system of Irish landlordism, declaring it the curse of this fair land. We were shown the house where the patriot, Emmet, was captured, and in Dublin he was executed. He is supposed to be buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, where a nameless grave is shown, as according to his own request no man should write his epitaph until Ireland

should be free. This recalls the pathetic story of the lady of his love, of whom Moore's lines were written: "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." He was well born, but his heart burned with indignation at the sight of the indignities suffered by the poorer class, and with true patriotic ardor he resented their oppression. He sacrificed all on the altar of his country, even his life, and greater love than this no man could show. His speech, on being found guilty of treason, is a masterpiece of oratory, and one of the most touching appeals to posterity. When asked what he had to say — I give a sentence here and there — he replied:

"I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination. When my shade shall have joined those martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defense of their country and of virtue, I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me. I appeal to God and to the murdered patriots who have gone before, and I confidently hope there is still strength and union in Ireland to accomplish her emancipation. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the cares and concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man, who knows my

motives, dares now to vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

We drove out to Donnybrook, which name has always been connected with shillelahs and broken heads, but it is now a quiet little village, the fairs having been abolished. The Hill of Howth, at the entrance of the bay, contains a castle, church, and cairn, reputed to be the tomb of one of the early kings, and one said to be that of the wife of Oscar, son of Ossian, dying of grief for her husband, who fell in the battle near Tara. Here, also, is a small rocky island, called Ireland's Eye, noted as the last stand of the Danish invaders in the beginning of the eleventh century. Tara's Hill we were obliged to leave for a hoped-for future visit, for it is not the place to be visited carelessly, surrounded as it is by sacred traditions, as also the land of St. Columba. St. Patrick's Cathedral is said to have been founded by the saint himself. His well, from which he baptized his converts, was here, but has been closed. This church was seized, with hundreds of others, from the rightful owners, and the old faith is no longer practiced here. We noticed a bas relief to "Carolan, the last of the Bards," and tablets to Dean Swift and his Stella. Swift's early childhood's cir-

cumstances embittered him. He kept his birthdays sad, instead of rejoicing, reading in Job and lamenting "the day a man child is born." He was secretly married to Stella; and once, while contemplating a decaying elm, predicted that he also should "die at the top." His reason did give way. He left a fortune of ten thousand pounds for a lunatic asylum in Dublin.

> "He left the little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools or mad,
> To show, by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted one so much."

His epitaph reads: "Here lies the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral, where bitter indignation can no more lacerate his heart. Go, traveler, and, so far as thou art able, imitate this strenuous advocate of liberty." With all Swift's bitterness, he had the fine feeling to place a tablet in the church in memory of his faithful servant, Alexander McGee. The eminent John Philpot Curran also has a monument here. Cromwell's men made a barrack of this old church. Christ's Church Cathedral has about the same history, founded in the eleventh century. St. Lawrence O'Toole and Strongbow aided in its erection, and Strongbow's tomb and that of his wife, Eva, are here. St. Patrick's staff was among the relics here. The Norman Strongbow's tomb is marked by

a stone effigy, while beside it is one of half length, supposed to be that of his son, whom, it is said, he cut in two for some offense.

The country is full of prehistoric ruins; round towers, tumuli, and cromlechs, or supposed Druids' altars; raths or royal hills, such as Tara, and great Irish crosses. From Dublin we drive out to a remarkable charitable institution, a hospital for the dying. "Each bringeth here his cross, that no one shares." "Notwithstanding the knowledge that they were here but awaiting death, nearly all seem cheerful, and to appreciate the privilege of being under the care of the kind religious, who certainly do all they can to smooth the way for them, until the summons, 'Come, the Master wills it so.'"

> "And rests him here so sweet, and forthwith fares
> Out in the night, the starlight night, again."

"You wish him Godspeed as a friend on land watches the departure of an explorer of the unknown seas."

We were taken through the beautiful park surrounding the mansion of Lord Roberts, or "Little Bobs," as the English affectionately called him, then commanding in South Africa; but with all the honors the government has since heaped upon him, what can comfort the heart of him who mourns a son, as his only son died far from home and mother!

From Dublin I took a day to visit the spot once occupied by an ancestor, but the remnants of the old castle walls were built into a convent, and gentle nuns now teach where once dwelt the Presbyterian soldier knighted at the siege of Derry. En route we passed through Drogheda, on the river Boyne, so famous in Ireland's history of contentions between the different factions. Moore writes:

"As vanquished Erin wept beside the Boyne's ill fated river,
She saw where discord in the tide had dropped his loaded quiver.
'Lie hid,' she cried, 'ye venomed darts, where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid, for, oh, the stain of hearts that bled for me is on you.'
But vain her wish, her weeping vain, as time too well has taught her;
Each year the fiend returns again and dives into that water,
And brings triumphant from beneath his shafts of desolation,
And sends them, winged with worse than death, throughout her madding nation.
Alas! for her who sits and mourns e'en now beside that river.
Unwearied still, the fiend returns, and stored is still his quiver;
When will this end, ye powers of Good, she weeping asks forever,
But only hears from out that flood the demon's answer, Never."

We see this fact demonstrated each year by the celebration of the battle of the Boyne, not only in the British Isles, but also in some places in this country. I have just received a letter from a friend in Canada

telling me of the enjoyment of the scene in a church of which she is a member, of the celebration of the 12th of July, when the Orangemen marched to church, guns in hand, to give thanks to God for their victory over the wretched Irish. A thousand memories of Oliver Cromwell's atrocities came to us at Drogheda. Cromwell needs no monument to immortalize his name, the crumbling ruins of abbeys, the sacred spots desecrated and defaced all over the desolated land, are connected with it. His motto seemed to be, "Arise and slay." A present writer says: "Cromwell came with his Ironsides to Ireland, Bible in one hand, sword in the other. Like a torrent they swept the land, leaving in their wake blazing homes, ruined altars, hecatombs of slain." Cromwell and his men went with psalm-singing to their butchery, and an example of their fanaticism may be seen in the incident where a young Puritan, who lay dying on the battlefield, told Cromwell, who bent over him, that the one thing that lay on his spirit was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies. Cromwell thus mentioned Prince Rupert's men: "God made them as stubble to our swords." Green's *History of the English People* says: "Among the bitter memories which part Ireland from England, the memory of the bloodshed and confiscation which the Puritans wrought

remains the bitterest; and the worst curse that an Irish peasant can hurl at his enemy is the 'Curse of Cromwell.' More than forty thousand of the beaten Irish were permitted to enlist for foreign service, and found a refuge in exile under the banners of France and Spain. Thousands perished by famine and the sword; shipload after shipload were sent over the sea for sale in forced labor in Jamaica and the West Indies. No such doom has fallen on a nation of modern times."

Cromwell describes his own acts at Drogheda: "I forbade them to spare any one in arms in the town. I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men. Eighty then took refuge in the steeple of St. Peter's Church, whereupon I ordered the steeple to be fired. Of those in one of the towers, when they submitted their officers were knocked in the head and every tenth soldier killed, the rest shipped to Barbadoes. All the friars were knocked in the head promiscuously. Of the three thousand defendants, we put all to the sword." Then, as if to justify himself, he says: "It was done by the Spirit of God." Even Thackeray, writing of Drogheda, says: "Is not the recollection of this butchery enough to make an Irishman turn rebel?" Cromwell seized the lands for his own men, banishing the rightful owners to the wilds of Connaught. He sent

eighty thousand men to the sugar plantations of the Barbadoes, and so great were their sufferings that in six years hardly twenty were left. Mr. Froude says that Cromwell's mission to Ireland was pacification, but the historian Macaulay says it was to extirpate the Irish. Froude says, "that there was peace and the land was a garden." Father Burke replied: "Cromwell made a solitude and called it peace; his garden was a wilderness, five-sixths of the people perishing. Wolves increased, until they came within a few miles of Dublin's gates, and a premium was offered for their heads." He added in his lecture: "He would rather let by-gones be by-gones, but he would rise from his deathbed in defense of Ireland." This is laudable, but visiting these places and looking at their history, justice should be attempted, and these thoughts possess one at Drogheda. Mr. Froude came to America in 1872 to "appeal," he said, "to an American jury for a verdict justifying England's right to occupy and govern Ireland." Father Burke's biographer states that had Froude been unopposed, the result would have been dissension between Anglo and Irish Americans. Froude was scholarly, plausible, and had his lectures leisurely prepared; Father Burke was here on a religious mission and under orders from his superior. He was importuned to reply, but was out of health and unprepared.

A friend offered him the use of his library; so, with the borrowed books, his love of country and the help of God, he undertook and completed the masterly effort. The subject had excited great interest, and in the Academy of Music in New York, to audiences of five thousand people, he delivered five lectures in an able, convincing and courteous style. Fair-minded people said: "Why, here is an Irish friar fresh from the Old Sod, and he could teach you history the rest of your life!" I have in an old scrap-book a synopsis of one of his lectures, delivered at this time, every word from the depths of his honest, faithful Irish heart, vindicating Ireland's claim to the sympathy of the world. He was the typical Levite, humble and obedient as a child, hard working and forgetful of self, so full of merry quips and pranks, so gentle and tender. How beautiful is the climax to one of his sermons on the Immaculate Conception! "O Mother mine, O Mother of the Church of God, O Mother of all nations, O Mother that kept the faith in Ireland, that never, through temptation and suffering, lost her love of thee, I hail thee! As thou art in heaven to-night, clothed with the sun of divine justice, with the moon beneath thy feet, upon thy head a crown of twelve stars, God's brightest gift, I hail thee, O Mother!"

His tribute to Ireland is lovely: "And I, far away

from thy green bosom, hail thee, as the prophet of old beholding the plains of the promised land, and proclaim this day there is no land so fair, no spot on earth to be compared with thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou, that neither the sun nor the moon nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin!" Such was the man who put to confusion the scholarly but prejudiced English historian Froude, who also received some hard whacks from our own James Meline, when taking up the cudgel so effectively in defense of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mr. Froude's remarkable methods of presenting history aroused the resentment of Wendell Phillips also, and caused a general hue and cry among critics; but when James Meline's refutations appeared, there was a general interest aroused. Mr. Froude's friends had arranged a series of lectures throughout the United States for him, but unable to face the demands for explanation of some of his assertions, he canceled his engagements and returned to his own country.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in his *Life of Cromwell*, differs very materially from several other writers of equally credible authority. His narrative is an apology, and near its close he sees a happy consequence of Ireland's sufferings and persecutions, that "she

has not remained a Celtic nation, but shared in the expansion of the British race,"—an opinion not likely to be shared by many.

So, in his ambition to revolutionize the religious world, the historian Green says: "Every Puritan believed his gun should be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo, and Rome itself bowed to Cromwell's greatness." This led Cromwell step by step to the crime of regicide, and at last, on an anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, "a storm that tore roofs from the houses and prostrated great forest trees, seemed a fitting prelude to the passing of such a soul, and the turbulent spirit was summoned to the tribunal of God."

The Protestant Bishop Tanner says: "All the monasteries were in effect great schools and places of hospitality, and besides the entertainment of travelers, relieved many poor every day." At the time of the so-called Reformation, Great Britain contained numberless schools, convents and monasteries. Oxford, for example, was founded by the Catholic King Alfred. One has only to open the pages of *The History of the Reformation*, written by the Protestant William Cobbett, to be undeceived of many illusions.

While on the subject of education here, I can not refrain from quoting an article by the Rev. Father Conaty, and published in the *Worcester* (Massachu-

setts) *Spy*, in reply to a statement by a minister on the "illiterate Irish," and laying the blame on the Catholic Church. I can only quote here and there from this strong article. He says:

"To understand the question thoroughly, it is necessary to read the history of Ireland at a period when she was Christian, Catholic and free, and compare her with Ireland, Catholic, but ruled by Protestant England, aided by an Irish Protestant Parliament, and I think we shall find thousands of reasons which made her, not a culprit and guilty of blame, but a victim and deserving of sympathy. Without wasting time on the story of Catholic Ireland's love for learning, it may be well to remember there is no doubt concerning her position in the world of letters from the fifth to the eleventh centuries. Her name was synonymous with education. To her schools, famed for philosophy and literature, taught by her monks, students went from every country in Europe. Cordially welcomed, as Venerable Bede says, and often supplied with food and clothing gratuitously. So great was her renown that even children of the royal families went to her for education, as did Alfred the Great, or sent for her monks to act as tutors, as did the daughter of Charlemagne. Danish and Norman invaders began the work of pillage and confiscation which the so-called period of the Reformation completed. The schoolmaster, the priest and wolf," Father Conaty continues, "were recognized by law as three wild beasts, and a reward of one pound was placed on the head of each. The Catholic parent could not teach his child at home, nor send him to other countries for education, under penalty of loss of property, transportation or death. While the Protestant had all the advantages of a school where his religion and letters were taught at the expense, often, of the Catholics, whose best land was confiscated and appropriated for school purposes. The Irish Parliament, which

was Protestant, and landlord doomed five-sixths of the nation to perpetual ignorance. Ireland's crime was a thirst for knowledge without forfeiting religion. Catholic Ireland refused education under such conditions. Compare this state of Ireland, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, under England, with Ireland from the fifth to the twelfth century, and who is to blame for the illiteracy!"

Paulding said:

"England first denied them the means of improvement and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism. For nearly a hundred years after the treaty of Limerick, in 1691, no Catholic school was tolerated in Ireland. During all these years Catholics risked everything to preserve, not only their faith, but some shreds of education. Children were smuggled to Europe, teachers were smuggled to Ireland, and under cover of a hedge or in the caves of the mountains, men who had occupied chairs of philosophy in Continental universities were found teaching the Irish peasants to read. Hunted from cover to cover, with scouts watching for the enemies' dragoons, the famous Nicholas Sherrett, afterwards Archbishop of Galway, taught a hedge school for years.

"Since the removal of these dreadful restrictions, religious communities have established schools for the gratuitous education of Catholic poor. The Puritan is lauded for leaving home to save his conscience, while the Irish Catholic is upbraided for shunning an education which forfeited conscience. Previous to 1860 no teacher, excepting by stealth, could speak of Ireland's battles for liberty, or the deeds of Irish heroes, but as they were misnamed Englishmen."

I despair of giving justice to this article of heroic defense of the Irish people; it is too long to be quoted more freely.

Returning to Cromwell, it may be interesting to note a fact I have just read in a very old book in my possession, that in the fourth generation after Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell, there was a marriage between their descendants. It is illustrated thus:

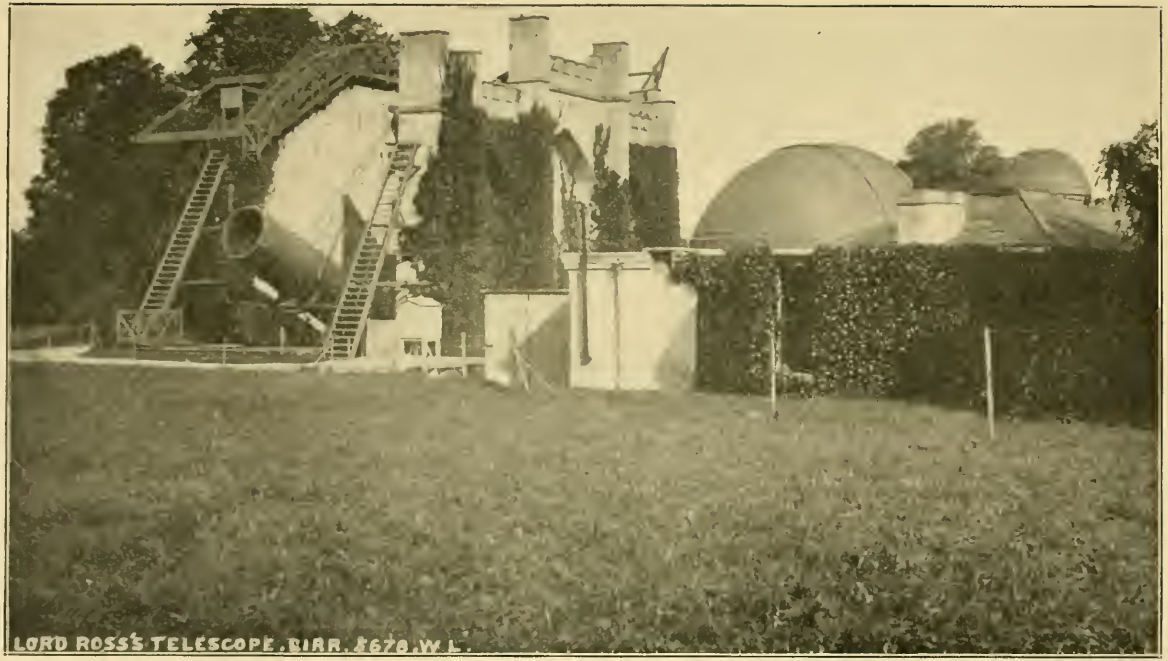
Charles II.	Lady Falconberg
Lady Litchfield.	Lady Russell.
Earl of Litchfield.	Sir Thomas Frankland.
Earl of Litchfield.	Diana Frankland.

This old chronicle also states that King George the First could speak no English, and his Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, no German, so they conversed in Latin.

CHAPTER VII.

PARSONSTOWN, OR BIRR — LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPES — IRISH CHARACTER — KILLARNEY — INNISFALLEN — TOM MOORE — GLENGARIFFE.

We now proceed to Birr, or Parsonstown, containing in its vicinity recollections dear to one of our party. It has the usual history. Passing from the O'Carrolls, whose castle still stands — stormed, lost, and regained,— the title of Earl of Rosse was conferred on one of the Parsons family. Here are the famous Rosse telescopes. Rosse Castle is most beautiful, situated in a park whose verdure only Ireland can produce. In this neighborhood we never tired of our excursions. We enjoyed the novelty of riding in a jaunting-car, and, once accustomed to its sway, we chose it often as a means of locomotion. But once I had a provoking experience. J. and I were to make a little trip out to a farm, and we merrily set out on our jaunting-car. Alas, for me; something went wrong on the affair on my side, and every revolution of the wheel gave me a hearty bounce. My arms ached from trying to keep my balance. My protests only brought the comforting assurance from our happy-go-lucky driver: "Sure it's only a bit of



Famous Rosse Telescope, Birr, Ireland.

a bounce, ma'am; you'll get used to it." Finally I demanded to be let down, and told them to continue their journey; I should walk slowly back and they should overtake me. Strolling along the country road, I had a good opportunity to observe the bogs and turf cutters. The bogs are a very interesting study. Besides furnishing fuel, they have been refuges in the ancient days for the persecuted people, who knew how to avoid the dangerous parts. Valuable treasures, great trees, and even human bodies have been found in them in perfect preservation. In a bog near Tuam an ancient corrack, or canoe boat, has been found, several feet below the surface, well preserved. It measures fifty-two feet in length, and will be placed among the Celtic remains in the Dublin Museum.

The *London Leisure Hour* says "that a learned Viennese has been experimenting with peat from bogs for several years, and finds it capable of being utilized for many purposes. A building was on exhibition in which the carpets, curtains, and the paper on the walls were made from the fibers of the grasses and reeds of which peat was composed. These fibers were found to be durable and elastic, with the warmth of wool and toughness of linen. This discovery will prove very valuable, and may open up new industries for Ireland. The cutting of the black bog oak into

L. of C.

ornaments is quite a thriving industry, and the peasantry often cut it into torches, which yield an aroma most delightful."

Pursuing my return to the town, I grew tired at last, and stopped at a cabin to ask for a drink of water. I was invited to enter by a beautiful Irish girl, who extended the hospitality of her earth-floored domicile with a gentle grace, that bespoke her training by the ladies of the convent near by. In her soft voice she told me of her little domestic history, her wish to go to America, but for the love of an only brother, for whom she desired to keep a home, as their parents were dead. I accepted the glass of milk and a slice of bread and butter she offered me, heard the story of the little orphaned chickens she was rearing in the shelter of the great fireplace, where a small but bright peat fire was giving out its fragrant heat; admired the bit of needle-work she brought out for my inspection, and which, on leaving, she so pressed on me, with a loaf of her snowy bread, that to avoid appearing rude I was forced to accept, although already burdened with kodak, umbrella and waterproofs. Fortunately for me, I soon met a hungry-looking child, to whom I gave the bread. I saw several little stone cabins, from which the roofs had been torn years before, when the unhappy tenants were evicted. In this neighborhood an old man told J.

that from where they stood, on the top of a hill, within his recollection one hundred families had homes, where now one man and a dog cared for the sheep and cattle pastured there. Eventually I reached the town, glad not to be overtaken by my uncomfortable vehicle and breezy driver, whom J. had taken wandering over the fields.

There is a salutation in use among the Irish people on entering a house, "God save all here," and the response, "God save you kindly," that evinces the kind, warm heart and their ever-present thought of God.

"In other lands they know not well
How priceless is the lore
That hedges with a sacred spell
Old Ireland's cabin door;
To those it is no empty sound
Who think with many a tear
Of long loved memories wreathing round
The prayer, 'God save all here.'"

The old Gaelic language may be revived, as steps are being taken, in our own country also, for the study of the tongue in which the ancient bards rehearsed the deeds of early warlike days.

The following eloquent prayer is one of the many handed down from remote ages, translated from the Gaelic, and much used by the faithful people: "The will of God may we do; the law of God may we keep;

our own perverse will may we restrain; on our tongue may we put a bridle. Timely repentance may we make. On the Passion of Christ may we think; every offense of sin may we avoid; on our last end may we meditate. A blessed death may we attain. The music of the angels may we hear. The face of God may we see. Praising and loving Him may we be through all eternity."

"Soggarth Aroon"-is an affectionate appellation of the priest, and these lines are very touching, as evincing the love of home in the heart of an Irish exile:

"Oh, Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;
Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord's willing, I'm ready to die.
But, Soggarth Aroon! can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?

"Oh, Soggarth Aroon! sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me;
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them
In the realms of joy, with the souls pure and free.
Yet, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor, dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving,
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal."

Miss Mulholland beautifully tells of an Irish exile,

who had carried with him to the New World a few blocks of turf from the home bog, and when particularly homesick, would burn a bit on the chimney-piece as one would a pastille, and weep a heartful before the last white ash had fallen, seeing in its red heart visions of home, and breathing in its fragrance more gratefully than choicest perfume. Traditions abound, and here, in the land of romance, fairy tales and sacred associations, one takes delight in listening to and trying to believe them. One exists among the peasantry of placing a chair by the clean-swept hearth on the eve of All Souls' Day for the welcome of some dear one passed away.

Our driver took us respectfully around St. Kiernan's bush, growing immediately in the middle of the road. No one might remove this; but one person had undertaken to defy the rule, and in cutting at the bush, had cut off his own arm. While visiting this place, we had good opportunity to study Irish character under most favorable auspices, and some of our experiences combined circumstances both amusing and pathetic. I have just read such a touching eulogy on the "Irish Mother," defining so completely the character which has gifted her children with those pure and steadfast traits which distinguish them; the shrewdness, the pathos, the poetry, that makes them the only nation with a musical

instrument for an emblem, the shamrock-wreathed harp. A few lines from this eulogy say: "I wonder if she is still in the old land, the blessed Irish mother, who put a cap around her comely face between the twenties and the thirties, and covered her brown waves from sight. To her simple soul, marriage meant consecration, and her faith in the divine right of husbands was unshaken by any little weaknesses. What confidence she reposed in the brave boys, that overtopped her at sixteen! Her unquestioning trust and earnest teachings kept them pure and honest in their early days, and later, when they discovered that the dear mother was only a simple, illogical, unlettered woman, their loyalty and devotion deepened to find what wonders she had worked with her few talents. What a tragedy Shakespeare could have woven around her, haunted all her life by a phantom ship at anchor in some harbor, waiting until the children of her love were old enough to take passage and leave her forever! How sorrowful must have been her joy when seeing them rise to the stature of men and women! I wonder if she is still in the old land, stealing out of the lonely home at nightfall and looking with her tender eyes always westward! And when no one is by, falling on her knees and lifting her hands in such intensity of supplication that they touch the hem of His garment, and the blessings fall

on her flesh and blood in the far-off land, and her faith has made them whole. If flowers, emblematic of their lives, could spring from the dust beneath, it would be easy to find the graves of the Irish mothers. Roses would be clustered in the emerald moss around the head, violets at the feet, and among the sweetest of the clover blossoms, just above the heart, there would be lilies."

From Parsonstown, or Birr, we continued our journey, impatient for the enchanted Lakes of Killarney. How sad that, with all Nature has done for Ireland, her people should still see such faint hopes of rescue from the oppression of centuries through which she has passed! Yet, may not the hand of Providence be seen even here? Driven by want and fiercest persecution from their native land, the Irish have been the apostles of the Faith all over the world, where their faithful hearts have carried and kept it. Denied their own country and flag, their blood has been lavishly shed wherever England has sent them, or their adopted countries have had need of their strong arms. Witness Patrick Sarsfield, enlisted in the French service, and falling in 1693 grasping his heart's blood and raising his hand to heaven, cried: "Oh, that this was shed for Ireland!" In the history of our own country no names stand higher on its

annals than those of Erin's sons. They appear in the Continental Congress and as signers of our Declaration of Independence. During the darkest hours of our revolutionary struggles, when Washington united with Congress in an appeal for pecuniary help, twenty-seven members of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" contributed over a half million of dollars, and Thomas Fitzsimmons, a member of the Continental Congress, alone subscribed twenty-five thousand dollars to the loan for carrying on the war. Mr. Galloway, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, being questioned as to the nationality of the Continental army, answered, "One-half were Irish." "Saucy Jack Barry," as he was called, wore the title of the "Father of the American navy." George W. P. Custis asked for "eternal gratitude to the Irish nation" in commenting on the part taken in those dark days. Mr. Thomas Murray collected the names of two hundred and fifty Irish soldiers in the Revolution bearing the name of Patrick. As to the women, their deeds in pestilential places and on the battlefields as nurses need no comment. Some one, writing of the Irish people, said:

"They have sailed over every ocean,
They have lived under every star,
And the world's cold faith and devotion
Grow warmer wherever they are.

"The cottage they've built on the prairie,
The church they have raised on the wild,
And around the whole world the 'Hail Mary'
Is lisped by the Irishman's child."

Their poets have sung the sweetest songs. What could be sweeter than this of Dennis Florence McCarthy:

"Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles
With the woodbine alternating
Scent the dewy way;
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

At McCarthy's death, Father Kelly wrote a memoriam, beginning:

"Nevermore your heart will weary,
Waiting for the May;
Nevermore, sweet Celtic singer,
March and April, when they linger,
Will appear as dark and dreary
As they did that day,
When your sighing heart was weary,
Waiting for the May."

Ireland's brainy men have excelled in statesmanship; her brave priests have followed the exiled Church into caves and fastnesses, knowing of the price set on their heads, and taught the young chil-

dren, who were denied education but in an alien faith, under the hedges, or wherever shelter could be obtained, and have followed the soldiers to the battlefields, or gone fearlessly into pest-ridden places to minister to the sick and dying. Her noble women have been no less courageous. Go where you will, and meet in any walk of life an extraordinary woman, it is not very difficult to go back far enough to find a streak of Irish blood. Even the heavens weep over Ireland's woes; yet to them have been given light hearts and poetic natures, to which their fairy tales and fireside legends are ever true. Every rock has its name, every island its story. No nation loves more their own country; her sorrows bind their hearts to her more firmly. One young Irish poet has particularly voiced the heart-cry of his people. I select but two verses:

"I would rather live in Ireland, and the thought comes from my heart;
I would rather toil in Ireland, on the barest, bleakest part,
Spurned by every village magnate, smote by every minion's hand,
Than abide in pomp and panoply in any other land.

"I would rather live in Ireland, for although the spoiler's breath
Locust like, may sweep her valleys, spreading ruin, dearth and death,
Still it can not still the sunshine, and it can not yet, thank God,
Hush the murmurs of the river, chase the shamrock from the sod."

Irish Jaunting Car and Cabin.

The Irish peasant has no encouragement to make his place attractive, as it would thus only command more rent. A popular Irish writer says: "Ireland is the land of poetry. It is the country of traditions and memories; the country of the ideal. Monuments of epic combats, of the royal splendors of religious faith, cover her soil. The humblest peasant toils under the shadow of ruins that tell him his fathers were not slaves. These ruins, in the field bedewed by the sweat of his brow, speak to him of ages past, and repeat within his heart the echo of the voices of heroes, of sages and of saints."

At our Killarney hotel, three miles from the town, we were awakened every morning by one of the "Come all ye's" of an old blind man who walked out every morning and sang with great gusto. His repertoire was extensive. Verse after verse rolled from his tongue of Irish ballads. One our young people occasionally recall: "For she was a charming young maiden, on the green, sunny banks of the Lee." Clean, fresh, cheerful, his eighty-two years sat lightly on him, and he received the pennies thrown him from coaches and hotel windows with the usual blessings, and wished for good luck to the giver. If the little curly head of our party fall heir to all the blessings heaped upon him, he will be rich indeed.

We made the lake trip one day, having previously

gone by carriage several miles to the Gap of Dunloe. Here was the cottage of the famed beauty, "Kate Kearney, who lived on the banks of Killarney." The ride on the "ponies" through the Pass embraced some funny experiences. The hardy guides accompanied us on foot, enlivening the way by their stories and making light of our numerous wraps, which they carried. So we went up hill, down dale, around curves, under overhanging rocks. Some of our ponies seemed to delight in crowding us together or against rocks, and the echoes were awakened by bugle, gun or song. At last we caught sight of the first lake, and our guides, with their ponies, were dismissed, and they mounted them and returned pell-mell to the Cottage. We were met here by a four-manned boat with a most welcome basket of lunch, sent by our hotel. Then began an ever-to-be-remembered trip through the lakes. Our head boatman was gifted with a fertile imagination and persuasive, descriptive faculty, and we were treated to fascinating legends of the surrounding country, in which figured the McCarthys, O'Mores, O'Donaghues and other Irish chieftains. One holds his court under the lake, and on May mornings comes forth on his milk-white steed to ride around the waters. When the silver shoes shall be worn away, the O'Donaghue shall come to his own. The boat-

man called the breaking waves " O'Donaghue's white horses." The Eagle's Nest, the old Weir Bridge, with its rapids beneath, the lovely Dinish Island where we stopped to rest, the McGillycuddy Reeks, Purple Mountains and Colleen Bawn rocks were but a few of the attractions. This trip is associated with poor Eily O'Connor and Miles na Coppoleen. Another day we took the same boat for a trip to the Gem of Killarney, sweet Innisfallen, the land of faith and learning. Here are the ruins of St. Finan's Abbey, attributed to the sixth century. Our ready guide showed us a slab, over which the protecting roots of a huge tree had grown, and bade us believe it the tomb of the saint. The ruins of the Abbey are most interesting. An archaeological society has endeavored to prevent farther spoliation, and restored some places sufficiently to support the crumbling walls from farther ruin. We could trace much of the building, even where the walls had fallen entirely to decay. Silent for centuries have been the voices that once sang or chanted prayer or praise to God here; roofless the sanctuary where once reposed the Sacred Presence. Yet we involuntarily kneel among the ruins, with a prayer for the souls of those who once dwelt here and for better days for Erin. Here is a curious freak of nature; an immense ivy vine binds together as one a hawthorn tree, an ash and a

holly. In this old Abbey were precious manuscripts, prepared by the patient labor of studious monks. How interesting would be the annals could they be found! but the only authentic writings are a few leaves in the Irish language, now possessed by the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The Abbey, being ever esteemed a secure sanctuary, much treasure was kept there; yet some of the renegade Irish chieftains plundered it, and slew many of the clergy in the sanctuary. We searched carefully for the pretty shamrock, "poor Erin's badge, the green, immortal shamrock, the chosen leaf of bard and chief." We left this charming spot with deep regret. Its beauties, its antiquities and its wrongs appealed to every tender emotion. Tom Moore thus apostrophizes it:

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er me on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle!
Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well;
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine."

A perusal of all these beautiful lines will give a better conception of this island than any poor description of mine. The most ancient name of Ireland was "Inisfail."

Corner in Muckross Abbey, Ireland.

Our hotel at Killarney was chosen for its name, "Muckross," and its convenience to the old Abbey, the most picturesque ruin in Ireland. The Franciscans built this in 1440. Some parts are still in excellent preservation, especially the tombs. In the center of the court, surrounded by beautiful cloisters, rises an immense yew, which overshadows the place with its mighty branches. We visited this ruin again and again, ever finding new food for thought, and peopling it with its former occupants.

One day J. and I left our party to their ponies, jaunting-cars and sweet liberty, while we mounted one of the coaches of the Prince of Wales route, as they passed by our hotel on their way to Glengariffe. When I spoke to our driver, on one occasion, as to the length of the miles, he replied: "Sure, ma'am, they are longer in Ireland than anywhere else, for we always give good measure." This reminds me of the tall Wellington monument in Phoenix Park, Dublin, which a joking native called an Irish milestone, the miles there being so long as to require tall marks. We passed through shady woods, where the moss, heavy and green, looked like a picture; past waterfalls and lovely lake views, until away up among the mountains we reached the Mulgrave police barracks, with the bored looking constables standing around in the rain which had suddenly come upon us, for the

paternal English government must keep watch on the people, ragged and hungry though they be. The cloudburst, that compelled us to pull about us all the available oilskins, gave a comical side to our trip. The great coach ahead of us was crowded with tourists, while J. and I had only baggage and the driver. Crouched under our wraps and umbrellas, we could observe the misery of our companions, whose dripping umbrellas deluged their neighbors' backs. Being somewhat experienced, I had, on starting, adopted cap, veil and waterproof, and had remarked a lady ahead with finery and nodding plumes, which of course came to grief, and arriving at Kenmare for lunch, there was a general discarding of superfluous millinery. At Kenmare the nuns of the Convent of Poor Clares have done much to relieve the woes of the poor peasantry by their schools and instruction in lace making and general care of children. This is the wild country —

"Where the deep Blackwater glides to its ocean rest,
And the hills, with their green-clad bosoms, roll up from the river's breast."

The similarity between the climate and the character of the Irish people occurred to me often on this trip; sudden bursts of sunshine through the weeping

clouds, typifying cheerfulness under depressing circumstances:

> "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
> Thy suns, with doubtful gleam, weep while they rise."

Here again Cromwell is kept in memory by a fort of his name. Luncheon over and fresh horses attached, we start again for the remaining twenty-two miles of our journey. The mountains abound in black cattle, which take the stone walls like deer, and miserable cabins scarcely shelter the numerous members of the poor families. We passed several national schools, and were amused by the children running along by the coaches, bareheaded and many shoeless, looking for pennies or for fruit thrown by the passengers. Some, though, from the wretched cabins higher up, started our tears by their miseries, as in fluttering rags they would run beside us with a bunch of white heather or some other trifle, and eagerly grasping whatever might be given. I read an amusing account of these Irish national schools, too long to quote here, but which shows the overflowing spirits of the youth and the fun they manage to interlard with their mental labor. These schools are free, and attendance is compulsory. The Protestant attendants leave at the stated hours, while the Catho-

lics remain for the Angelus and Catechism. The district inspector conducts the examination, and is generally very watchful, and a paltry sum is awarded those who pass. Ruskin's remarks on present education may be apropos. It will be noted that the Catholic system of education deals with the heart as well as the mind; the child is taught that he has a soul to save, hence their plan; but, as Ruskin says: "The so-called Christian world has established a system of instruction for its youth in which neither the history of Christ's Church nor the language of God's law is considered a study of the smallest importance; wherein, of all subjects of human inquiry, his own religion is one in which a youth's ignorance is most easily forgiven; he may be daily guilty of many sins, so that he writes Latin verses accurately and with speed."

So on through the Kerry Mountains we go, until at last, on emerging from a tunnel, we are in County Cork. Soon we begin our descent, and down, down, down we go, until at last, at half-past 6, after many windings and turnings, we reach Glengariffe, on the lovely Bantry Bay. Here the Gulf Stream touches the coast, creating a balmy temperature. The dense woods are said to abound in game, and the waters in fine fish. Most lovely flowers, some tropical, rich and beautiful, grow here out of doors, and I now,

turning to my herbarium, where I have many specimens, can almost imagine I see the beautiful carpet they form around Glengariffe. After a welcome repast, we took a boat and rowed around the placid waters, which so perfectly reflect the shores that one can scarcely tell where they meet.

As usual, our boatman was loquacious, and pointed out many places of interest. Cromwell's Bridge, near by, was built at his command in an incredibly short time, and here in 1796 the French invaders landed, under General Hoche.

Thackeray eulogizes this place in the highest terms, saying that "if it were situated in Switzerland or on the Rhine, people would flock to see it. Then why not in Ireland?" And he wished to have plenty of money, that he might take painters through it to make pictures of it.

So long was the June twilight that, retiring at 10 o'clock, it was still light enough to read. The next day we returned to Killarney, much pleased with our experience in coaching. The Lakes and Fells of Killarney will never be forgotten.

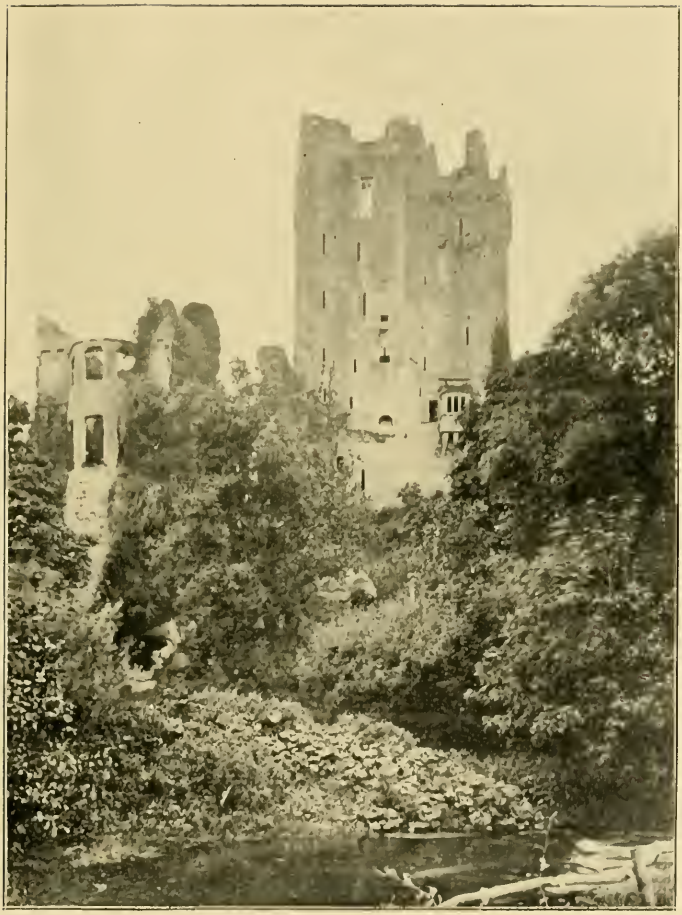
CHAPTER VIII.

CORK — BLARNEY CASTLE — SHANDON BELLS — GERALD GRIFFIN — RETURNING TO LONDON — LEAVING ENGLAND — PARIS — CEMETERIES — EXPOSITION — VERSAILLES — FONTAINEBLEAU.

At Cork, our first visit was to the famed Blarney stone, that —

> "Whoever kisses,
> Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
> 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
> Or become a member of Parliament,
> A clever spouter he 'll turn out,
> Or an out and outer to be let alone.
> Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder him,
> Sure, he 's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone."

We found the process of kissing the famous stone to be too laborious for even the courageous gentlemen of our party, so after we had climbed and climbed the tower steps, out on the battlements, we contented ourselves with the reflection that we had at least made an attempt. We declined to kiss the substitute, but placed our hands as near the magical stone as possible, and I was delighted to rescue from a crevice a tiny bit of genuine shamrock. Dennis



Blarney Castle.

Florence McCarthy thus apostrophizes the shamrock on receiving one in a letter from a friend:

"Dear emblem of my native land,
By tender love kept fresh and green,
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more,
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope thou art,
Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore."

Blarney Castle is one of the oldest and most strongly built, and its romantic history is not exceeded by any other in Ireland. It belonged to the McCarthys, and many and long were the contests for its possession. Built on a rock, with walls eighteen feet thick, it could withstand even so vigorous a siege as that laid to it by Cromwell. William of Orange was more successful in his attacks. Tradition says that much treasure was thrown into the lake, the secret to be passed, only verbally, from one to another, until the McCarthys come unto their own, when it shall be recovered. The famous stone has been the subject of much conjecture. Some supposed it to be a Druidical talisman. Father Prout wrote an amusing and interesting account of it. We strolled down by the lake and wandered through the "Groves of Blarney," fancied the enchanted cows that pasture

here, and wished we could meet the poor Lord of Blarney, who once a year walks out of the lake, longing to be addressed, for he may not first break the silence. Hugh O'Neill is remembered, and legends are told of a troop of the great chief's lancers lying in a trance in a cave, each holding in his hand his horse's bridle, waiting for the spell to be broken, that they may strike for their country; and once, when a traveler entered the cave where they were lying, one raised his head and asked: "Is it time?" We often wished for the vivid imagination to see the fairies dancing on the green.

On Sunday we attended Mass at St. Matthew's Church, and after lunch our party separated, to follow their own fancies. I had long wished to hear the "Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand, on the pleasant waters of the river Lee." So I bade a cabman take me there. The foundation is old, but the present church modern. It is known as "Shandon Bells," and the obliging sexton rings the bells for tourists, who, of course, do not forget the usual tip. The Reverend Thomas O'Mahony, better known as Father Prout, has made it famous. I went to his tomb and plucked from beside it a bit of wallflower, and asked the sexton: "Why do he and his family lie here?" "Oh, they have a right," he replied, "as this ground was all once consecrated."

The inner church was modeled for a different style of worship, and we were shown into the crypt by an outside door, where coffins were stacked, tier upon tier, some even exposing the poor skeletons. There was not the least odor. I could not learn why this most unchristian act was permitted. Next, I bade my driver take me to the grave of Gerald Griffin, whose writings I always so much admired. Of course cabby did not know where to go, but I directed him to the monastery, and we entered the long, winding drive, where, as we reached the front door, we met a monk, to whom I made my errand known. I told him I was from Kentucky, and he was much interested to hear from America. He courteously directed me to the little cemetery, and here, marked by a simple stone, with the inscription, "Gerald Griffin," his age and the date of his death, I knelt a moment with a prayer for the pure soul of the genius who lay beneath. A little flower from his grave was added to my souvenirs. As the driver held open the carriage door for me, he permitted himself the ejaculation: "Well, now, would you think it? A lady clear from Ameriky to see this grave, and there be thousands in Cork who know nothing of him." Besides Griffin's numerous prose writings, his poetry was also very fine. I have so much admired his lines on a Sister of Charity, beginning:

"Her down bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
Her luster, one taper that serves her to read,
Her sculpture, the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings, one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion, the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music, the psalm or the sigh of disease,
The delicate lady lives mortified there
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer."

The Cathedral of Finbar is very fine, built on the site of a Druid temple. The remains of the saint, who died in 630, were afterwards placed here in a silver case. The grounds are connected with sacred memories, as the burial place of many holy people. Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate, has here a memorial chapel and a fine bronze statue, and his name is revered by all, without respect to creed.

While in Ireland we must remember that name so dear to the hearts of her people, St. Patrick. It is very amusing to hear of some of the sects trying to claim him. I will quote what I have read in some ancient chronicles preserved by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society. This old story goes on to say that in the year 851, the fifth year of the reign of Maelsechlainn, or Malachi, a terrible naval battle occurred between the invading Danes and the Lochlanns, or Norwegian settlers, near what is now Carlingford Lough. The Danish chief said to his people, who had been defeated: "Look sharp to the battle

which you shall next wage with the Lochlanns. This Saint Patrick, against whom these enemies of ours have committed many evils, is Archbishop and head of the saints of Erin. Let us pray to him fervently, and let us give honorable alms to him for our gaining victory and triumph over them!" They all answered him: "Let our protector be the holy Saint Patrick, and the God who is Lord over him also!" The next battle was a hard-fought one. The whizzing of lances, the clashing of swords, the clattering of shields, the shrieks of soldiers when subdued, were heard. But the Lochlanns were defeated, and the Danes gained a victory on account of the tutelage of Saint Patrick, although the Lochlanns were three or four times their number. This battle gave good courage to the native Irish on account of the defeat of the Lochlanns. King Malachi sent ambassadors to the Danes, and found the victors cooking over the dead bodies of their slain enemies. These Scandinavians were pagans, whose delight was in war; they drank from the skulls of their enemies and indulged in other like fierce pastimes. So it reads strangely that they should resort to Saint Patrick.

Returning to Dublin, I much desired to visit the "sweet vale of Avoca," the scene of "the meeting of the waters," so sweetly sung of by Tom Moore, and endeared to me by recollections of a dear mother's

cradle songs; but we had been misinformed as to time and distances, so after reaching Bray, we were obliged, in order to return the same day, to content ourselves by driving about between trains, and visiting Powerscourt, with its beautiful waterfall and deer park, and the charming Dargle. Leaving Ireland, we could heartily echo Moore's words, "The last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see," and —

> "As slow our ship her foamy track
> Against the wind was cleaving,
> Her trembling pennant still looked back
> To that dear land 'twas leaving."

> "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,
> More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
> Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours."

Now we return to London to prepare for our trip to France, and find it hard to leave again. Although called the wickedest city in the world, the police regulations are very fine. The "Bobby," as an officer is called, is especially the terror of the small boy, but he is also the protector of the traveler, the guide to everywhere, an encyclopedia of general knowledge, and courteous to all. Serenely he stands in the middle of the Babel of the London streets; he but raises his finger, and the whirling speed of cars, cabs and heavy wagons is stopped as if by magic, while the frightened pedestrians, fleeing for life, regard him

as an angel of deliverance. One wise provision London has. In the middle of a wide street there will be a little curbed space, with a gas lamp, and the line of drivers must strictly keep to their own side, so persons wishing to cross must watch their chance from one sidewalk, and landing safely in the center refuge, watch an opportunity to reach the opposite curb. So we go hither and thither for a parting glance, grudging almost the time for meals. Some day I hope to come again, when time presses not so strongly, and visit the land of Arthur; go into Cornwall, to Tintagel, Camelford, and Caerleon, and with Tennyson or Sir Thomas Mallory in hand, visit the birthplace of Arthur the Good, Merlin the Wise, Guinevere, the beautiful but false and bitterly repentant Queen; Elaine the Lily, Tristan and Yseult, Launcelot and Gawain, and try to follow Sir Galahad in his quest of the Holy Grail. Cadbury is supposed to be Camelot, the favorite spot for the assembling of the Knights of the Round Table. All England claims Arthur, but here is the spot where legends may be better traced to a foundation. The little river Camel —

"Frantic ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murtherous hand, was mingled with her flood"

still rolls its course along. I shall look for the waters

into which Sir Bedivere cast Excalibur by the King's command. "And the hand reached forth and caught and brandished it three times," and dream of the riders "in white samite with silver shedde, ivory saddle and white steed, each Knight in green habit, with olive branch in his hand, betokening peace."

But before leaving England I would pay a tribute to the lovely summer weather we there enjoyed. Hawthorne's words do so much more justice than I could, that I shall quote him:

"Each day seemed endless, though never wearisome. The English summer day seems to have no beginning and no end. When you awake at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through your curtain; you live through unnumbered hours of Sabbath quietude, with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and again you become conscious that it is bedtime again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil, through which the bygone day beholds its successor; to-morrow is born before yesterday is dead."

From New Haven to Dieppe we select our route to France, and knowing the reputation of the Channel for its bad treatment of travelers, expected to be roughly used, but by keeping bravely on deck, we escaped seasickness, and drew up beside the pier at Dieppe. The first sight to greet the eye was an immense crucifix on the quay; and we wondered to see

women working beside the blue-bloused men, tugging at the ropes attached to the boats. We timorously climbed the steep incline, delighted to set foot in France, for we should always have a fraternal feeling for the country that aided us as struggling colonies in our war for independence. Passing through Rouen, with its memories of Jeanne D'Arc, we reached Paris in the evening, meeting by appointment a courier who had been recommended to us by some acquaintances.

Of course our first business the next day was a trip to the great Exposition, and so for several days we dutifully gave it our undivided attention; later returning at intervals. The moving sidewalk, with its amusing experiences; the Eiffel Tower, most wonderful in its inception and execution; the Trocadero and shows of different nationalities; Old Paris, the galleries, and endless varieties of objects, with trips up and down the Seine, were bewildering. We hailed our own beautiful Stars and Stripes over the United States Building. Only when in foreign lands can we fairly appreciate its beauties, for then the homesick heart greets with deserved affection its glorious star-spangled folds. Some one has said: "Man never made, and nature never produced, anything more beautiful than the American flag."

On the 14th of July the fall of the Bastile was cel-

ebrated, and all Paris ran wild. During the day there was a steady marching and reviewing of troops, and one would think that half the world was at Longchamps; but it remained for nightfall to cap the climax. Such illuminations, and setting off of fireworks, and people dancing madly on the streets! Intoxicating Paris! What a study for the more cold-blooded stranger! We hear martial music, and here comes a great array of soldiers in their clumsy looking uniforms of blue, with red, baggy trousers, appearing very slovenly to us, accustomed to the trim appearance of our spick and span American troops. Presently another band appears, and some one starts up a song; some begin to dance; Bedlam seems loose. Perhaps this crowd scarcely passes, when a funeral comes along. All is hushed and every head uncovered as the dead passes. Then we hear the shrill notes of a pipe; a shepherd rounds the corner with a flock of goats, and they are stopped at doorways or wherever any one asks for a glass. Fast upon this pastoral scene whirls the very modern automobile, scattering people in all directions.

For the first weeks we can only stare and wonder and tramp around industriously, then settle down to view things more calmly. On Sunday we go to the Madeleine for holy Mass, and remain afterwards to study this historic structure, so beautiful in its Gre-

His Democratic Highness.

cian architecture. Later we drove to Notre Dame, the great center of religious interest in Paris. The foundation dates back twelve hundred years. The first view is disappointing, but time and many changes have altered the surroundings. It was once approached by a flight of steps, but is now level with the street. If these old walls could speak, what wonders they could tell! Peter the Hermit preached here the first crusade, about 1195; the people, seized with his own enthusiasm, raising their battle-cry: "God wills it; God wills it." It was here, in the revolution of 1793, that a woman was enthroned as Goddess of Reason, and worshiped with wild orgies accordingly, while a statue of our Blessed Lady was removed to make way for one of Liberty. The horrible desecration caused the church to be closed for several years, but it was afterwards opened for worship by Napoleon, who said: "No nation can exist without religion." During the frightful scenes of the Commune, in 1871, it was again desecrated, used as a military depot, and when the Communists were driven out, they attempted to burn it. The treasury contains most precious articles; the martyred Bishop's relics are also here. While gazing on the towers and reflecting on the stormy scenes they have witnessed, the great bell tolled out, its deep tones impressing one still more with the solemn memories.

The Pantheon is built over the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. This grand building has several times been changed from temple to church, and back again. Victor Hugo lies here; Marat and Mirabeau were once here, but were removed. Monuments to Voltaire and Rousseau seem out of place under the same roof with the painting of St. Denis, the baptism of Clovis, and St. Genevieve imploring Attila the Hun to spare Paris. The paintings are very fine and instructive, showing the intimate connection of the life of St. Genevieve with Parisian history. On the heights of Montmartre, or Hill of the Martyrs, which has been the scene of many bloody contests, now rises a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The cemetery of Pere la Chaise has even been occupied by soldiers, and several hotly contested engagements took place here, both by foreign and civil troops. Probably in no other modern cemetery lie so many known to fame in various walks of life. The National Guards, who fell in the defense of Paris, are gratefully remembered. In the center of the main avenue is the grand "Monument aux Morts"— People pressing forward to the portals of the tomb, over which several have already passed; and the artist has well depicted the varying emotions of each. The actress Rachel, Le Fontaine, Moliere, Victor

Noir, killed by Pierre Bonaparte in a duel; Balzac, Beranger, Rossini's memorial, as his body was removed to Florence; Alfred de Musset, whose own beautiful lines are inscribed on his monument; Chopin, Cherubini, Auber, Wilhelm and Bellini, Thiers the statesman, St. Hiliare, Marshals Massena and Lefebre, Sir Sydney Smith, Napoleon's conqueror in 1799; Michelet, Duc de Morny, and many others whose names have been written high in the annals of fame; also, Abbe Sicard, who was so interested in the education of the deaf mutes; and the much visited tomb of Abbe Abelard and Heloise, with bronze effigies. The good Louis Veuillot lies in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, his tomb bearing the simple inscription, "I have believed; now I see." His last poem has been frequently translated. The following is one which obtained a prize, offered some years ago for the best:

"Place by my side my pen,— it tells my story,
Upon my heart the crucifix,— my glory,
And underneath my feet the Book must rest,
Then seal the coffin lid above my breast;
After the lingering last prayer has been said,
Plant on my grave the cross, above my head,
And if some friend should give me then a stone,
'I have believed, I see' carve there alone;
Say then, my friends, 'He sleeps' to those who ask,
Completed now and finished his hard tasks,

Or rather say, 'He wakes.' He sees at last
The things that he has dreamed and sleep is past.
In Jesus is my hope; in all the strife
His word has been my guide through this sad life;
Before His Father's throne, at the last day
He will acknowledge me, nor say me nay."

In some of these tombs are reminders to the living to pray for the souls of those whose ashes lie beneath, and we recite a De Profundis to their appeal. From the quiet spot, where their once busy feet are forever at rest, we turned again to the busy Paris streets. Home for luncheon and rest, and again we go out, along the great thoroughfare, the Champs Elysee, to the Place de la Concorde, where the terrible guillotine once stood. Here were executed Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, who went with head erect to her death, knowing that absolution awaited her from an upper window. There was Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, whose noble spirit inspired her last words: "I have made to God the sacrifice of my life; I go now to rejoin in heaven those whom I have so much loved on earth." The brutal executioner had disarranged her kerchief. "In the name of your mother, cover me, sir," she commanded, and she was obeyed. The father of King Louis Philippe, Charlotte Corday, and numberless others, here met death. Guizot says: "The concergerie contained

great lords and noble ladies, bearing the most illustrious names in the history of France. Madame Lafayette was here awaiting death, but happily she did not recognize in the hoarse voice of the criers, who called off each day the list of those who "had gained the prizes in the lottery of St. Guillotine," the cherished names of grandmother, mother and sister. Truly the reign of terror was here; in a little more than two years twenty-eight hundred persons met death by the ax. As if in retribution, Danton, Desmoulins, and other leaders, finished up the list; even Robespierre himself, after attempted suicide.

The Egyptian obelisk here, presented by the Viceroy of Egypt, is from the time of Rameses Second, as hieroglyphics show. The magnificent Vendome Column was erected by Napoleon to celebrate his victories, and is an imitation of the Trajan Column at Rome, with its spiral rows of figures. It figured largely in Parisian troubles, from alterations and defacements, to final overturning by the Commune in 1871, but it was re-erected, and is one of the city sights. The Palace of the Louvre barely escaped destruction during the Commune. This is closely connected with the Huguenot troubles, of which so many conflicting stories are told. The art collections, to which it is now devoted, are priceless, consisting of both modern and antique, Roman, Egyp-

tian, Phoenician and Greek; among them the famous Venus de Milo.

The gardens of the destroyed Tuileries Palace are very beautiful. The Arc de Triomphe occupies an eelvation, from which radiate twelve different boulevards, and resembles the arches in Rome, built to commemorate great battles. This one contains the names of Napoleon's famous victories and magnificent bas reliefs. We take the avenue to the Bois de Boulogne, and enter this grand park of over two thousand acres. It was once a dangerous wood, infested with evil characters; but being presented to the city, it was improved and beautified. We had pointed out to us here the residence of our American Countess, Anna Gould Castellane. My democratic blood was stirred a little on passing this mansion, recalling the slurs often cast on our American girls as willing to make any sacrifice for a title. One gentleman in a group of Americans ahead of us began loudly and defiantly to whistle " Yankee Doodle."

The Column of July now marks the spot occupied by the dread Bastile for nearly four hundred years. During the revolution of 1789 the Bastile fell, after a fearful struggle. The head of Delauny, the Governor, was carried on a pike, and all the scenes of horror were enacted of which the French people, under frantic excitement, are capable. I

have seen the key of the Bastile at Mount Vernon, where Lafayette had presented it to our own Washington. I was told that vaults, under the column erected here, contain the bodies of those who fell in defense of the Castle, as well as some of the victims of the Revolution of 1848. On one of the barricades erected in the streets then, the venerable Abbe Affre fell, while attempting to quell the rioting.

One of the permanent attractions of Paris is the Eiffel Tower, a monument to the wonderful skill of its engineer, for whom it is named. Nine hundred and eighty-four feet in height, it rises above any tower known in history. It was included in the Exposition grounds, and some of our party proposed the ascent. I went to the first platform, nearly two hundred feet above ground, took tea, and promenaded around its immense area to look at the shops and view the illuminated grounds, but declined to go higher, as even from here the people below looked almost like ants; and, descending, was glad to be safely on terra firma. The second platform, three hundred and eighty feet above ground, contains a theater. From this place a fine view is had of Palais du Trocadero, on the opposite bank of the Seine, approached by a fine bridge, Pont d'Jena, completed in 1830 to commemorate the battle. The tomb of Napoleon I. lies under the dome of the In-

valides. Here might well be inscribed, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The mighty man, before whom Europe once trembled, dying in exile, like a caged eagle, lies here a handful of dust. According to his wishes, that his body might repose on the banks of the Seine, it was brought here from St. Helena in 1840. Near him are his beloved Generals Duroc and Bertrand, while above him, in mournful drapery, are the flags captured in battle. The mosaic pavement about the tomb bears the names of notable battles, and all that human aid could bring, through art, to do him honor, seems done. Two sarcophagi contain the remains of his brothers, Joseph and Jerome, the latter figuring in our own history as the husband of our beautiful countrywoman, Elizabeth Patterson, but whom he was obliged to repudiate through Napoleon's ambition.

The Palace of Versailles takes another day. Through a long avenue of stately trees, whose branches, meeting above us, formed an arbor, we approached the great Parade in front of the Palace. Its foundation was in 1624, but later Louis Fourteenth, the Grand Monarch, continued its erection and decoration. He would not be forgotten, for we are confronted at every turn by his statue, or painting, or something to remind us of them. This Palace has occupied a prominent position in the history of

France. The grounds, designed by Lenotre, together with the roads leading here, cost two hundred millions alone. The fountains are marble, the water having to be forced up hill. The "Royal Walk," with its carefully tended sward, lined with statuary, and leading from the front of the Palace to the fountain, is a dream. Turning to the Palace, we pass through room after room decorated by Vernet and Lebrun's paintings, gold, marble, satins, Gobelin tapestries, magnificence piled upon magnificence. The various galleries contain priceless paintings; and to the honor of the German soldiers, when this place was occupied by them, after the conquest of France by Germany in 1871, nothing was mutilated nor destroyed, but the paintings covered and protected. In the "Glass Gallery" the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany; Queen Victoria was entertained when visiting Napoleon III. in 1855; and here in 1804 Pius Seventh gave a Pontifical benediction. Under the new Republican form, President Carnot presided at a grand function.

As we strolled through room after room and gallery after gallery, the records of France for hundreds of years passed before us. The famous Ox-eye room contains paintings of Louis Fourteenth and family as gods and goddesses. Here Marie Antoinette fled from her own apartments when the mob entered the

Palace in 1789. This brings us back to that memorable October day, when the maddened Parisians, hungry and desperate, swarmed over the grand esplanade and through the avenues with shouts and noisy songs and cries for bread, and a deputation of women, wet and bedraggled, forced their way into the rooms where, with bated breath, the King and court sat, fearing their fate. A flattering, evasive answer is given; night comes on, and torches but make the scene more dreadful. Then comes Lafayette with his soldiers; but this causes only a lull. With morning the first blow is struck; men and women swarm over the marble court and up the grand stairway, where the Swiss guards, hired for the Palace, endeavor in vain to shelter the Queen's apartments. She rushes to her children and her husband, and yet again she breathes when the tramp of the French guard is heard. Lafayette returns, and a truce occurs for consultation. He leads the Queen out on the balcony, and bravely she faces the mob. Then, like the chivalrous knight he was, he raises her hand to his lips, as if to answer for her, and the fickle crowd cries out: "Vive la Reine!"

So we stroll and wonder and dream, while history, that faithful chronicler, presents in detail the successive tenants of these matchless halls. Almost as if in mockery, here, where Napoleon is so often

depicted in triumph, stands a marble statue of the dethroned majesty, sitting alone, forgotten, dejected, and dying. Out in the grounds we find the Trianons, associated with memories of Madame de Maintenon, another innocent victim of slanderous tongues, as well as Marie Antoinette's attempt with her court to relax from state formalities.

The lovely Fontainebleau was next visited, with its memories of King Louis Ninth, the Saint, and his mother, the beloved Blanche of Castile, who resided in the neighborhood during her husband's absences in war. It was she who founded the Abbey de Lys, and under its shadow formed the character of her son, to whom she said: "My son, I love thee dearly; but I would rather see thee dead than that thou shouldst sully thy soul by one mortal sin." So on, the royalties and learned men, the political intrigues, the loves and despairs, down to Catherine de Medici's reign. Henry of Navarre, even sweet Mary Stuart, have been at Fontainebleau; as Louis XIII., Richelieu, Mazarin, and Catherine of Sweden. Pius VII. came, first, as guest of Napoleon I. to crown him, and nine years later was brought here a prisoner. A story was once told me of an interview between Napoleon and the Holy Father, in which the Emperor, angered at the resistance to his will, in his frenzy, whether accidentally or intentionally, struck

the Pontiff, and cried: "The old fool! Does he think the muskets of the Old Guard will fall from their hands?" Yet a little later the guns of the Old Guard did, literally, fall from their hands in their retreat from Moscow. From the grand horse-shoe staircase, by which we entered the Palace, Napoleon bade adieu to the Old Guard. As we stood on this magnificent staircase, the incidents of that mournful 20th of April passed before us, when Napoleon, having abdicated, and on the eve of his departure for Elba, bade that memorable adieu. One by one, with various excuses, his officers had taken their departure. But few remained faithful in the dark hour of adversity — Bertrand, Drouot, and several others. Wishing to bid his Old Guard farewell, he had them drawn around him in the castle yard, addressing them thus: "Soldiers, you, my old companions in arms, who have always accompanied me in the road to honor, we must at length separate. I might have remained longer among you, but to do so I should have prolonged a bitter struggle, adding, perhaps, civil to foreign war, and I could not bear the idea of longer convulsing France. Enjoy the repose you have so justly earned, and be happy. As for me, do not pity me. I have a mission, and it is to fulfill that that I consent to live, and this mission is to relate to posterity the great deeds we have performed to-

gether." General Petit stood near him, holding the standard. Napoleon clasped to his breast the General and the standard, and amid the tears and cheers of all present, and with tears in his own eyes, entered the carriage that was to bear him away to his first exile. The table on which he signed his abdication is here, duly marked. We passed through the throne room, the ball room, the bedchamber, where his tortured mind banished sleep, and even suicide was attempted, into the dining-room, where, it is said, he first intimated to Josephine his intention regarding the divorce. Sad commentary on ambition, when for it he defied the Church, wrecked his own happiness, tortured the faithful heart of Josephine, putting away the wife he loved so much, as according to his historian, Las Casas, her name was the last on his lips: "France, armee, Josephine." Strange "child of the Church," as he called himself, we thought, as we paused in the gilded prison of Pius VII.

In the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau of forty-two thousand acres we drove for hours over miles of perfect roads, through enchanting scenery, resting the eye and mind after viewing so much grandeur in the Palace, and half expecting in some turn in the woods to come upon a party of lords and ladies in hunting costumes.

CHAPTER IX.

LOURDES — ANTWERP — RUBENS — QUENTIN MATSYS — BRUSSELS — WATERLOO — COLOGNE — THE DOM — ST. URSULA.

Now for Lourdes, where our hearts have been turning amid all the whirl of intoxicating Paris. The trip was most disagreeable from heat and dust, and we were glad to get to our hotel at midnight. Apart from the religious fervor with which the Christian heart greets this spot, where our Blessed Lady vouchsafed her apparitions, the natural situation is very beautiful. On a rocky spur stands the ancient Castle of Lourdes, the key to the Pyrenees, considered impregnable in the early ages, and occupied by robber chieftains, who preyed on the surrounding country. A legend says Charlemagne, attacking it, was about to raise the siege, when an eagle dropped a fish it had just captured in the neighboring water, on one of the towers. The then infidel commander, noticing the fish, the symbol of Christianity, was converted, and insisted that he become the Knight of our Lady, and the land should belong to her alone. The arms of the city bear the eagle and the fish. The village, built around the Castle, was inhabited by a simple, pious people, who pursued their several trades or

Grotto of Lourdes.

tilled the sunny fields up to the memorable February day of 1858, when, in the Grotto of Massabielle, on the banks of Gave, the little Bernadette Soubirous, with some companions, was gathering fagots, when she, delicate and frail, was distanced by her companions. Suddenly she heard a strange sound, and looking about in fright, beheld the most wonderfully beautiful form among the rocks; and the innocent, ignorant child fell upon her knees and began to recite her rosary, the only prayer she knew. The other children noted her devotion, but as such is common among these pious people, they continued their work, and returning, the little girl told them of her vision, but her mother merely forbade her to go there again, as she regarded it as a hallucination. Drawn to the spot, she obtained permission from her parents to return, and again and again she visited the Grotto, to be rewarded each time by the apparition, which many supposed, from her description, to be a poor soul in need of prayers. Only to her was it visible, and to her was it announced: "I am the Immaculate Conception." The great excitement drew crowds of people, who witnessed her ecstasy during the time of the apparition. The government took the matter up; scientists of all classes came to examine into the phenomenon. The most shrewd officers of the law questioned and cross-questioned again and again the

simple child, but her answers were always firm and to the point, and no one could confuse her. The Abbe Peyramale, unwilling to encourage any imaginary occurrences, made every test, even to the demanding of a miracle. And the roses bloomed in February on the barren rock where our Lady desired a church to be built. Every effort, by bribery, by force, or by threats, failed to shake the testimony of the little girl. She had been told to drink of the fountain, but there was nothing but sand; told to dig, she stirred the sand, and a stream started forth, which to this day runs clear and cold down into the river Gave near by. Thousands now assembled from the surrounding country, and one day a poor mother, who had long watched her dying child, snatched it, apparently dead, from its cradle, and rushing by those who feared she was crazy, plunged the babe into the icy water, praying earnestly; and returning to her cottage with her seemingly frozen child, laid it in its crib. After twelve hours' sleep, the little paralytic rose from its bed completely cured. This was the first miracle of the thousands that have occurred here, fully establishing the supernatural agency. To-day, however, high over the rocks rises the magnificent basilica, enriched by offerings from every land on earth. To-day pilgrims flock, and faith is revived; conversions have been numberless. The little humble

village among the Pyrenees has now all the facilities of modern travel to accommodate the flow of visitors. Here pious souls find happiness; the restless, repose; the miserable, peace. To see, as we saw, the thousands in solemn procession, with prayer and hymns and lighted candles, thronging the paths, pausing in front of the great church, illumined from base to pinnacle with colored electric lights, the murmur of the Gave over its rocks, the stars watching calmly above, it seemed the gate of heaven.

The little Bernadette retired into conventual life for years before her death, knowing nothing of the wonders which she was chosen to be the instrument to evoke. In her humble home we stood and looked upon her childish surroundings, now carefully preserved. The good Henry Lasserre, the eminent French gentleman, who has, out of gratitude, given to the world the annals of Lourdes, was afflicted with the loss of sight. A Protestant friend challenged him to appeal to our Lady. "If I were like you, a believing Catholic, I would certainly try this chance. I earnestly recommend it;" and so, in accordance with a long and affectionate letter from this man of science, after much hesitation, Lasserre obtained the water from Lourdes, and to his astonishment and terror, as he describes it, his cure was instantaneous. We entered the church where Bernadette was bap-

tized, and learned with regret that it is to be demolished and rebuilt.

Around the little town many curious customs were observed; and here, as in many other places, we saw cows used as beasts of burden, sometimes hitched to a wagon with a donkey. Here among the Pyrenean scenery, so close to Spain, we noted many pilgrims in their peculiar dress, and drove for miles through the mountains.

Doctor Verger, a learned physician, Fellow of the Faculty of Montpelier, has made searching investigation of miracles at Lourdes. He says: "I am asked what I have seen at Lourdes. In answer a few words will suffice. I have seen well authenticated facts — facts beyond the power of science or art; works wrought by hand of the Divinity. Miracles! I have seen natural water gifted with supernatural powers. I have seen this water restore to health a child in the agony of death. I have seen it restore sight to an eye injured beyond any aid from science. I have seen it restore life and movement to totally paralyzed limbs; I have seen it cure ulcers of the worst description. Such were some of its first operations. The harvest has been rich, abundant, and of long duration."

Thanking God for having permitted us to visit this holy spot, we returned to Paris, with its funny

looking horses, with straw hats for protection from the sun and heavily fringed hoofs, like pantalettes; the sidewalks crowded with little tables, at which people sit, merrily dining, drinking or smoking. At the hotel, with its "rosbif," which we do not accept without a doubt, we at last pack our belongings for departure, bidding farewell to the good madame, who, with her English-speaking husband, has endeavored to make pleasant the stay and comforting the meals, as nearly as possible to the tastes of the American ladies. The French women seem to have an aptitude for business, and in many shops we visited took precedence of the husband.

Here our party separated, some taking cars for Cherbourg, where they embarked for the States. Business calling us to London for a few days, we embarked from there for Antwerp, thinking, as the name suggests itself, of the "Ankworks package," by which Sairey Gamp saw the attempted departure of Jonas Chuzzlewit and poor Mercy. I hope, for the comfort of the traveling public, that the packet may not always be so crowded as when we took it, and three of us were crushed into tiny quarters with two talkative English women, whose giggling merriment betokened numerous libations, a common custom among them.

Entering the river Scheldt, we soon reached the

old city of Antwerp, once queen of commerce, but now much reduced. The beautiful Cathedral towers are the first object to attract the eye. The bells seem to be ever ringing; the musical chimes like melodious notes tumbling over each other out of the sky. Rubens' masterpieces are here, the Elevation of, and the Descent from the Cross. I stood spell-bound before the former, as all was so real; the living muscles in the straining arms, the intent faces, the impending agony of the Divine Savior; one almost heard the words, "Father, forgive them!" A number of Vandyck's pictures are also here. The massive pulpit was elaborately carved. We were shown a fine piece of iron work, reputed to be by the "Blacksmith of Antwerp," Quentin Matsys, before he laid down the hammer for the painter's brush. He has a monument on the public square. In a large space stood a screened statue of Our Lady, said to have miraculously appeared there, and around which the church was built eight hundred years ago. Of course we obtained the removal of the screen to inspect it.

An hour's ride brings us to Brussels, the capital, and called the "Paris of Belgium." Our first visit was to the old Cathedral of St. Gudule, where the pulpit is a masterpiece of the carver's art. The base represents Adam and Eve being driven from Eden by the angel with the flaming sword. It seems in-

Familiar Scene in Belgium.

credible that this should be carved; one would think it must have grown so. The tombs of the Dukes of Brabant are here. The flower market attracted us by its beauties, and the ride through the Bois de la Cambre was much like that through the Parisian Bois de Boulogne. The Church of Notre Dame du Sablon, or Church of the Crossbowman, is very old, and attending Mass here we noted, instead of pews, the European custom of renting chairs, used also as *prie dieux*. On this square are fine statues of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, decapitated in 1508 during the Spanish wars. A fountain is here, surrounded by elegantly fashioned iron railings, held in place by forty-eight stone pillars, each adorned by a smaller statue. One is everywhere confronted with memories of the struggles against the Spaniards. A grand equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, in Crusader's dress, stands on the spot where he aroused the people to enlist under the banner of the Cross in 1097, and being made the first King of Jerusalem, refused to wear the royal crown where his Savior had worn one of thorns.

The Palace of Justice and that of the King; the Bourse, Hotel de Ville — magnificence everywhere confronts the eye. Outside the city is the famed site of Waterloo. We could imagine how —

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gather'd there
> Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,"

when the gay revelers at the ball given by the Countess of Richmond heard the booming of the cannon that announced the opening of the battle, when Wellington and Napoleon met on the fatal field which was the first step to St. Helena.

Passing through Aachen, or Aix la Chapelle, we recalled memories of Charlemagne, of whom many relics are here, as also sacred relics of our Lord and his Blessed Mother in the ancient Cathedral, exhibited once in seven years. Like the Cologne Cathedral, his Satanic majesty is credited with the plan, stipulating to the architect that the first living being passing the door after its completion, should be his property, but a wolf was sent through first. A brazen wolf stands here, but whether to commemorate that fable or as a reminder of Romulus, during the early occupation by the Romans, is uncertain. Cologne comes next, with its magnificent "Dom" overlooking everything; the great center of interest for tourists, for historic and religious interest. Founded twelve hundred years ago, one may easily believe that the present structure was eight hundred years in building. We also hear the legend of Satan's fur-

nishing the plans in return for the architect's soul. The guide who directed us was not sure of the architect who planned it, but the name Gerald von Rile has been recognized. One beautiful legend connected with this grand edifice is that related of Albertus Magnus, the famed Dominican, who is buried here in the Church of St. Andre. Once, while engrossed in the idea of a grand cathedral, he had a vision, in which four men with white cassocks, with crowns of burnished gold on their heads, entered his cell, followed by our Lady in all her celestial beauty. One man bore a pair of compasses, the second a mason's square, the third a rule, and the fourth a level. At a sign from our Lady, they proceeded to sketch in lines of fire on the walls of the cell a magnificent plan. "The pillars rose, the arches curved to meet them, and two majestic towers soared into the blue vault of heaven." The vision vanished, but the plan was traced on his memory, and he drew it and presented it to Archbishop Conrad. This was carried out, and the building rose from generation to generation, until it now stands a wonder of the world. In this connection I select these words from an address by an eloquent priest:

"It is our faith, this vivid realization of the supernatural, that enabled men in ages long gone by, to rise superior to their

mortal destiny and fashion works so grand and deathless, that we, in these later times, when faith is cold and weak, can but gaze upon them and admire, but never hope to imitate. It was that faith, laboring not for time or man alone, but for eternity and God, that inspired the brush of Raphael and Murillo, the chisel of Angelo and the pen of Dante; that drew heavenly music from the soul of Mozart, and kindled the fire of matchless eloquence in O'Connell's Irish breast. It was this faith, whose effects are the same in every age, that fired with most unselfish heroism the heart of man and gave the world that host of noble souls from John de Matha to Damien of Molokai."

Returning to the Cathedral: Much to the shame of the French, they stabled their horses here, and rings in the walls still remain where they placed them. The Prussian Kings, Frederick and William, finally took the matter in hand, and saved the venerable pile, completing it in 1880. So solid, imposing, majestic, yet, taken in detail, how delicate each carven, tapering pinnacle! One interior column is eighty feet in circumference. One bell weighs twenty-five tons. In the treasury is the reliquary of the Magi, magnificent, as becomes such a repository, with its gold, precious stones, and elaborate workmanship. Among the many relics is a monstrance, a solid rock crystal, hollowed out and surrounded by precious stones, two thorns from our Lord's crown, links from St. Peter's chains, and the staff of his crosier. A curious crucifix from the ninth century is here, the crown of thorns

absent, the sacred feet separately pierced, requiring four nails; the wound in the side is not seen.

A most remarkable painting is here, the "Dombild," a three-winged piece of work, set up in elegant framing, and dating from 1450. One of the bells is called the Emperor's Bell, and is cast from cannon captured in the war with France in 1871. It bears a long Latin inscription, testifying to gratitude for the success of the German arms. One side bears a figure of St. Peter, the other the German escutcheon, and verse translated reads:

"I'm called the Emperor's bell, the Emperor's praise I tell.
On holy ground I stand, and for German land,
Beseech God may please to grant it peace and ease."

A stained glass window from 1509 represents the family tree of our Savior, springing from Abraham. Here is a gigantic statue of St. Christopher, bearing the Christ Child, under whose tiny form the saint labors with straining muscles; and we noted through Europe much devotion to him and St. Roche, always represented with his staff and dog. At the Cathedral we had the pleasure of witnessing a grand nuptial affair, and noted the customs, so strange to us.

In the Church of St. Ursula, formerly known as the Church of the Virgins, are ranged about the walls, in friezes and grim decorations, and every possible

place, the bones of eleven thousand Virgins, who in 405, with St. Ursula, suffered martyrdom by the Huns under Attila. The story goes that at that time the Picts and Scots had so annoyed the Christians of the southern part of England, and the Anglo-Saxons, whose aid they had asked, had grown covetous, and had in turn made them miserable; many went to Germany to seek refuge under the milder Roman government. St. Ursula, of noble birth and great virtues, became the center of pious females, whose fathers and brothers had either perished, or were with the armies. When the fierce Huns swept through the country, St. Ursula and her attendants were cruelly massacred by arrows, swords and clubs. Their pilgrimage to Rome is depicted in many places. In later years their bones were gathered, and this church was built on the spot. Those of the Saint were especially honored by a golden casket. Many of the skulls are in glass cases, encircled by silver bands, and some bear the marks of the cleaving sword. Here is also an alabaster water jar from Cana, brought to Cologne by a Knight from the Holy Land.

In the Church of St. Gereon lie the bones of some of the martyred Theban Legion. The Church of St. Mary Capitola was founded by the grandmother of

Charlemagne. Her tomb is in the crypt, the marble effigy much worn by time. Portions of the original church are well preserved, and near by, below the pave, are remnants of a Roman wall exposed.

We observed a house, from the attic of which two wooden horses were looking out. They commemorate a remarkable event, which took place during the raging of the plague in 1400. The wife of a noble gentleman was seized, and apparently died. Her wedding ring, which had been left on her finger, was noted by the grave diggers, who attempted later to steal it. The effort awakened her from the trance in which she was, and, escaping from her opened coffin, she ran to her husband's house, who refused to admit her, saying: "My dearest wife is dead, and it were as possible for my horses to ascend to the top of the house and look out of the windows, as that she should return to life." Immediately the horses' feet were heard on the stairs, and they ascended, as he said. The wife was joyously recognized, and lived for years afterwards.

The arms of Cologne are eleven flames for the Virgins and three crowns for the three Kings. In Cologne Rubens was born, and Marie de Medicis died. From Cologne we took steamer for a trip on the classic Rhine, along whose shores every foot of

ground is historic. Here nearly all the great warriors have fought, down to the present generation.

Here on the Rhine is a bridge of boats. We spent considerable time in this old city, going and returning, and our memories of it are golden. The majestic " Dom " seemed to overshadow everything.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE RHINE — RUINED CASTLES — LORELEI — BINGEN — LUCERNE — INTERLAKEN — MT. ST. BERNARD — HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

Leaving Cologne, the city of Bonn is soon passed, with its famous University. It was the birthplace of Beethoven, and the foundation of one of the oldest Roman fortresses. Under the new Rhine bridge is a seated statue of Caesar, and here is one of the points where he crossed the Rhine.

"Buttress, battlements and tower,
Remnants hoar of Roman power,
Monuments of Caesar's sway,
Piecemeal mouldering away."

We soon enter the mountains and the ruined castles on the stony crags, recalling the days of the robber barons. Each ruin has its legend. On the summit of the highest of the seven mountains stands Drachenfels.

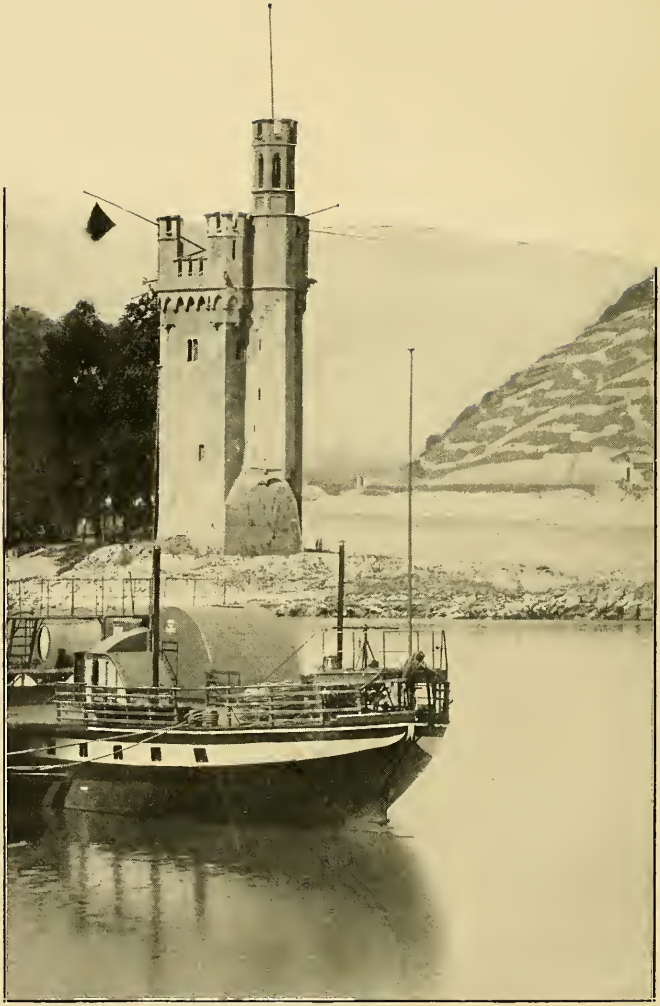
"The castled crags of Drachenfels
Frown o'er the broad and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine."

Below is the cavern, where Siegfried slew the dragon

and bathed in its blood, and wines produced here are called Dragon's blood. Travelers on the Rhine are treated to a little book, called "Legends of the Rhine," which read very prettily, but are not always authentic. One tells of Rolandseck, where Roland, one of Charlemagne's Paladins, built for himself a castle to overlook a convent, where he might every day behold among the nuns his sweetheart, who had taken the veil on hearing of his death, and his and her despair accordingly. Accepted traditions say that Roland died in battle in Spain, and that Charlemagne had his remains brought home and tenderly interred.

Coblentz is a finely fortified place, and has a bridge of boats. The junction of the Moselle and Rhine recalls not only song, but the reputation of fine wines. Two of France's most noted Generals, and most beloved, Marceau and Hoche, are remembered here. "Their mourners were two hosts, their friends and foes." Here, also, history relates that Caesar crossed in 53 B.C.

At Mayence, Germany, was lately commemorated the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of the pious monk, Guttenberg, the father of printing. The first use he made of his movable types was to print a copy of the Bible, thus refuting the falsehood that the Catholic Church was hostile to the spread of the Scripture. She preserved the Bible for fifteen hun-



The Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

dred years, until Henry VIII. and his associates began their so-called "Reformation." We passed the famous Lorelei Rocks, but the sirens have probably abandoned their luring of poor sailors by their songs, in the presence of steamboats and the penetration of their haunts by a railroad tunnel. An odd-looking building in mid stream had several marvelous stories told of it. It was probably a toll-house, and also a prison, as there are said to be dungeons beneath.

At beautiful Rheinstein, on a high cliff, stands the castle famous for many years in history. It was restored by Prince Frederick of Prussia about 1825. At his death his body was interred in the tiny chapel. We obtained admittance, and were shown around the many chambers, perfect treasure-houses of most interesting antiques. The view of the Rhine and surrounding country from the battlements was lovely, and as we contemplated the scene, we dreamed over many of the romances connected with the classic "Vater Rhine." Below us, near the water's edge, stands a chapel, dedicated to St. Clement, built many years ago, tradition tells us, for the repose of the souls of the robber barons executed by order of Rudolph of Hapsburg. The Mouse Tower, made so much of by Southey, is a sort of signal station for boats and pilots. From the Lorelei to Bingen the rocks are so treacherous as to require special pilots. Opposite

Bingen, high up on the Neiderwald, is the great national monument, composed of guns captured from the French. Germania stands with crown and laureled sword, proud and possessing. We heard at our hotel some students singing "The Watch on the Rhine," which seemed here so appropriate:

"A roar like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
Who shield thee, my beloved Rhine.
Dear Fatherland, thou needst not fear —
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here."

Bingen is a pretty German town. From here we drove in several directions, one up a long, winding road, through beautiful forests, to St. Roche's chapel, on the summit of a high hill. Mrs. Norton's beautiful lines are recalled here:

"A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine."

While in London we had met an American gentleman, who was an experienced traveler, and he advised us to always buy Cook's tickets. This did not necessitate joining their excursions, for we preferred to "personally conduct" ourselves, thus being confined

Restored Castle of Rheinstein, on the Rhine.

to no particular time or place. Purchasing these tickets at their agency, and mentioning the places we wished to visit, our itinerary was completely planned; we had only to enter the cars, hand our tickets to the guard, stop off where and when we pleased, and resume our journey the same, thus avoiding the confusion and trouble of railway offices and strange languages. Several times we left our trunks, traveling only with hand baggage, which the porters at the stations speedily relieved us of. We had only to mention our destination, our class or hotel, and follow our leader. The comparatively short distances between different frontiers made this plan less troublesome, avoiding the dragging of heavy baggage from the vans to be inspected at the custom houses. European travelers have many discomforts to endure at the best, and we often longed for our Pullmans, with the buffet, ice water, and ventilation. At every hotel we found an English-speaking clerk, and as each of us had some knowledge of other languages, our only trouble was shopping in Germany, as we had not mastered the intricacies of that one.

Leaving Bingen and continuing to Lucerne, the scenery continues to grow more grand. Here lies the beautiful lake, surrounded by mountains, one thousand four hundred and thirty-three feet above sea level. Sweet to the ear was the sound of the

Angelus bell, pealing from the tower of the old Church of St. Leodgear, built in honor of the Saint, who was put to death by order of Theodoric's representative. This building has two tall, tapering towers, dating from 1506; the organ from 1651. Around the church lies the cemetery, surrounded by cloisters, each tomb with holy water stoup and brush, asking prayers for the souls. This part of Switzerland remained true to the Faith during the stormy period of the so-called Reformation. A remarkable monument is here, to the fidelity of the Swiss guards who fell in defending the French Palace in 1792 — a lion carved on the side of a great rock, wounded to death, but still protecting the standard; the inscription, "Helvetiorum fidei ac virtute"—"To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss." Near by, Mass is often offered for their souls. An altar cloth in the chapel is a gift of one of the children of Marie Antoinette, whom they defended.

A very ancient covered bridge across the river Reuss contains many old paintings. This is the Tell country, Switzerland's cradle of liberty, and abounds in Tell memorials. Tell's Chapel is on the spot where he sprang on shore from Gessler's boat, when the tyrant had had his fetters removed to aid in steering in a storm, and here Mass is offered once a year, and the patriotic Swiss come in pilgrimage. At Altdorf,

where he shot the apple from his son's head, a statue represents them in an affectionate pose — a crossbow over the father's shoulders, the boy's face bearing a look as if "assured that heaven its justice will proclaim, and to his father give unerring aim." Near by is Rutli, where tradition says the three founders of Swiss liberty met and bound themselves by oath. Referring to the thought that Tell may be a myth, the English scholar Buckle says he "relies more on the strength of local traditions and native bards than anything else." Near by is the scene of the patriotic self-martyrdom of Arnold von Winkelreid, who, committing his wife and children to his people, cried, "I will open a path to liberty," and rushing forward on the lances of the Austrians, led his own men to terribly bought victory. In Lucerne the glacial gardens are of much interest to geologists. The national quay forms a lovely promenade, and from here the views of the lake and mountain are superb. Of the Alpine sunrise, our own poetess, Helen Hunt Jackson, writes:

> "In Alpine valleys, they who watch for morn
> Look never to the east; but fix their eyes
> On loftier mountain peaks of snow which rise
> To west or south. Before the happy morn
> Has sent one ray of kindling red to warn
> The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies,
> That it is near, flushing in glad surprise

These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great, new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night."

The Alpine sunsets are incomparable! And the after glow!

"Just for one hour to see the afterglow
Tinge rosy red the pathless fields of snow,
To see it spread across the mountain's breast,
From cliff to cliff, till, on some lofty crest
It kindles one lone light of crimson ray
And softly dies — this last, last fire of day."

In the Wein Markt is a foundation with monument containing the statue of St. Maurice in knightly dress, and below him several Knights, in coats of mail, occupy niches. St. Maurice was commander of the Theban Legion, raised in Thebais, or Upper Egypt. They were young Christians, and officered by Christians, were marching with the rest of the Roman army against Gaul, under Maximian, who ordered the army to offer sacrifice for succor. The Legion refused, and retired to the spot occupied by the monastery of St. Maurice, where their numbers were decimated day by day till all were gone. Some of the companies of this Legion were sent to the Rhine country, under Gereon, where they also suffered martyrdom for Christianity. At Cologne, in

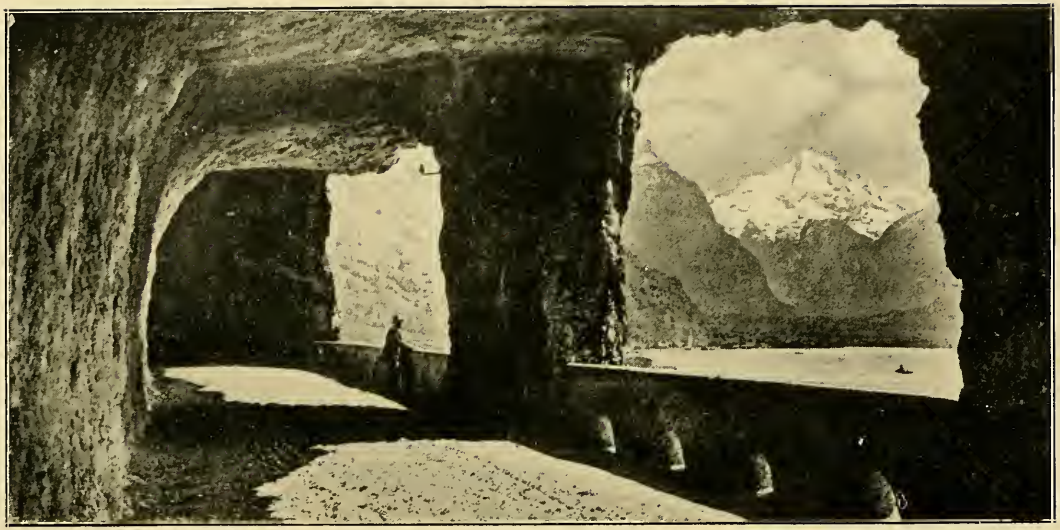
the Church of St. Gereon, we had venerated them. One of the old bridges across the Reuss here, with pictures from the Dance of Death, recalls these lines:

> ' All who go to and fro must look on it,
> Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath
> Among the wooden piles the river rushes impetuously."

We rode up the mountain side one morning to hear Mass in the old Capuchin Church, passing the stations of the Cross near the convent. Out on the lake a sail takes us past a large rock, bearing an inscription in honor of Schiller, whose verse embalmed the memories of the Swiss heroes. Over Lucerne one great mountain peak is called Pilatus. The story goes that Pontius Pilate, being banished from Judea, wandering over the world conscience stricken, threw himself into the lake on its summit. Being so high, a sort of advance peak, the storms gather about it, and the superstitious belief obtained that the rumblings were due to the unquiet body in the lake. The ascent was formerly forbidden by law, but it is now much visited by tourists. I know, when in doubt about the weather, the native casts his eye to this mountain. A cloud like a hood over it indicates fair weather; a streak below like a sword, a storm.

> " If Pilatus wear his hood,
> The weather will be surely good;
> But if Pilatus don his sword,
> Then rain will surely be the award."

And so Pilatus' sword prevented us from ascending the Rigi during the few days only that we could spare for Lucerne; but the sails around the lake were delightful, and noting the chalets away up the mountain sides, and hearing the songs of the natives, one could realize how dearly they love their mountains, and what "Heimweh" means to them. Leaving them to "pine and die, their sweet-breathed kine remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked with flowers." Lovely Lucerne! fitting introduction to Switzerland, which is called the "Playground of Europe." Now we take the Brunig Pass road and climb up, up, up, through wildest scenery, past rushing mountain torrents and frowning rocks, and note the green pastures, where one would think the cattle would scarcely maintain a footing, while far below us the deep, dark lakes reflect the scenery. Here, as in Germany, the women guard the railway crossings. Descending the mountain, we reach Brienz, and take boat for Interlaken. The ride through here about sunset was enchanting, and our ears were suddenly saluted by the song, "She was bred in old Kentucky," suggested probably by a glance at one of our valises, on which the name of our proud old State was stamped. So the waters and mountains of Switzerland echo back the names so dear to us. There is a pretty fable connected with Interlaken,



On the Axenstrasse, Switzerland.

to the effect that when Divine anger commanded Eden to be removed, the angels hearing it were so delighted with the scenery around the Jungfrau and the lakes that they dropped it there, and so it is Interlaken, or "between the lakes." This is the heart of the Bernese Oberland. An ancient monastery is here, dating from 1130, but being suppressed, is now a hospital. Trips to the Grindelwald glacier and other points are frequent. We went up Scheinige Platte, and sat on the crags watching the play of the clouds on the Jungfrau opposite; enjoyed our tea on these sublime heights, and watched the sure-footed goats scampering away at our approach. These mountain railways are certainly daring feats of engineering, and our trip down disclosed the fact to us more perceptibly than the ascent. Reaching our hotel, I sat out in the ground watching the setting of the sun on the Jungfrau. The busy crowds passed to and fro, intent on pleasure; earthly sounds seemed to jar on my ears. I felt an awe, as if I were witnessing some mystery of nature, for while in the valley around me the lamps were being lighted, away up in the sky above me the sun changed, and shifted the lights and shadows from point to point, until the last gleam on the virgin snow was like a tip of electric light. This sight alone was worth a trip across the ocean to see; and I was told that the view was exceptional, the absence of clouds

being infrequent. I was reminded of what might have been the scene when Moses was called up to the mountain. So I turned again, when all was over, to the commonplaces of life, and the welcome dinner to which I had been impatiently summoned several times by others less enthusiastic on such subjects.

From Interlaken we continued to Martigny, for from here we make the trip to the Great St. Bernard. The valley has not a good reputation for health, owing to the overflow of the Rhone. Here is much of that affliction called "goitre." Dickens speaks of this in his travels in Switzerland, where the women, while at work, rested their goitre on a rock. As we approached Martigny, we saw Mt. Blanc towering ahead of us in its mantle of perpetual snow. Over our hotel was an old Roman tower in good preservation. Our second day here found us making an early start by carriage to St. Bernard. The first part of the route was not particularly interesting, along the banks of the Dranse and through a few poor villages. This is the way by which Napoleon, in 1800, crossed the Alps; and at St. Pierre, where the little inn still bears the sign, "Au Dejeuner de Napoleon," we stopped to rest, and dropped into a little church dating from the eleventh century. After ten hours of riding over perfect roads, most of the time under a blistering sun, we reached the famed Hospice just before dark.

Hospice of Mt. St. Bernard.

But hot as the sun had been, its decline brought a chill in the air, which, combined with the great altitude, found us at the door cold, and glad indeed of the kindly welcome. We noted a number of people on our way, making short cuts up the mountain, arriving almost as soon as ourselves, in our carriage, compelled to slowly follow the steep, winding roadway. Being Saturday, we found that the pious peasantry come from all directions to spend the night in quarters prepared for them, to hear Mass on Sunday, and return afterwards to their homes. We had a good room, clean, comfortable beds, and were served with plain, but well cooked supper and breakfast. The dogs were liberated for our inspection, as they had been confined to their kennels for the night. Such great, beautiful creatures, running about, leaping with delight! Such noble heads and intelligent eyes! We plead guilty to coveting one for a companion to a certain little curly-headed boy far away in Kentucky. A temple of Jupiter once stood here, and a plain is named for the god. Remains of Roman pavement and steps are seen, and in the museum, where we were kindly conducted, are many intensely interesting relics of Roman origin found in the neighborhood. Here, eighty-two hundred feet above the sea, where no bird is seen in the air, no fish in the lake, which is frozen most of the year, these

devoted men give their lives to the service of God in charity. The hardships are so great that scarcely ever more than fifteen years can be spent here, and even then they must descend occasionally to the valley at Martigny to recuperate. Food, wood and hay must be carried for miles. Travelers generally bring the provender for their teams with them. This Pass has always been of importance. Now, in early spring and fall months, it is much frequented by those passing from one country to another for employment, while during the summer tourists are attracted by both natural and historic interest. The present Hospice dates back to 962, founded by St. Bernard, while evidence exists that prior to 851 a refuge existed here. Many religious and political revolutions have left their impress here, but still it stands a monument to Catholic charity. We were taken round the place by a priest, an elegant, cultivated French gentleman, who seemed pleased to show the curios and the library. A fine piano, presented by the Prince of Wales, stands in the visitors' room, while the composer, Blumenthal, gave a harmonium. Appreciative visitors have, in gratitude for hospitalities, sent many gifts, which brighten up the place, otherwise solitary, gloomy and desolate. We heard Mass in the chapel on Sunday morning, when the monks chanted the services, and we had opportunity to ob-

serve them. They were all young looking, none apparently over forty; but the altitude is very trying, and they do not live to old age. Quite a number of the visitors received Holy Communion. Napoleon erected here a monument over the body of his friend, General Dessaix. Napoleon said to him: "I will give you the Alps for a monument." A tablet is on the wall in honor of Napoleon, which, translated, reads:

"To the always august Emperor of the French,
Napoleon First,
Restorer of the Valesian Republic,
Twice the conqueror of Egypt;
Ever to be remembered by the grateful Republic of Valesia.
December, 1804."

The bodies of those found dead on the mountain were formerly preserved in the morgue, but I understood they had been buried. Soon after breakfast we prepared for our departure. There are no stated charges for visitors, but ungrateful indeed would be one who would neglect to leave some pecuniary acknowledgment. A clergyman on a mission through this part of the country thus writes of the Great St. Bernard:

"There are nine or ten ecclesiastics belonging to the Regular Canons of the St. Augustine Order, who periodically sacrifice their lives to give assistance to their fellowmen. From year to

year they hunt on the barren tops of the Alps, amidst perpetual snows, frightful storms, and heart-rendering desolation, yet they are cheerful and happy. They have no pretensions; they make no boasts; they write no articles to publish in newspapers to show exaggerated and spurious good works. They love nothing else but God and their fellow creatures — making no distinction on account of creed, color, or nation. They expect reward from no one but God. Every stick of wood they burn, and every mouthful of bread they eat, must be brought up from a distance of twelve miles down below in the valley. They plant nothing, because there is no heat to ripen anything; then, where could they plant? There is nothing but naked rocks, covered most of the time by snow. The famous dogs are a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean, and only live six or seven years. In the midst of storms, when Alpine blasts tear up rocks and shake the mountains; when avalanches rush down with terrible roaring, carrying away whatever may be in their way, the monks set out with the dogs to rescue any perishing traveler who may have lost his way. The dogs rush madly down the mountain side, plunging into snowdrifts, with a bottle in a basket secured about the neck, furnishing immediate aid to the perishing."

We had not realized how steep was the ascent until we started to return. A funny little horse was attached to our carriage, while the great mule, that had been its companion on the ascent, was tied to the back with another one, to be left at the village, and we were very glad to have two of their proverbial obstinacy to act as drag to our conveyance. Although midsummer, snow patches were all around

Swiss Cottagers.

us; our ride down the steep road was exhilarating, but we shuddered at the thought of a winter's day here. The views were grand, and my bits of Alpine flora, collected along the way, are carefully placed in my herbarium. By noon we were quite ready to attack the somewhat doubtful repast set before us at the Halfway Inn, but which our host evidently thought quite sumptuous. We had a good opportunity to observe the habits of the villagers in the mean little places on our journey. Sometimes the road between the houses would only admit one vehicle at a time. Cattle and people herd closely together, and we noted the women sitting out on benches taking their Sunday rest in their Sunday best, while the men, congregated in clusters, seemed discussing the pigs and cattle. I noticed very few reading, although in one village we saw about a church some little girls in white, as if something special were on hand. Our appetites for Swiss cheese were not whetted by the sights we saw and the tales we were told, although the houses and the people were clean. We could but pity the plodding, aimless sort of life, shut in so much of the year by natural barriers, but these were certainly cases where ignorance is bliss. After all, great learning is not essential to the soul's salvation; to know, love and fear God is the great sum of human life. Perhaps if

some of these simple souls were in other surroundings, they might lose that innocence they now possess, and so forfeit heaven; and "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" With these reflections to temper our sympathy, we continued our journey through the ever beautiful Swiss scenery, until at last we reached the foot of the mountains, clattered through the Martigny streets, and drew up to our hotel, tired, hungry, and ready for our comfortable beds.

The lovely valley of Chamounix we must omit this time, as one of our party was unable for the long drive, after the fatiguing journey to St. Bernard; but we had en route a very good view of the "King of the Alps," Mt. Blanc.

CHAPTER XI.

GENEVA—CASTLE OF CHILLON—RETURN TO GERMANY—NEUENAHR—STRASBURG—BLACK FOREST—FREIBURG—MUNICH.

We left next day for Geneva, reaching there in the evening. Here we noticed the strange confluence of the Rhone, blue as the lake, with the turbid Arve, and from the quay we could plainly see Mt. Blanc. The washerwomen work out on the river bank, rubbing and pounding their clothes. Bryant beautifully apostrophizes the river Arve:

> "Born where the thunder and the blast
> And morning's earliest lights are born,
> From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
> Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
> It rests beneath Geneva's walls."

In the Church of St. Pierre, of 1024, is the canopy under which Calvin preached during his residence here in the troubled times of religious disturbances. In the Hall of Antiquities are many Roman relics found in the Arve. Geneva has occupied a very important place in the history of Europe; sent forth many learned men, while it has afforded asylum to others. Rousseau has here a fine statue on an island named for him. The very atmosphere seems to in-

spire poetic thoughts. Shelley, Byron, Gibbon, Voltaire, Lamertine, Dumas, Hugo and Madame de Staël have spent time here, and each has paid a tribute to the lovely lake and surroundings.

Neckar was born here, and Sismondi, the historian; Sir Humphrey Davy is buried here, as also Calvin, who burned here his fellow reformer, Servetus, for differing from him on some point. And here John Knox lived a while. Geneva has been called "The Rome of Protestantism." One never tires of the lake view, and the little boats skimming over it with their peculiar sails, reminding one of a flight of swallows. Near the city, on the borders of the lake, is the famed Castle of Chillon, built in 1238, and noted as a political prison. Bonnivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," is the pervading spirit. His cell is much visited by tourists, and all seem familiar with Byron's lines:

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> Chillon, thy prison is a holy place."
>
> "My hair is white, but not with years;
> Nor grew it white in a single night
> As men have grown with sudden fear."

The national monument here is fine, "Helvetia and Geneva," in memory of Geneva joining the confederation in 1814. There is a monument to Charles,

Castle of Chillon, Switzerland.

Duke of Brunswick, who left twenty million francs to the city. Jewelry and watches are synonymous with Geneva. The water-works system is the great center of interest, containing twenty turbines of forty-two hundred horse-power, and the drinking water is said to be the finest in Europe.

Visitors are especially reminded not to miss a trip up the Mt. Saleve for the grand views. We returned to the Rhine, having made our Switzerland trip while the weather was suitable.

At Remagen, in Germany, we turned aside for the waters of Neuenahr, a pretty and thriving place at the foot of a hill, crowned by the ruins of a castle dating back to 1226, and having the usual legend attached. Up to the windows of our hotel came every morning the solemn strains of a hymn played by a band, which thus opened, in praise to God, their daily concerts. Pleasant walks are in every direction; a beautiful park surrounding the springs is kept in exquisite order, filled with promenaders of all nationalities enjoying the music and surroundings. Walking down one morning for my usual glass of water, I met the funeral procession of a little child, the coffin covered with flowers, six little girls in white carrying it, and as they passed where I stood, they left their small burden down on the clean pave to rest, while every one around stood uncovered. It was carried to the

little old church on the hill, where I often attended Mass. This structure is evidently very old and outgrown by the congregation, and the grave stones, some almost two hundred years old, crowd up to the walls on every side. Here, as in many German churches we visited, the singing was congregational, and I was much edified by the appearance of one boy of about twelve years, whose place was near the seat I always chose. His head was thrown back, his eyes were fixed on the blue beyond the open window, as if he really saw that of which he sang, and his voice, strong, sweet and pure, floated out unconsciously. Sometimes birds flew in and out through the open windows during services. I noted curious customs here during Requiem Masses, old, but significant, which I supposed were from the "Mass penny."

Driving along the banks of the Ahr, as in all Germany the vineyards on the steep hillsides give evidence of much painstaking labor. They are terraced by walls of stone, these filled in by earth, and each vine seems to know its place and what it is expected to yield. The dog teams were curious to us, and the good creatures toiled along in their traces, helping their masters or mistresses most loyally. The German customs are laudable in many respects; the housekeeping is famous. The government controls much that in this country is left to changing hands.

The pure food laws are strict and enforced. The uniformed officials give all a military air, and we felt somehow protected. The marks of saber cuts on many cheeks, of which the wearers seem proud, were probably reminders of dueling or student life.

At the old city of Strasburg we stopped to see the wonderful clock. Though not directly on the Rhine, the city has, from Roman days, been of strategetical importance. The church, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and containing the clock, was founded in the year 600, being of course changed and added to with time. As with all cathedrals, the side chapels are beautiful, and all possible has been done to make it worthy of the Sacred Presence. The original clock dates back to 1352. In 1574 it was repaired, two hundred years afterwards again repaired, and also one hundred years later. It stands inside the church, and a gratuity is given the custodian for exhibiting it. At noon is the best time for observation, for then the twelve apostles come out and move about the figure of our Savior, a cock flaps its wings and crows, a skeleton strikes the hours, while the quarters are represented by the figures of childhood, youth, manhood and old age. The quarters are struck by an angel with a bell in his hand, while a figure changes the hour glass every hour.

Beautiful old Freiburg, on the edge of the Black

Forest, claimed our attention for some time. Here an immense package of precious mail reached us from London, where it had accumulated. This old town, after many vicissitudes, has returned to its original owner, the House of Baden. While we were here, the birthday of the present Duke was being celebrated with great rejoicings, and the houses were gaily decorated with flags. During our attendance on the special religious services, we had an opportunity of seeing many distinguished people, judging from their decorations and military attendants. The music was grand, the organ accompanied by brass and string band, and at the Elevation the bells tolled and a cannon was fired. At the Te Deum the whole congregation joined, and the volume of sound almost shook the staunch old building. As we left the church, we paused to note the still waiting crowd outside, when presently all knelt, and through the lane formed by the reverent people the venerable Archbishop passed to his residence, dispensing benedictions.

The Muenster, from the twelfth century, is of red sandstone. The porticoes are very fine, containing rare works of sculpture, the tower over three hundred and eighty feet high, the pulpit over three hundred years old, cut from a single block of stone. The name of the Zahringer family, who were lords of the

manor for several hundred years, is evident everywhere.

A statue on the public square is to the Franciscan monk, Berthold Schwarz, who invented gunpowder in 1330. Concerts in the parks by military bands, and at night at the great hall, are very fine; and many rides through the Black Forest we enjoyed, especially one in the evening, when the great full moon rose over its gloomy grandeur, suddenly flooding the roads with light.

Freiburg contains a University and Conservatory of Music. One day, while strolling about, we noticed a lady with striking appearance pass us, who abruptly turned and approached us, saying: "I must speak to you; I know you are American ladies." She stood for some time talking, and told us that her home was in Boston, but she was studying in Freiburg, and, pleasant as the summers were here, she more enjoyed the winters, with skating and other winter sports, and the society of cultivated people, who attended the various places of study.

The Rath-House, with its curious outside frescoes, the old Church of St. Martin's and part of the cloisters, the university, the Martinsthor part of the old fortifications, with its picture on the outer wall of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar, the narrow streets, with streams of fine water along the

sides, the pretty parks and promenades — past these and many curious objects we drive on our way out to Lorettosburgh, with its chapels erected in honor of the victories gained in 1644 by General Mercy over Turenne. A cannon ball is shown in the wall as having just missed Louis XIV. at the siege of Freibourg. The ruins of the Castle of the old family of Zahringer are full of interest. But, oh, the Black Forest! This lovely country would seem to promise health and happiness to those especially who are lovers of nature, and make one sigh for a "lodge in the vast wilderness." My memory was stored with legends of the Black Forest, and here they were all revived. Through its grand, dark, impressive silences we drove, and tramped, and gathered the fragrant branches, and now, as I write, a pillow made of them is near me, exhaling its rich piny perfume.

> "In the German forest there lurks no ill,
> But fragrant balsam, all pain to kill;
> O fresh, green branches, O golden light,
> O airy freedom on yonder height."

Away up through the dim aisles of the enchanted wood we traveled to the shrine of St. Ottilia; but near here, as in so many other charming places, was the ever-intruding restaurant, which, while being sometimes a comforting presence, is often repellant to the

eye, as recalling one too much to creature comforts. Butler's *Lives of the Saints* tells us St. Ottilia was born in Strasburg of illustrious family, and baptized by St. Erhard. Her father erected a great nunnery in Alsace, in which Ottilia conducted one hundred and thirty nuns in the paths of Christian perfection, and died in 772.

At the Stadt Garten we named the musicians of the company for those of the "First Violin," as we had wondered, in the Cologne Cathedral, which place had been occupied by Eugen Courvoiser and his companion. A society, the Schwarzwald Verein, which has here over a thousand members, might be recommended to our own people, as it is for the preservation and making of new walks and paths, and opening fine points of view. Just here I will mention, in Germany the protection of the forest is by law, and when one tree is cut down, another is planted. Nowhere has the importance of forestry received more attention than in Germany. The necessities for firewood and railroad building required repair and reconstruction of the supply. Science and system were resorted to; soils were studied as to their adaptation to what trees; schools of forestry were established and connected with the University of Munich, and now Germany is deriving great economical advantages from the system she has introduced,

and which, it is to be hoped, other nations will follow. In our own country scientists attribute floods and many other disasters to the destruction of our once magnificent forests.

There was once a Carthusian Monastery here, also Augustinian, now a theater. Away up on the mountains we visited a chapel of St. Peter, now a seminary, once a Benedictine Monastery. The views from here are also very fine. The Rath-House, or Court of Justice, is very old and very finely decorated. In 1498 the Imperial Diet sat here under Maximilian First. The Muenster claims the distinction of being the only large Gothic church in Germany completed in the Middle Ages. Only a long description could do it justice. In the vicinity of Freiburg is a point where Rudolph von Hapsburg is said to have held his court; hence the name Kaiserstuhl, or Emperor's chair. St. Bernard preached here a crusade, and Freiburg suffered during the Thirty Years' War. It was ruled in turns by Swedes, French, Austrians, and Bavarians, and also suffered during the so-called Reformation. It was truly called the "Pearl of Briesgau."

During our trip to Munich all was excitement on account of a royal marriage between Elizabeth of Bavaria and Albert of Belgium, and as many of the party were at our hotel, we saw quite a lot of nobles

and attendants. One great fellow — I shall call him a grenadier at hazard — was at least seven feet in height, and above that towered a shako. He was easily the "observed of all observers."

Munich has too many attractions for a short visit, such as time required us to make. The palaces, libraries, galleries of art, botanical gardens, Hall of Fame, Crystal Palace, must all be omitted this time; but we are consoled for this by the reflection that we are *en route* to Oberammergau and the Passion Play. We remarked, though, on the Karolinenplatz, a fine memorial to the brave Bavarians who fell in the war with Russia.

CHAPTER XII.

OBERAMMERGAU AND THE PASSION PLAY — INNSBRUCK.

Fortunate indeed were we in being privileged to attend the Passion Play. By the time we reached Munich it was almost at the last representation, and tourists had very discouraging tales of the difficulty of obtaining accommodation; but Cook, the veteran friend of travelers, through telegrams, obtained shelter and seats for us. We were willing to make any sacrifice for this purpose, for who could foretell what another ten years might bring forth? — and this event of a lifetime must be looked to. Approaching the village of Oberammergau, the first object to attract our attention was the "Kofel," a needle-like rock, five hundred feet high, pointing to the sky, and surmounted by a cross forty feet in height. Fit emblem and preparation was it for what we were to see. We had lodgings at the Villa of the Baroness von Hillern, a charming lady, who, having witnessed the Passion Play in 1880, became so enamored of the place that she severed her connection with the outer world and identified herself with the blessed village, and here she will remain till her days are ended. Happy lady! could I entertain envy on such a sub-

ject, your lot would be the one. The houses of the village are clean and picturesque, decorated outside with pictures of sacred subjects, and surrounded by plats of bright flowers. Here, three thousand feet above the sea, the two villages of Ober and Unter Ammergau stand on the banks of the Ammer. Foot bridges span the stream, and the village inspires one with a feeling of comfort, rest and contentment. In the center of the village stands a church built on the site of an ancient one, and consecrated in 1749. The play of 1890 brought some English people, who presented here a fine organ. New windows were put in; the altar is a work of art, and the old offerings have been discarded for the new, until one lady said it seemed like the Lord's best room, and they should be attired in their very best, instead of dropping in at any time to rest their weary souls. Around the church lie the dead. This custom is so beautiful and fitting, to have our dear dead so near to us; they are not forgotten; they seem still with us. When a dear one is removed by death, how do our hearts reach after them! Oh, if we could but do something for them to assure them of our love! — now that the pulseless hand may no longer clasp our own, the loved voice never again respond, the cold lips never again return our kiss of affection! Oh, for only one more chance to show them how dear they are to us!

But, yes, we may. Ever the plaint comes from the grave, "Have pity on me; have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me!" And so we kneel beside their lowly bed and pray, "Dear Lord, in thine infinite mercy, deliver the soul of this, my loved one, and accept this offering to thy justice"; and then the beautiful petition prescribed by the Church, the "De Profundis."

"We kneel in thought where the withered grasses
Rustling away o'er a once bright head,
Summer dies and the dying flowers
Sigh: Remember your loved and dead.
Buried friends, can we e'er forget you,
You who felt for our weal or woe?
God be with you, our silent sleepers,
Lying under the turf so low.
Useless, vain is our deep bewailing—
Vain are murmur and sob and fear;
What, oh, what can our grief avail you,
Lifeless dust that was once so dear!
Hark! a sigh from each lowly bed!
Oh! pray, pray for the dead!"

Surely this is one of the most comforting teachings of the Church, we may help our dear departed by prayers!

Tennyson, in the "Passing of King Arthur," makes him say:

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me, night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God!"

Gradually this doctrine appears to be appealing to those separated from us in faith. An eminent Protestant writer says: "Prayer for the dead is one of the most ancient and authenticated practices of religion. It quickens the belief in the immortality of the soul, draws the veil of darkness from the grave, and joins this world with the next. Had it been retained, most likely we should not have experienced so much skepticism and unbelief among us."

And yet another writes:

"I see the faces of my dead, at noonday,
From the white clouds down looking out of heaven.
I hear their cries upon the winds of Autumn,
I hear their sighs within the purple twilight,
Their moans come to me through the sobbing night rain,
Pleading 'Pray God for us who stay in prison,'
Crying, 'Arise, thou dreamest and we suffer,'
Sighing, 'O God, we drink thy awful darkness
From eve to eve, and all the living know not.'"

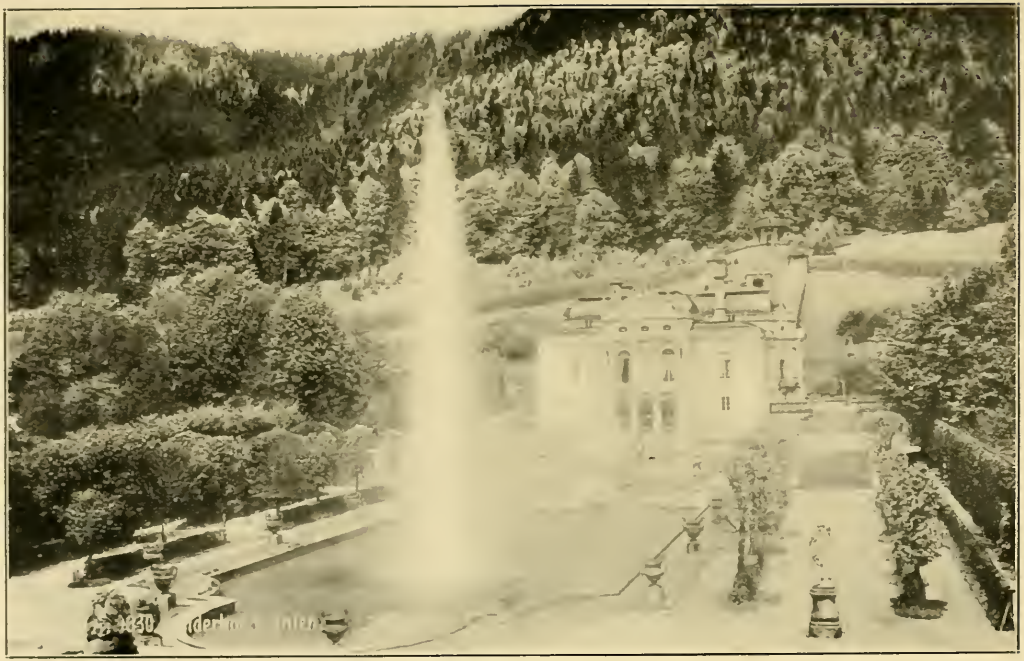
The composer of the Passion music, "Dedler," is here remembered, and there is also a monument to

the Reverend Father Daisenberger, reviser and corrector of the Passion Play, and epitaph, "His works do follow him." The bust is finely done, the work of one of the Lang family, so prominent in the annals of Oberammergau, now of Munich, and who presented this work to his native village. A hermitage, built of logs and bark, near the village, is the venerated spot to which the holy priest used to come for hours of solitary devotion. Also in the neighborhood is a crucifixion group, presented by the sad King Ludwig Second. Mass is always read here on the anniversary of his death. The inscription reads: "From King Ludwig Second, in memory of the Passion Play, to the art loving Oberammergauers, true to the customs of their forefathers." Then the gospel words, "Woman, behold thy Son; Son, behold thy mother."

The people here date their ancestry to the Romans. Christianity was introduced at the close of the ninth century. Ethiko the Guelph came, and in 1330 a Benedictine Monastery was founded. "Convents have," says a fine writer, "been, through the centuries, the steadfast bearers of intellectual progress. When intercourse was difficult with the outer world, their schools and farmsteads were closely associated with the development of the district." Wood carving seems to have taken root here, and to

the present day it is a great industry in Oberammergau, and the work of the people is shipped far and near. An example is cited of the culture acquired by attendance at the monastery, of Ulrich Petz, a simple miller, in 1550, who, when wearied from labor, took down from his shelf the classics, whose language he had acquired in spare hours. This humble Catholic wrote on the corner of his Bible: "Believe that the highest good and wisdom is in Christianity. All else is folly, mere dust!" Such is an example of the blood of the village people, who still remain faithful to their traditions and teachings. In 1551, when Philip, King of Spain, came through Ettal, near by, he and his court walked bareheaded, candles in hand, in the Corpus Christi procession. The village suffered from depredations by the Swedes, and finally the dreaded plague broke out in 1633. As far back as the fourth century sacred plays had been held on certain occasions as offerings to God. So these pious people determined to vow this representation as penitential offering in supplication for the cessation of the plague. It ceased, and has never returned. In 1770 a royal edict prohibited the farther production of the play. The people protested, appealed and petitioned, but the edict stood. Finally the elector agreed to permit it, and in 1780 it was resumed. But opposition again broke out, and again

appeals were made. Finally Ludwig First ascended the throne, and the play found an earnest advocate in Goethe, whom Ludwig Second highly respected. Never was king more beloved, so closely did he live to his people; and when, in 1886, his death followed after that of the beloved Pâstor Daisenberger, in 1883, the community was indeed desolate. We visited the Palace at Linderhof, where the King resided, and wondered not that in this paradise he chose retreat, and was so loved by his loyal Bavarians. The historian of the Passion Play speaks of its heroes, and asks the person who comes here to visit it and goes away to criticise, to just sit down and try to compose the music and text; speaks of the heart's blood of poverty, of patient merit, the sacrifice of art natures, and beautifully says: "To these poor art souls, drooping under the crushing influence of the commonplace, the Savior had also said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened'; and they came, and brought him the first fruits of their skill, and he received them and took them into his service. Therefore the right to be an Ammergauer and take part in the sacred work must be bought with blood and tears; and woe to him who with careless jest or the unclean spirit of speculation would participate in the sacred play! The structure, which the spirit of their ancestors has so firmly founded, must



LINDERHOF, BAVARIA,
One of the palaces of the "Mad King."

fall and crush him." She especially mentions in this connection Father Weiss, the scholar Rochess Dedler, and the venerable Father Daisenberger, who renounced ecclesiastical honors to remain in his beloved home and with his people, to perfect the Passion Play. So, when the year arrives for its production, the members of the committee attend Mass daily to invoke divine blessing and direction on their work. The parties are chosen for the holiness and purity of their lives; and each villager's ambition is to be worthy to be a representative of some part.

We noted, as we entered the village, so many men with long hair, and learned that they were among those who took characters. Even little children become imbued with the desire to take part. Some of the little tots bore their pose in the tableaux with almost incredible excellence. A few names are inseparably connected with the play; among them Deimer, whose kinswoman has given to the world such a perfect history of the village, people and play.

The evening previous to the performance we walked down to the village through the crowded streets, and visited the home of Peter Rendl, an ideal John, the beloved disciple. His face was almost effeminate, smooth and gentle, and his hair, parted in the middle, hung over his shoulders. He was engaged in his little shop among his carvings, some of

which we purchased as souvenirs, and then passed to the home of the Christus, Anton Lang. His face was much as we see so often in sacred pictures, his eyes blue and innocent, and a soft brown beard and long wavy hair made him also an ideal. He and John spoke English well. We wished to visit the homes of the principal actors, but the crowds were too great. Burgomeister Lang trains the actors. Ludwig Lang arranges the tableaux, Edward Lang trains the young musicians, Jacob Rutz, who is a blacksmith, has a most wonderful voice, and led the choir. Andreas Lang, a rabbi of this year, was the Thomas ten years ago, and some time since carved the statue of Emperor Frederick. Sebastian Lang makes a grand Caiaphas. The name of Lang is closely identified with the village, and some, who have gone away and prospered, have shown much charity to their less fortunate neighbors in sustaining wood carving when the demand was small, paying ready cash. The family was numerous, and now the oldest carver of crucifixes is "Terese Lang, nee Lang, Widow Lang, and remarried Lang, who is the mother of the 'rabbi,' Andreas Lang." She is the present head of the fine family, and her brother is Burgomeister Lang. Johann Zwink is the perfect Judas; and the Pilate of Bauer is one of the grandest figures of the play. We were told that the "Mary" of this

View from the Passion Play at Oberammergau.
Christ Entering Jerusalem.

year postponed her marriage to take her part. Each seems so fully identified with his or her part that it seems impossible to discriminate. Even the little children are wonderful. Judas, whose part was one of contradictions, excelled any stage presence I have ever beheld. The struggles of his better nature with the vices of avarice and cupidity, were tragic indeed. His soliloquy, ending in despair and suicide, was thrilling. We sat, from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5, on hard wooden benches, rapt, absorbed, tears streaming, and at the parting at Bethany, the meeting of Mary and her beloved Son, staggering under the weight of the Cross, the Last Supper, and the scenes of the Crucifixion, I could scarcely repress my sobs; yet so quiet was the audience all seemed indeed on Calvary. When all was over and we had come to ourselves, we had time to realize it. Early in the morning we had been aroused by the signal gun, the echoes reverberating through the valley. Hastily dressing, we proceeded to church, crowded for several Masses, the participants in the play fortifying themselves by prayer for their sacred parts. Breakfast is quickly discussed, and we drive down to the theater through the hurrying crowds, which are well handled and seated. The spectators are now under roof, but the stage still stands in open air, making all more real by the background of the pine-covered

mountains. We seat ourselves among the expectant crowds, and soon we hear the orchestra begin, and from either side of the stage file in the chorus, led by a magnificent figure in snowy white. His dignified person and snowy hair and beard declare him the former Christus, Mayer. After a short prologue, the chorus falls back, and the curtain rises on the first tableau, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. They are clothed in skins, and the angel with flaming sword threatens them, while Eve looks longingly behind her, as if she said indeed: "Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

PROLOGUE.

"Greetings to all who have come from far and near to witness the sufferings and death of Christ. All here are united in love in memory of the One who has for us suffered the bitterest death, and our tenderest thoughts and love turn to Him. The hour for the fulfillment of our holy vow has come. Join your prayers with us, we beseech you."

Another tableau is the Adoration of the Cross: and now we hear the shouts in the distance, and on the stage proceed a multitude waving palm branches and shouting hosannas. Presently some begin to cast down their garments, and John appears, leading an ass, on which the Christus rides. As he reaches the door of the temple he dismounts and enters, and the scene is very realistic, of the money changers and

venders of different wares; the indignation of the Christus as he beholds the desecration, and the words, "My house shall be called the house of prayer," etc., and overturns the tables, not noisily or rudely, but sadly, and then from the cages the liberated doves take flight beyond the boundaries. Each tableau typifies something in the life of Christ, as that of young Tobias leaving his family, and Isaac carrying the fagots on his shoulders to the mount, where his father, Abraham, was commanded to offer him in sacrifice, typifies our Lord carrying his cross to Calvary. The scenes of the parting at Bethany between Jesus and his blessed Mother and disciples, and the Last Supper and washing of feet were most touching. John assists the Christus in girding himself with a towel, and so he goes from one to another, each receiving him with deprecating look and act, and following him with adoring gaze. The breaking of bread and giving it to his disciples, with his own hands, in the institution of the Holy Eucharist, is so perfectly described by a writer, that I can not refrain from giving it in full as a lesson to those who can not accept this doctrine. "As the dying man distributes his property among his heirs, so He, too, His. But He has nothing to bestow but Himself. As the cloud dissolves itself in the millions of rain drops and waters the parched ground, so He multiplies Himself a mil-

lion-fold, whereby, in the course of years, He gives comfort to millions of men by means of Holy Communion. His Body and Blood are His last will. He gives them to numberless persons, to numberless heirs, and yet He remains one and undivided under each particle of both species. For as an element remains one large unity, even if it dissolves itself into ever so many atoms, as water remains always water, whether it be in single drops or in the ocean; fire always fire, whether in sparks or conflagration; so Christ always remains Christ, in each drop in the cup, or in each particle of the species of bread. He is one, whole and entire, in His divinity and humanity. The Last Supper had been typified by the tableau of the manna in the wilderness and the bringing of the grapes from Canaan by the spies. And now Adam at work and the assassination of Amasa by Joab prepared us for the agony in the garden and the traitorous kiss of Judas. So Christ is apprehended, and we hear the denial of Peter, at which the cock crows. The mockery of the Jews, the dragging of the bound and patient Victim from Herod to the house of Pilate, who appears a grand and majestic figure, wishing to be right, warned by a message from his wife to have nothing to do with this just man; returning Him to Herod as not under his jurisdiction, returned again, so patient, so meek and humble, when Pilate, fearing

to offend Herod, yields to the demands of the populace, breaks his staff, washes his hands, releases the horrid looking Barabbas, and delivers the Christus to the mob. This is typified by the tableau of the blind and bound Samson, Isaac, and the setting up of the brazen serpent. Now from one side of the stage we see the rabble approaching, and presently the Christus, staggering and falling under the heavy weight of the Cross, goaded on by the cruel Jews. Fearing lest their victim should expire, they summon Simon of Cyrene to help Him with the cross; Veronica approaches and offers Him her handkerchief to wipe His disfigured face; the women of Jerusalem, weeping over Him, are comforted and bidden "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children." And then — oh, sad scene! — His Blessed Mother and St. John meet Him. "It is He; it is my son; it is my Jesus. Ah, where is sorrow like unto my sorrow!" John says: "Mother, wilt thou not go back to Bethany? Thou canst not look upon this sight." But Mary replies: "How can a mother leave her child in his last and bitterest need? I will suffer with Him; scorn and disgrace I will bear with Him, and die with Him. Let us follow Him." And so the sad procession moves on.

At the scene of the Crucifixion the curtain rises on the two thieves bound by ropes on their respective

crosses. We have heard the sound of the hammer behind the scenes as the body of the Christus was nailed, and now we see the cross slowly raised and dropped into the hole prepared for it. So realistic is this that a shudder seizes one. The appearance of the nails on the hands and feet is perfect. The Christus says, "I thirst," and vinegar and gall are handed to Him, while the soldiers beneath Him are casting lots for His garments. The dying eyes turn from His mother to His beloved disciple, and we hear: "Son, behold thy Mother. Mother, behold thy Son." Presently the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" then a loud cry, and the dying head falls. Presently the soldiers come to break the bones of the victims, and with stuffed clubs the thieves are disposed of, but they find the Christus already dead. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy that not a bone of His body should be broken. The centurion pierces His side, from which a red fluid flows and bears testimony: "Truly this man was the Son of God." Now the bodies of the two thieves are taken down, but the scene of the removal of the Christus was most impressive, and followed the picture of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." The nails were wrenched, apparently, from the hands and feet, a long linen passed under the arms, and the body lowered into the arms of Mary and John. When it is removed

to the tomb, Mary follows, supported by John, saying: "This is the last service I can render to my Jesus." Later, the tableau of the Resurrection and the affrighted soldiers, and presently the Ascension, and as the last of the chorus leaves the stage, we sit a moment as awakening from a dream. So the great play is over, and reluctantly we turn to leave the scene. How wonderful! Here in the Bavarian Highlands, far from the outer world, is a people in their daily lives so simple, innocent, pure and unworldly, yet no where could we see such perfect delineation of character, such dramatic force, such losing of self and identification with the character represented. Surely this alone is the proof of the acceptance by God of what, under other circumstances, we would regard as blasphemy. In no other place could this be produced as here, where it is the fulfillment of a solemn vow. The gentle historian of Oberammergau repudiates the idea that has been advanced, that the outer world brings here culture and refinement; on the contrary, there is a strain of lofty blood in this people, mingled with Christian humility. Look at the faces, study the characters. The historian says the Ammergauers, exclusive of Ettal, are an ancient, civilized and cultured people, their characters formed of the finest and noblest "mind atoms." "When the Emperor, in 900, came over

the mountains, carrying the holy image, and set up the foundation of the monastery, the era dawned of enlightenment, which has matured from implicit faith the finest fruits in art and poesy. Here, as ever, the Catholic missionaries guided these barbaric people to civilization, and brought forth the tree of the cross of the Passion Play, from whose branches, reaching far over the limits of narrowness, the breezes of life-giving faith are wafted into the corrupted and blase world." I could go on borrowing from this charming writer the story of a loved mountain home, but space forbids. The fascination embraces one of this lovely spot, a spirit of freedom and exaltation possesses us, a lingering to say farewell. To those who come here with condescending ideas, I will say, you will go away abashed; only the most confirmed egotists can entertain such thoughts.

The mechanism employed in the construction of the crucifixion was explained to me by the Baroness, for the illusion was so perfect, even under the strong glass that I used, I could not have believed the Christus was a living man, but that I saw him turn his head and heard him speak. A corselet with steel loop on the back is fastened to a corresponding hook on the cross, thus sustaining the weight of the body, while silken bands support the outstretched hands and the apparently piercing nails. And so again we

bid adieu, and leave this pretty spot, with its wholesome people in their picturesque Tyrol costumes, and carry with us memories which time can never efface.

Now Innsbruck receives us, the capital of the Tyrol, noted for its salubrious climate and its art treasures. The river Inn flows by on its way to the Danube. The history of the town, as of all this country, is full of interest, embracing the early Roman possession, and now Austrian. The Franciscan Church was founded by Ferdinand First, in honor of his grandfather, Maximilian First. The magnificent works of art contained in it brought skilled workmen here, and the King was indeed a father to his people. Through Spanish, French and Austrian wars Innsbruck has passed, making her a great history. As a patriot, the name of Andreas Hofer stands prominent, and his statue is magnificent, on the beautiful wooded hill, Berg Isel. During the struggle, while among the deep gorges, he sent his orders to his chiefs, signed, "Andreas Hofer, wherever I am," and the replies were sent to "Andreas Hofer, wherever he is." The mountaineers repelled the invaders by hurling upon them rocks, trees and earth, and, as ever, the inspiration of love of liberty made them victorious. He bade his people, "Do not shout, but pray," when in the exuberance of their joy they made glad and proffered him

homage, and added, "The Savior of our country is God himself."

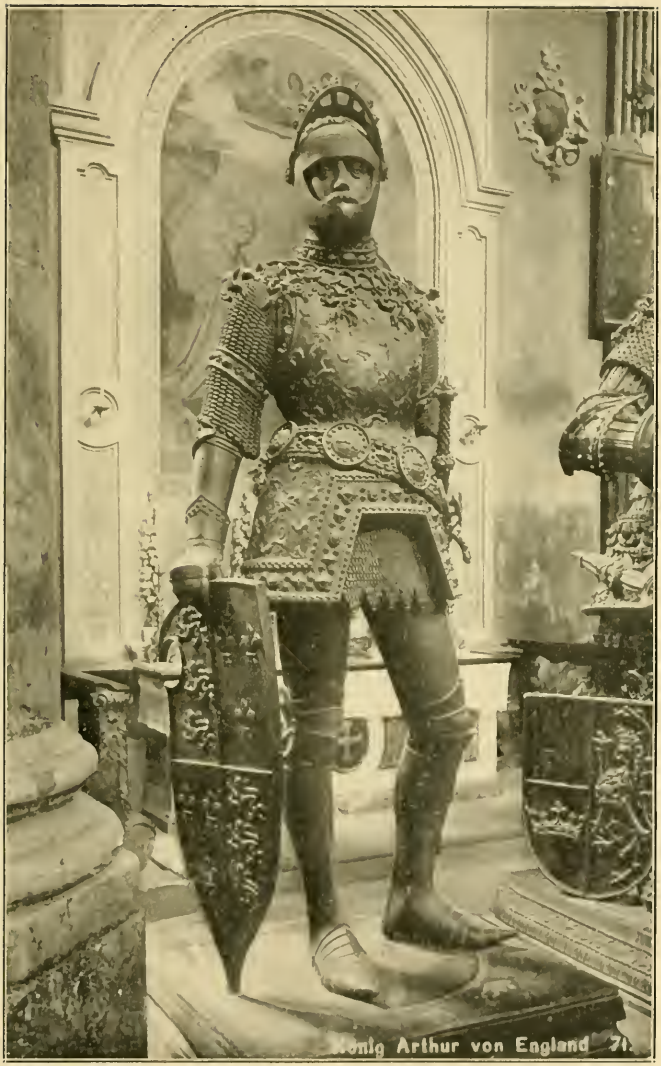
Later the French were victorious here, and Hofer was seized and shot. Yet later Austria gained possession, and now holds the town. The National Museum contains rare works; the public buildings are very fine, including a university; the Schloss, or Castle, is much visited by tourists, as the home to which Ferdinand First took his wife, Philippina Welser, the daughter of a merchant.

About the tomb of Maximilian First, in the Franciscan Church, stand twenty-eight colossal bronze statues, once torch-bearers, each a work of art, representing knights and kings from Arthur.

> "The knight's bones are dust, his sword is rust,
> His soul is with the Saints, we trust."

The tomb itself occupies great space in the center of the church. Christine of Sweden was here baptized a Catholic.

There is a pleasing legend connected with the life of Maximilian First, who for his great daring and bravery was called the "Last of the Knights." Yonge's *History* relates that "he was a most fearless chamois hunter, and had been in many terrible dangers from winds and avalanches in the Tyrolean mountains. Once he slipped down a precipice,



STATUE OF KING ARTHUR.

One of the twenty-eight bronze statues surrounding the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the Hof Kirche at Innsbruck.

called the Martinswand, and was caught by a small ledge of rock with a cleft behind it, whence there was no way up or down. The whole population came out and saw him, but could do nothing to help him, or keep him from being starved. He threw down a stone with a paper fastened to it, begging that Mass might be celebrated below, and a shot fired to let him know the moment of the Consecration. At night, however, he suddenly appeared among his friends, saying that a shepherd boy had come and led him through a passage in the cleft through the mountain, and brought him back in safety. This shepherd was never seen again, and was believed by the Tyrolese to have been an angel. A little church commemorates the event."

CHAPTER XIII.

ITALY — VERONA — VENICE — ST. MARK'S — PADUA — ST. ANTHONY'S SHRINE — FLORENCE — MICHAEL ANGELO — THE MISERICORDIANS — GALILEO — DANTE.

Now we enter Italy, and these lines occur to me:

"Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?
Are those the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet, at the masque
Saw her loved Montague and now sleeps by him?
Such questions hourly do I ask myself.
And not a stone in a crossway, inscribed
'To Mantua,' 'To Ferrara,' but excites
Surprise and doubt and self congratulation."

Verona is built on both sides of the Adige River, which sometimes overflows, producing great havoc. The amphitheater here is in excellent preservation, partly due to the efforts of Napoleon to partially restore it in 1805. The principal attraction to many is the reputed tomb of Juliet, in the garden of a suppressed monastery. We also saw what was represented as the veritable balcony to which the lover Romeo climbed, but it was in disagreeable surroundings. A tablet on the wall testifies, "Here the Capulets dwelt." In traveling through such scenes as

these, viewed through a veil of romance, it gives a shock to the emotions to hear such iconoclasts as "Mark Twain" scoff with irreverent humor at the traditions and pleasing legends attached. For instance, he calls Juliet's tomb a "horse trough." Disregard traditions, and we should all be like Mr. Gradgrind, in Dickens' *Hard Times*, mere sticklers for facts, stern facts. The tomb of the Scaligeri, the old Roman theater, and walls and gateways are most interesting. The churches demand much time; that of St. Zeno is said to be the oldest of Northern Italy, and contains his tomb. The Campanile, ancient bronze doors, and, near by, the tomb of Pepin. The Cathedral porch contains reliefs of Charlemagne's Paladins, Roland and Oliver, and the tomb of St. Agatha. The Roman antiquities of Verona are particularly interesting, and, as in all Italian cities, the works of art are too numerous for even passing mention. Where some excavations had been made an exquisite mosaic pavement has been uncovered. The Medici Palace is now a workshop. There is a statue of Dante, and the house he occupied when exiled here.

Three hours by rail bring us to Venice, where we were taken into a gondola and transferred to a hotel on the Grand Canal. All seemed so strange; no sound of wheel or horse, only the lazy lapping of the

water and the cry of the gondolier as he approached a corner, to warn another boatman coming in an opposite direction. So skillful are these men that, while swiftly propelling us, they sometimes seem certain to strike a wall or another boat, but a movement of the oar sends us safely past, not even grazing it. A little rest and lunch, and our impatience takes us out to the wonderful St. Mark's. At first we can only stand and wonder. Here, built upon piles, which, unfortunately, are making the beautiful mosaic floor uneven from their slight sinking, stands a marvel of human toil and skill. Pictures in mosaic which deceive the eye; treasures in precious stones around the pictures attributed to St. Luke, and occasionally exposed to view, and which we were so fortunate to see; and the tomb of St. Mark, whose body was only safely landed here by stratagem; the stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded; four elaborate columns from Solomon's Temple. St. Mark's chair is here, and the altar stone was brought from Mt. Tabor. We visited this church again and again, always finding something of new interest. We were fortunate in our guide, the one who had conducted Ruskin in his researches here. On the great square in front is the Campanile, which Napoleon ascended on horseback, the ascent being not by steps, but by an inclined plane. The clock tower, opposite, is

The Winged Lion of St. Mark's, Venice.

curious, the hours being struck by bronze figures, with great hammers, on the bells.

The Palace of the Doges was reached by the Giant Stairs, so called from the gigantic statues of Neptune and Mars on either side of them, on top. Here the Doges were crowned. The Hall of the Grand Council, with its historical reminiscences, its grand paintings, including the largest in the world, by Tintoretto, carries one through much of Venice's glory and troubles. One painting represents Pope Alexander Third presenting the Doge with the ring to wed the Adriatic, and the museum contains the relics of the vessel in which the ceremony was performed. After the inspection of the many grand canvases, we passed to the Chamber of the Council of Ten. Here was an opening in the wall, once surmounted by a lion's mouth, as indeed there had been in many places, but Napoleon had them destroyed. Into these openings anonymous letters were cast, denouncing any one for whom another might take a dislike. It is to be regretted that travelers accept so readily the old hackneyed tales of Venetian horrors; they should take the pains to learn the truth. The distinguished writer of *Some Lies and Errors of History* and *Studies in Church History* says of this favorite scarecrow: "Certainly there was no more connection between this 'Lion's Mouth' and tyranny than there

is between tyranny and the postoffice boxes hanging on our lamp-posts. And as to the anonymous letters addressed to the Inquisitors, a law of 1387 decreed that they should be immediately burned. And when, towards the end of the sixteenth century, such demonstrations were sometimes admitted, no proceedings could be taken against the accused without a vote of four-fifths of the Council. And it is to be noted that the precautions taken against false testimony and false accusations were greater in Venice than in any other land." Many insist on connecting the clergy with "secret tribunals" and other bugaboos, but I will here insert a statement by Ruskin, in *Stones of Venice*, Volume I. In referring to his inability to give proper time to investigation of the restraints to which the Venetian clergy were subjected, he admits that the decline of Venetian power dates exactly from the period of exclusion of the clergy from the Councils of State, and indorses Daru, who writes, "that at the close of the thirteenth century churchmen were not permitted to sit in State Councils, and in 1434 the Council of Ten, with the Guinta, declared even the relations of clergy ineligible to the post of Ambassador to Rome, and were expelled. The parish priests were ordered to close the church doors at the Ave Maria, and to not ring the bells at certain hours." This disposes of the connection of the Church with

the famous Council of Ten. As to the "Inquisition," intelligent people are coming to be fair-minded enough to know it was a State affair.

We crossed the famed "Bridge of Sighs," of which Byron wrote —

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A prison and a palace on each hand,"

inspected the dungeons and prisons to which travelers have given such a bad name, but of which the philanthropist, Howard, said: "The new prisons are the best in regard to health I have ever visited, while the old prisons are said to be no worse than other European places of detention, although painted so black in romances." Our guide also pointed out to us the "Piombi," or cells under the leaden roof of the Ducal Palace, where alleged tortures took place, and unhappy prisoners were subjected to the dreadful summer heat and winter's cold. Daniel Mannin, the Venetian patriot of 1848, thus rebuked one who had been lamenting the woes of Venice in the establishment of those fearful torture chambers, whose terrors romancers were so fond of depicting: "Can it be possible that you, an educated and serious man, believe these nonsensical yarns? Do you still credit the tales of your nursery days? I know these Piombi and these Pozzi; I have been confined therein, and I

can assure you that they are by no means uncomfortable lodgings. Believe me when I say that all this talk about the cruelties of Venice is an old wife's tale." Ruskin measured the space between the prison cells and roof, and found them never less than five meters, and in some places nine meters high. This is but one instance.

Out again through the Grand Court and across the Grand Canal we see the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, erected in 1632 in performance of a vow for the staying of the plague. The foundations are sustained by one million two hundred thousand piles. A number of Titian's and Tintoretto's pictures are here, the masterpiece of the latter, the "Marriage in Cana," being especially noticeable. In the "Frari" are several tombs most interesting. That occupied by Canova was designed by him for Titian. The original was used for Christina of Austria, and is in Vienna, and his pupils executed this one for himself. To my eyes, as to many others, it was a marvel of beauty. The inscription reads, "Hic Canova." Byron said of him: "Europe, the world, has but one Canova." His heart lies here, his right hand in the Academy of Arts, his body in the village of his birth. Travelers accept Ruskin's opinions and form their own accordingly, but as I stood before the tomb of Canova, of his own design, Canova the great, I could

not bow my own ideas of the beautiful to those of Ruskin, who styles this tomb "intolerable in affectation, ridiculous in conception, null and void to the uttermost in invention and feeling." Later in life, however, his views moderated, and he repudiated many of his early utterances.

Titian's tomb is just opposite. A magnificent conception, representing him seated and surrounded by the arts. His inscription, also simple, "Titiano, Ferdinandus." The other tomb most interesting was Foscari, one of the Doges, whose history is one of the most pathetic and tragic on record. His son, being innocently accused, was tortured and banished, and he, the father, was obliged to pronounce sentence upon him. The Doge was not allowed to abdicate, as he wished, but after he had undergone the anguish of refusing the cry of his son, pleading that he might remain at home, even to endure the tortures of the rack, and the father said: "Obey what thy country commands, and seek nothing else," then the old Doge's enemies commanded his abdication, and then did his overstrung heart break in agony.

One of the most remarkable effects in marble that may be imagined is in the Church of the Jesuits. The pulpit appears to be covered by drapery and the carpets made to match, but it is all cunningly carved marble, white and verd-antique. The floor mosaics

are also remarkably fine, and Titian and Tintoretto are represented here.

San Petro di Castillo is very ancient, and the reputed scene of the carrying away of the "Brides of Venice." Venice is indeed a storehouse of historical interest. The churches alone would occupy one for weeks, to say nothing of the galleries, museums and studies of antiquities in general. Once occupying the proud position as Queen of the Adriatic, she has sunk to a collection of decaying palaces. Her commerce as well as political power was once immense. She was the center of attraction to great men of every clime and calling. Here Galileo invented the telescope; St. Ignatius organized the Jesuits; Petrarch was honored, and his books formed the foundation of the present great library. The first book printed in Italy was issued here, in 1469, as well as the first newspaper in the world; and the first bank was organized.

I must take space here to describe a very important and interesting work, a map of the world, executed between 1457 and 1459 by the cosmographer, Fra Mauro, a monk of the Convent of St. Michele. This monk made another one for Prince Henry of Portugal, while the Venetian Aloise da Mosto, the discoverer of the Cape de Verde Islands, was there.

Da Mosto informed the monk of the last discoveries of the Portuguese on the western shore of Africa.

"South is on the top of the map. The connection of Africa and Asia is strange. A copy of this map was sent to Florence in 1470. It is known that the idea to reach by the sea way the countries described by Marco Polo arose first in Portugal, and that the Canon Martinez, of Lisbon, wrote to the mathematician, Toscanelli, in Florence, for a map showing the distance between the Portuguese and Asiatic shores. Toscanelli sent the map first to Martinez, and after to Columbus, who used it for the discovery of America. Toscanelli's map was probably made after Fra Mauro's map. The discoveries of Columbus up to the year 1500 were described by Pietro M. d'Aughiera, and translated by Angelo Trevisan, the secretary to the Venetian Ambassador to Spain, and published in Venice in 1504. The only copy in existence is in the library of St. Mark's. A short time before the Venetian Ambassador, Capello, had been, in 1497, presented by King Ferdinand with one of the Indian chiefs. He brought him to Venice, and the government, believing that the Indian was a king, sent him to Padua, where he lived and died in the palace of the Governor."

I have copied this description as a more accurate

account of the work which aided Columbus, and which we regarded accordingly with greatest interest.

The square of St. Mark's is a never-failing center of interest. The surrounding corridors, with their bewildering array of beautiful and curious things, the passing of people of all nations, like a great kaleidoscope, the little tables where one may at once digest a lunch and the busy scene, and watch the swarms of doves, which are the delight of not only children, but also those of larger growth, while the corn merchant drives a profitable trade with his tiny bags of grain to feed the greedy little birds. The pigeons of St. Mark's are protected by law, as carrier pigeons once brought important messages to Venice from Dandolo. They are regularly fed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were told that in Holy Week, when the bells do not ring, the time may be told by the regularity of their return from all over the city, to be fed. The square may be called the heart of Venice. Of it Petrarch wrote: "I know not that the world has the equal of this place." Here all the principal events of the city occur. Here are concert hall, forum, the points of meeting with friends, the great promenade, the scene alike of carnivals and religious processions, the historical center of Venetian history. Tournaments were once held here, and at the door of the church Barbarossa made his submission to the

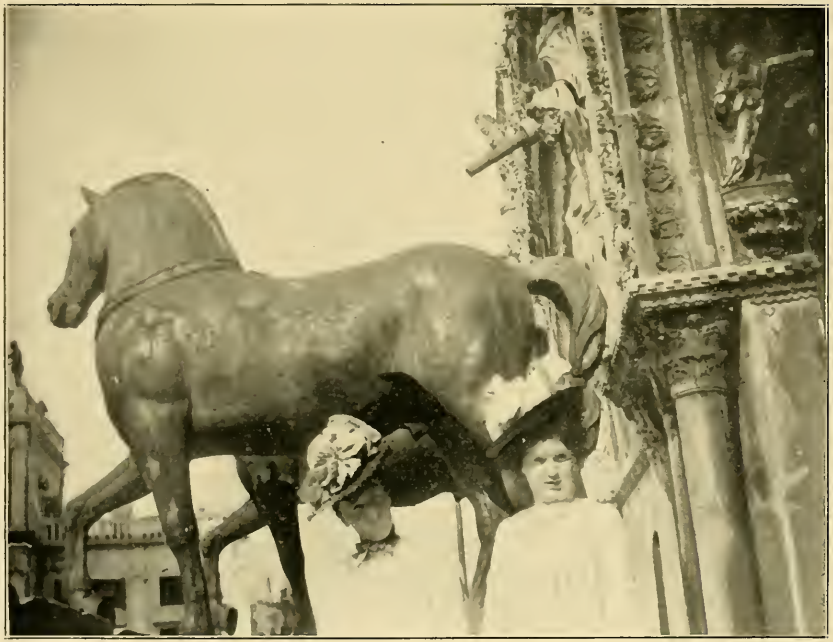
St. Mark's Church and Plaza, Venice.

Sovereign Pontiff; and looking down on all are the bronze horses once ornamenting Nero's and Trajan's arches. These four bronze horses over the portico of St. Mark's have figured largely in history. They are attributed to Lysippus, the Greek. During the troubled, early ages, these were regarded as precious trophies by the conquerors. They were carried to Rome and placed on Trajan's triumphal arch, thence to Constantinople by Constantine, thence, after the fourth crusade, by the Venetians under their venerable leader, Dandolo. In 1797 Napoleon seized and transported them across the Alps, where, in Paris, they graced the Triumphal Arch. In 1815 Francis of Austria redeemed and returned them to Venice. The poet Rogers thus refers to them:

"In this temple porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind, his eyes put out, did Dandolo
Stand forth, displaying on his crown the cross.
There did he stand, erect, invincible.
. . . . . .
There did he stand with his old armor on.
. . . . . .
Ere he sailed away, five hundred gallant ships,
. . . . . He went to die.
But, of his trophies, four arrived ere long,
Snatched from destruction,—the four steeds divine,
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet.
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very porch."

The winged lion of St. Mark's, on its Oriental column, with cavities for eyes, once jeweled, but destroyed by covetous captors, has a stormy history. The patron, St. Theodore, from his pedestal beholds the decaying grandeur of his old city and the coming of new peoples from afar to see and comment. He is represented with the crocodile beneath his feet, symbolical of the fact that he destroyed the Eastern idols, the crocodile being held in veneration. For this he was martyred about the year 365. The guides tell us that the shafts which support the statue of St. Theodore and the Lion of St. Mark's were set up by a Lombard in 1171, who then and there was granted the right of lottery in the space between them, but at that period no games of chance were allowed in Venice. The injunction was laid upon Venetians: "Let the merchant's laws be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful." The lion is in frequent evidence. The four guarding the entrance to the arsenal are very ancient, while above the door stands the ever-presiding "winged Lion" of St. Mark's.

Entering a gondola, we glide along the Grand Canal, past moldering remnants of forgotten grandeur, decaying palaces, each having some history, which our gondolier recalls to us as he mentions the name and points it out. Shakespeare and Byron have especially invested this place with a veil of ro-



Historic Bronze Horses, St. Mark's Church, Venice.

mance. In one of the Mocenigo palaces Lord Byron lived and wrote several of his poems; and Tom Moore's brilliant presence once adorned it. The Foscari Palace, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture, wherein kings and queens have been guests, is now a commercial school. The Palace of Manin, the residence of the late Doge of Venice, is now a bank. Queriri Palace belonged to a family who were engaged in a conspiracy eight hundred years ago, and it was in consequence as punishment converted into a slaughter house. The owner of the Pisarro Palace died in exile rather than behold his loved Venice under the French flag. Tasso once occupied here a palace; and coming down to modern days, the Brownings resided here, and a number of rich English and Americans are buying up these old palaces. The Palace of Dandolo, who was elected Doge at the age of eighty-four, and distinguished himself with the crusaders at the siege of Constantinople, in spite of his great age, ninety-seven, is now a cafe. The Calergie Palace bears on its outer walls the inscription, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis." Desdemona's Palace is pointed out, and "the house of gold" was once of great magnificence. So, through this array of ancient splendor we float, imagination busily at work among the ruins. Fish market, flour market, offices, now supplant the places

once sacred to wealth and aristocracy. In the front of many, however, are the painted poles for the securing of the gondolas by the marble steps. Even steam launches are invading the waters of the Grand Canal, and their shrill whistle mingles with the cry of the gondolier. So we reach the Rialto, a fine specimen of bridge building, with shops along each side, but ending with a dirty little street full of venders of all sorts of things.

This part of the city is very ancient, being the Rialto proper, made familiar by Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, where Shylock lived and walked. Shakespeare makes Shylock say: "Seignior Antonio, many a time and oft in the Rialto you have rated me about my moneys and my usances." Rialto is one of the largest islands where merchants most do congregate. Of the lovely moonlights Portia said: "The night, methinks, is but the daylight sick." And we realize this as we take a gondola and float out in the moonlight towards the Lagoon, passing the singers grouped here and there in boats, around which gondolas are crowded, filled with happy and appreciative listeners. So on and on we glide, no rude sound disturbs us, our world on the placid waters, and the glorious moon above us, out almost to the Lido, one of the islands whose bathing facilities and other attractions bring thousands yearly to visit the

On the Grand Canal, Venice.

ancient city for mere pleasure, as well as to revel in its beauties and antiquities. After we had passed the musicians, our gondolier sang for us. Let us whisper one drawback to our enjoyment here, the "festive mosquito." I must mention, before leaving Venice, the wonderful glass work done here. For centuries this has been the great center of such work, and the magical creations only improve with time. We walked through the shops, admiring the fairy-like production and delicate tintings, but, oh, when we went in where the work was done, and saw the poor workmen sitting, red-eyed and weary, in the hot glare of the blow-pipe, our sympathies overcame our admiration.

Now we go on to Padua, to visit the shrine of our dear St. Anthony, "the wonder-worker," the gentle, lovable saint, who belongs not only to Padua, but to the whole world. To the mere tourist Padua presents the attraction of great antiquity, founded by Antenor, brother of Priam, King of Troy. This was the home of Excelino, who was such a demon of cruelty that the Pope is said to have preached against him, and Dante pictures his eternal torments in a sea of boiling blood. We noticed a tablet on a wall, which proclaimed it the spot which, in 1237, Excelino kissed the gate in joy for the capture of Padua. In front of a house once occupied by Dante is a sar-

cophagus supposed to contain the remains of the founder of Padua. The university is renowned, and accommodates over a thousand students. Padua is called "the learned," and was a nursery of art. The university was founded in the thirteenth century, and it is said that Petrarch, Galileo and Columbus studied here. Students have numbered as high as eighteen thousand. Its courts and halls still contain coats-of-arms of benefactors. It is now very much reduced. Lombardy's rich plain, naturally so well situated, has been called a "pleasure garden." Padua contains several plazas with statues, and the churches, as usual, are the depositories of many valuable works of art by the masters. The older streets have arcades over the sidewalks, and the botanic gardens are the oldest in Europe. But the shrine of St. Anthony was the center of attraction for us, and here we spent much time. Two magnificent candelabra adorn the tomb; in the sanctuary is a reliquary with his tongue, and bas reliefs depict many of his miracles.

With what fervor we implored the intercession of the great saint, so much the object of Divine love, that the Sacred Infant rewarded his great longing for Him by reposing in his arms.

We passed from here to the Church of St. Giustina. Over the high altar is a picture of her martyrdom, painted by Paul Veronese, and her body lies

beneath. To the right is the body of St. Matthew, and to the left that of St. Luke. We were admitted to the vaults beneath the church, and saw the tiny prison-house of the saint, behind bars, scarcely larger than a coffin, in which she endured imprisonment for five years, by order of Nero, when she was put to death. A large well contains the bones of three thousand martyrs, visible by a lighted candle, lowered. The piazza Victor Emmanuel, with its statuary and trees, is very handsome, but the name grated on our ears in connection with those we had just been venerating.

The Church of Madonna dell' Arena, dating back to 1300, contains a number of Giotto's frescoes. A stroll around the old city recalled many events in its history, but the large market square, with its busy life, brought one back to the very lively present.

Now we go on to Florence, and recall here Bryant's apostrophe to the Apennines:

> "Ages of war have filled these plains with fear;
> How oft the hind has started at the clash
> Of spears and yell of meeting armies here,
> Or seen the lightning of the battle flash
> From clouds, that, rising with the thunder's sound,
> Hung like an earth-born tempest o'er the ground."

Beautiful Florence on the Arno! Like other European cities, this was the scene of much con-

tention between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The Medici family was the prevailing power for many years, but they finally became extinct, and a visit to the "Tombs of the Medicis," where the sculpture and designs are by Michael Angelo, is a sad commentary on human greatness. The family, which once dominated Florence, lies here in dust, the name only perpetuated in cold marble. Before the tomb of "Lorenzo the Magnificent" I stood, fascinated by the marble figure seated above, with drooping head and finger on lip, as if in deepest thought. Never have I seen a piece of sculpturing which so attracted me, and I found it hard to tear myself from the contemplation of this solemn, mystic figure.

The first visit, of course, on reaching Florence was to the Cathedral. The dome, the widest in the world, by Brunelleschi, was a model for St. Peter's in Rome. Giotto's Tower, begun in 1334, was built by the great artist under orders for the "most magnificent" the world has ever seen, and after that I leave it to the imagination what it is. Ruskin called it "the model and mirror of perfect architecture." Giotto was but a poor shepherd boy, whose talent was discovered by Cimabue. His fame reaching Rome, Pope Boniface VIII., wishing to prove him, asked for a sign, when Giotto traced with a single stroke of his pencil a circle so perfect that it gave

Dante Observing the Giotto Tower, Florence.

rise to the Italian proverb, "Rounder than the O of Giotto." We were shown the stone on which Dante used to sit and watch the work on the Tower, and of course we made most of our observations from that point.

Longfellow thus writes of Giotto's Tower:

> "In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence, blossoming in stone,—
> A vision, a delight and a desire,—
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower
> That in the night of ages bloomed alone."

The baptistery, an octagonal building, dates back fifteen hundred years. Here all the children born in the city are brought for baptism. The bronze doors are marvels of art; one might study them a long time without tiring. Michael Angelo declared them worthy to be the gates of Paradise. The interior of the building is gloomy, but the eye becomes accustomed to it, and is delighted with the mosaics and statues. In the pavement is a mosaic of the Zodiac, made by an astrologer in 1048.

The Misericordiae was next visited, under the direction of our intelligent guide. We were shown all possible courtesy. The society dates back to 1240, when a pious man, in order to correct some abuses, formed a society to impose fines on those who should be guilty of blasphemy. With this fund they

were to purchase conveyances for the sick or the burial of the dead. For six hundred years they have pursued these works of mercy, and among the members are numbered some illustrious names. We were shown the name of the King, as an honorary member. A long gown and hood, with merely eye holes, disguise effectually the wearer. A gentleman who took us in charge showed us the litters, explained all their workings, and donned the dress, which is quickly assumed when there is a call for their services. W. D. Howells writes of this Order in a "Florentine Mosaic":

"The sentimentalist may despair as he pleases, and have his fill of panic about the threatened destruction of the Ponte Vecchio, but I say, that while these brothers, 'black stoled, black hooded like a dream,' continue to light the way to dusky death with their flaring torches through the streets of Florence, the mediaeval tradition remains unbroken; Italy is still Italy. They knew better how to treat death in the Middle Ages than we do now, with our vain profanation of flowers to his service, our loathsome dapperness of 'burial caskets,' and dress coat and white tie for the dead.

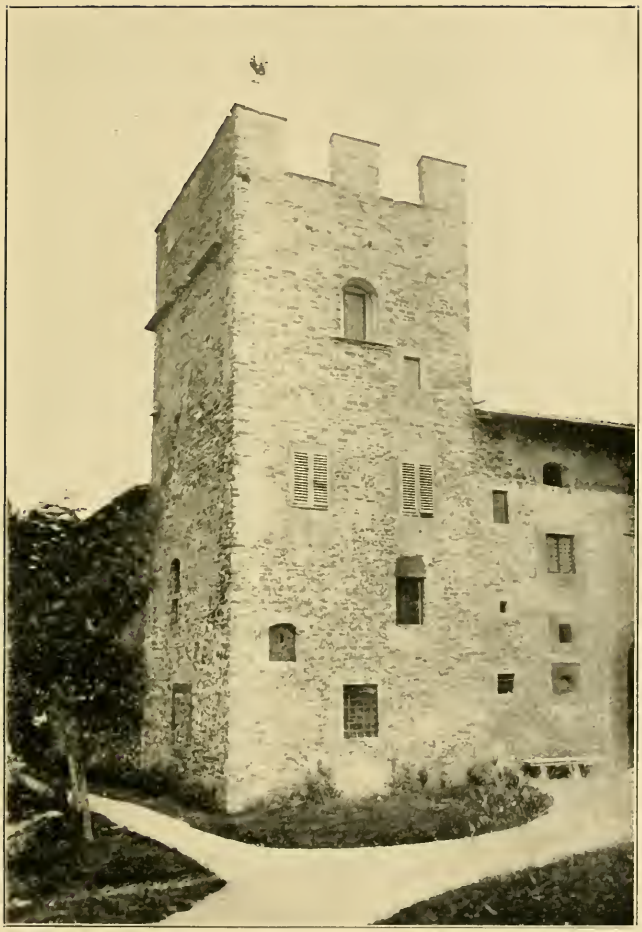
"These simple, old Florentines, with their street wars, their pestilences, their manifold destructive violences, felt instinctively, that he, the inexorable, was not to be hidden or palliated, not to be softened or petrified, or anywise made the best of, but was to be confessed in all his terrible gloom, and in this they found not comfort, not alleviation, which time alone can give, but the anaesthesis of a freezing horror.

"These masked and trailing sable figures sweeping through the wide and narrow ways by night, to the wild, long rhythm of their chant, in the red light of their streaming torches, and bearing the heavily draped bier in their midst, supremely awe the spectator whose heart falters within him in the presence of that which alone is certain to be."

Near the baptistery is a marble pillar, which has a peculiar history. When the body of St. Zanobius was passing this spot to its burial, the bier touched a withered tree standing there, and it burst into bloom. On each anniversary a metal branch is placed on the column to commemorate the event. We were shown the house of Cellini, whose Perseus is a marvel of sculpture; also the house of Ghiberti, whose fame is connected with the wonderful bronze gates of the Duomo; residences of Michael Angelo and of Machiavelli, identified with the history of Florence; the gloomy looking house where Dante wrote his *Inferno*, and of Amerigo Vespucci, whose name our country bears. And up hill we drove to the house of Galileo, stood in the room where his familiar objects still remain, climbed up the tower from which he used to observe the heavens, and sighed over the fate of blindness which overtook him, and which must have been to him especially a terrible affliction. In this room he was visited by Milton, who also became blind. While on the subject of Galileo I wish to

insert here some remarks which I hope may stimulate those who may read these pages, to investigate the other side of the story of what has been presented to a credulous and prejudiced public. I shall quote briefly from the distinguished Reuben Parsons' article on Galileo:

"School children are frequently told that in a time of most dense ignorance, Galileo, an Italian astronomer, discovered that the earth moves around the sun; that this doctrine was contrary to that of the Catholic Church, and that, therefore, the unfortunate scientist was seized by the Inquisition, thrown into a dungeon and tortured; that finally he retracted his teaching, but that, nevertheless, while ostensibly yielding, he muttered: 'And yet the earth does move.' Very few Protestants even suspect any exaggeration in these assertions, still fewer appear to know that Galileo did not discover that the earth moves around the sun; that this doctrine was not contrary to that of the Catholic Church; that the imprisonment of Galileo was merely nominal, and that he was subjected to no torture whatever; that the famous remark, 'E pur si muove,' is a work of imagination. The Church can not propose any system of merely physical science as a matter of faith, and if any system contradicts her teachings, she has a right to condemn it. Cardinal del Monte wrote: 'If I were living in the olden days of Rome, I think the worth of Galileo would be recognized by a statue on the Capitoline.' 'The fault of Galileo consisted in his confusing revealed truths with physical discoveries, and in teaching in what sense Scripture passages were to be taken, explaining them by demonstrations of calculation and experience, and he said that in the Scriptures are



Galileo's Tower, Florence, Italy.

found propositions which, taken literally, are false. These assertions unsettled all science, founded, as it then was, on revelation,' and so on for many pages."

This is quoted from Parson's *Lies and Errors of History.*

We saw the house and bridge, Ponte Vecchio, five hundred years old, from which Tito jumped to escape the mob, as George Eliot's romance of Romola relates. Coming down to modern persons, we saw the former residence of the Brownings, the "Casa Guidi," on which a tablet has been placed, for Mrs. Browning has endeared herself to the Florentines. She is buried in Florence. The house of Hiram Powers, our American sculptor, was pointed out to us, and Ouida now resides here. The beautiful Boboli Gardens are adjacent to the Pitti Palace, which is one of the great centers of art collections.

The Piazza del Signoria is in the center of the city, and has been the scene of many political events. Here was the prison and death scene of Savonarola, and near by, under a grand marble portico, the Loggia of the Lancers, in which stand wonderful works of art, the Perseus of Cellini and other famed pieces. It seemed so strange to us to see such treasures exposed to open air. Among monuments we noted that of Prince Demidoff. His father was a

poor blacksmith, who rose, under favor of the Czar, from one post to another, until he received a title of nobility, and the son made yearly visits to Florence and bestowed vast sums in charity. There is a monument to Maharajah Chuttraputti, an Indian Prince, who died here *en route* from England to his Indian home. His body, according to the customs of his people, was carefully prepared, tenderly laid upon a magnificent funeral pile, and was so consumed. His ashes were carefully collected and sent to his home in a golden vase. There is a statue to Dante, whose troubled life at last ended at Ravenna, which city declined to surrender his body to its native Florence. In the Church of Santa Croce are the tombs of Michael Angelo, who here chose his resting place, Galileo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Cherubini, and a beautiful monument to Dante. Byron wrote:

> "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
> Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
> Even in itself an immortality,
> Though there were nothing save the past."

In the Museum of San Marco, once a monastery, are many works of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartholomeo. At the Church of St. Michaele, in the group of the apostles, stands St. Mark, by Donatello, to which it is said Michael Angelo spoke, attracted by its life-like appearance: "Why dost thou not speak

to me, Mark?" Beautiful Florence; nature and art have combined to make her a perfect city. To us, strangers, mere visitors of the day, her loveliness appeals. What must have been the regrets that filled the soul of her great son Dante when exiled from her!

Our brief time deprives us the privilege of visiting Valambrosa. Milton loved this place, and of him Mrs. Browning wrote: "He sang of Paradise and smiled, remembering Valambrosa." Pascarel wrote: "Every road, every gable, every tower, has some story of the past in it." Well, we made the most of our little time in drives and walks and gathering mementoes, from the olive branches from "Minerva's tree" and little flowers along the way, to bits of views and other objects associated with the lovely Tuscan city.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROME — THE FORUM — COLISEUM — ST. PETER'S — DOMINE, QUO VADIS — CATACOMBS — YEAR OF JUBILEE — GOLDEN DOOR — PAPAL AUDIENCE — LEO XIII.

After six hours' ride from Florence we reached Rome, the "Eternal City." Proceeding to the Hotel Minerva, by advice of a clergyman friend, we find ourselves much at home, as many connected with the English pilgrimage are here, and our own language has a musical sound, after so long an experience of foreign tongues.

In front of our hotel stands an ancient Egyptian obelisk on the back of a marble elephant, dating back over six hundred years B.C. We cross the street, and are in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. This spot was once occupied by a temple, built by Domitian to the goddess Minerva.

On the 21st of April the Romans celebrate the Palilian festival, in honor of Pales, the goddess of shepherds. Everything is done with the idea of reviving the customs of ancient Rome. It is to commemorate the tradition of the shepherds, who discovered the twin sons of the god Mars and the Vestal,

Rhea Sylvia, Romulus and Remus, being nursed by a wolf on the Palatine Hill, where they afterwards began the wall that was Rome's foundation.

After our thanksgiving for a safe journey and the privilege of visiting Rome, we turn across another street, and are in front of the Pantheon. This place was the Campus Martius. The building, now known as St. Mary of the Martyrs, was built by Agrippa, whose name is cut in great letters over the portico. "To the honor of all the gods." A Pantheon. We gaze in awe at this great circular structure, and pass into the portico, forty-four feet wide and one hundred and ten feet long, supported by sixteen columns. The Popes have had repairs made since the temple was changed from Pagan to Christian worship. The immense dome is roofless, and the interior is lighted in this way; the floor gently sloping, soon carries off the rain. The niches around the wall, where Agrippa had statues of heathen deities, are now occupied by altars. The tomb of Raphael is here, who willed the statue of the Madonna on the altar, and near by is also the tomb of his promised wife, who died before he did. The tomb of Victor Emmanuel was much noted by the parties visiting, and was covered with wreaths. Many relics of the martyrs are here preserved. The bronze doors are the same placed here by Agrippa at the building of this temple, twenty-

seven years before Christ. The Column of Trajan commemorates his deeds by bas reliefs in spiral bands, and the study of them is the study of his life and his love by his people. He liked the society of literary men, and was the friend of Pliny and Tacitus. Among the most noted obelisks was that on the Piazza del Popolo, brought here by Augustus and raised in honor of Apollo. Hawthorne says: "This red granite obelisk is the oldest of old things in Rome, and all assume a visionary character when we think that this monument supplied one of the recollections which Moses and the Israelites bore from Egypt into the desert. Perchance on beholding it they whispered, awe struck, to one another: 'In its shape it is like that old obelisk which we and our fathers have so often seen on the borders of the Nile'; and now that very obelisk, with hardly a trace of decay on it, is the first thing that a modern traveler sees on entering the Flaminian Gate." The obelisk of the Lateran was brought here by Constantine from a temple of the sun at Heliopolis, where it stood in honor of Pharaoh Thotmes Fourth a hundred and seventy-four years before Christ. Another obelisk from the same place was brought by Caligula, and stands in a piazza in front of St. Peter's. On the occasion of its removal from where he placed it to this spot, over three hundred years ago, the incident

occurred which James Meline graphically relates. Owing to the immensity of the undertaking, in which nine hundred workmen were engaged, strict silence among the spectators had been commanded, that the orders of those in charge might be heard and there should be no distractions. Meline says:

"Suddenly this silence was broken by a shrill cry, 'Wet the ropes!' Smoke had been issuing from them, and they were about to catch fire when the warning came. The warning cry was uttered by a Genoese woman named Bresca, whose presence of mind was equaled by her courage, for the threatened penalty of breaking silence was death. As a recompense for her brave disobedience, she obtained for herself and her descendants the privilege of furnishing the palms used at St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, and her family preserve the monopoly to this day."

The broken obelisk in front of the Pantheon is from the Temple of Isis.

Many of the triumphal arches have been demolished. Among those remaining we noticed one of Drusus, to celebrate victories over the Germans near the time of the Christian era. The Arch of Constantine, erected in 312, is a study of history in bas reliefs, and is well preserved, while that of Titus commemorates the destruction of Jerusalem, and bears bas reliefs of the Jewish captives bearing the treasures to Rome, including the golden candlesticks.

The Roman baths are a marvel of former magnificence. They were numerous, and were the resorts of

the fashionables of the day. At the Diocletian Bath three thousand bathers were accommodated at one time. The ruins of the baths of Caracalla, on the Appian Way, give evidence of the high state of perfection to which these things were brought. Libraries, paintings, statuary, gardens, and fountains of hot and cold water, mosaic pave — all show the luxurious living of old Roman times. Here one thousand six hundred bathers had room at one time. The aqueducts brought water for miles to the city, and were stupendous structures; one dating back three hundred and twelve years before the Christian era.

On an artificial lake in Caesar's garden, Augustus gave sea fights, in which three thousand men engaged. During one period three hundred and thirty-three million gallons daily were served free to the people, and five hundred and ninety-one open reservoirs contained water for all who came to carry it away. Fountains are on every hand, with their copious flows of water. Sewerage system or drainage was so finely engineered that the walls still remain as firm as when built, nearly twenty-five hundred years ago; one is in perfect order. Over seventeen hundred years ago Pliny wrote of this work: "Seven streams are emptied into this channel and sweep like a torrent; and when storm waters are added, the walls shake. The Tiber rises and is beaten back; earth-

quakes cause the place to tremble; great weights are carried through, yet the work stands uninjured. A monument to antiquity, which is too often unnoticed." Pliny describes Rome as a city suspended in the air, on account of her fine sewerage. Truly the Romans builded for eternity. One wall, likewise erected twenty-five hundred years ago, being required to be removed for a railway, could only be stirred by blasting. Their roads, constructed centuries ago, wherever their conquests led them into Germany or Britain, still remain perfect. The Appian Way, "the queen of roads," fifteen feet wide and over a hundred miles long, is a marvel of road building. At the Forum we paused among the ruins. The graceful pillars, which once supported the Temple of Saturn, are from nearly five hundred years before Christ. Excavations have brought much to light: Three pillars remain of the Temple of Castor and Pollux; the Basilica Julia; and the rostrum where Marc Antony delivered his oration over the dead body of Caesar, and Virginius slew his daughter. The head of Cicero hung here after his murder by order of Antony. At one end stood the "Golden Milestone," from whence, as mistress of the world, Rome computed distances to other parts. A tomb is here, regarded as that of Romulus. The Vestal Temple is still beautiful. We visited the theater of

Marcellus, built thirteen years before Christ. It is near the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter. We were conducted through the immense parts, still preserved, and over the arches the smoke still marks the destruction of Rome by fire under Nero. There remains of it chiefly the great semicircle of the auditorium, a double arcade. Our guide bade us look up what seemed an immense chimney, and told us that criminals were sometimes cast down here.

Above the ruins of the old theater the palace of the Orsini family stands, while on the streets in the old arches workmen of different trades keep hammer and saw at work. Here was also once the Cenci Palace, and we were shown the room of the ill fated Beatrice, whose tomb is in St. Petro in Montorio.

The Tarpeian Rock, down which criminals were once hurled, did not appear so formidable. Hawthorne's romance makes attractive to tourists Hilda's Tower, where a lamp was ever kept burning. The bronze Aurelius, said to be the finest equestrian statue in the world, stands on a public square.

We cross the yellow Tiber on a bridge built seventeen hundred years ago by Hadrian, as a path to the magnificent mausoleum he erected for his sepulture. It has been repaired and added to, but the original arches remain. The tomb was once surmounted by a statue of Hadrian, and other statues stood around

the walls, but these were cast down on the Gothic invaders in 537. Where Hadrian's statue stood is now the figure of an angel sheathing his sword, and the tomb is now the Castle of St. Angelo. The statue was erected in memory of an apparition beheld by Pope Gregory in 590, while leading a procession to St. Peter's to pray for the cessation of the plague. The Church of St. Gregory is in honor of the saint who, in the beginning of the seventh century, went as a missionary to Great Britain. Montalembert said: "Where is the Englishman who can contemplate, without emotion, this corner of the great world, from which he received the Faith, the name of Christian, and the Bible of which he is so proud!"

The golden house of Nero was built by the tyrant over the immense space, to obtain which, in A.D. 64. the great fire was employed to sweep the grounds he desired to occupy. This house is proven by archaeologists to have occupied nearly a square mile. There were gardens, baths, lakes, fountains and temples, and he had his own statue of colossal size in bronze. The tiles of his roof were plated with gold. Titus and others took pains to destroy this tyrant's work, and now, after eighteen hundred years, little remains of this crowning piece of vanity of Nero's life. He presumed too far on even the luxury-loving people, and at last they revolted, and his downfall came; and as

he drank the poisoned cup, he exclaimed: "What an artist the world loses in me!" Under Nero the fiercest persecutions raged. The Christians were sewed in the skins of wild beasts to be worried by dogs, or covered with pitch and set up to light the city.

The Coliseum! What a monument to the builders of ancient Rome!

> "We stood within the Colosseum's walls
> Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome.
> Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
> But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
> A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

The Amphitheater occupies six acres of ground, and this is surrounded by four stories of arches. The arena could be flooded with water for mock naval battles, but here on these sands gladiators fought, wild animals were turned loose upon each other, and these ancient walls have echoed the cry: "The Christians to the lions!" Our guide broke from a step a piece of brick as hard as flint, and I thought of the toiling captive Jews, who under Titus were forced to give their labor to this massive work. After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, many thousand Jews were taken captive to Rome, and these were compelled to labor on the construction of this stupendous affair. The cost might not be estimated, but Titus

is said to have turned to it the course of a river of gold. It would seat eighty-seven thousand people. One of the early martyrs was the holy Bishop, St. Ignatius. Cast to the wild beasts in the arena, he prayed: "I am the grain of the Lord, to be ground by the teeth of the lions, in order to be made the bread of Christ." We felt that indeed we stood on sacred ground, consecrated by the blood of martyrs, from the aged Bishop, through strong manhood, delicate womanhood, to the crimson tide from the brave hearts of innocent maidenhood and infancy. The last martyr of the Coliseum was the pious monk, Telemachus, in the year 404. Entering Rome, he followed the crowd to the arena, where the Calends of January were to be inaugurated, and as the games had not commenced, his presence was noted for its quiet manner, and conjectures were many as to his identity. The gladiators entered and the fierce combats began, but Telemachus, seized with horror, leaped from his place, sprang between the combatants, and whirled them apart. The wildest frenzy possessed the spectators, while the gladiators stood in wonder as at the sight of a superior being. The holy monk endeavored to address the people, but in their rage they tore up benches and cast upon him with whatever missiles came to hand, and kneeling on the sands, he expired, a martyr. The Emperor

Honorius suppressed the inhuman sport, and thus the sacrifice of Telemachus was accepted in heaven.

A ring of tall masts once rose above the walls for the support of awnings, and the immense blocks of travertine were held together by iron clamps instead of mortar. Great holes show where these fastenings have been wrenched away for use elsewhere. For many years it was used for a quarry, from which material was carried for other buildings, but the later Popes have endeavored to protect, and in some places restored sufficiently to prevent further decay. We saw the cages where wild beasts had been, and the rooms for the gladiators to await their call to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Precious indeed is this place to Christian faith! The arena had a cross erected in the center, and the stations of the Cross around it, but the government under Victor Emmanuel had all these removed, and there are no more religious processions, no more open-air preaching.

The venerable Prisoner of the Vatican remains, and receives within his walls the homage of his people. There his life is spent in prayer for them and the return of Faith, whilst against the "rock of Peter" beat wildly, but vainly, the waves of heresy, unbelief and persecution, secure in the Divine promise, that "the gates of hell shall never prevail against

her." From the walls of the Coliseum, as other venerable ruins, the clinging vines have been torn away, depriving them of the picturesque appearance they presented in Mother Nature's mantle. One recalls the lines:

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

But who would attempt to do justice to this one spot in Rome! Goethe wrote: "One should have a hundred hands to write, for what can a single pen do here? All else seems little, so vast is this; one can not hold the image in one's soul. We return each time to find it greater than before. When I leave Rome I shall wish I were still coming to it."

The Capitoline Hill was a citadel, and near here are the ruins of the Temple Concordia, where Camillus, General and Dictator, weary of contentions, vowed and built a temple to the newly created divinity.

A pious writer says of the palaces of Rome, "Scarcely a trace of personality of pagan life remains," and contrasts them with the dreary Mamertine Prison, where we saw the water still running which sprang at the command of the apostle to baptize his jailer converts; where Peter and Paul suffered, and on the side of the wall, descending into

the dungeon, protected by an iron grill, remains the impress of St. Peter's face, miraculously preserved, where the soldiers had rudely crushed him against the stone. In the church above, of St. Peter in Prison, especial prayers are offered for deliverance from violent death.

At the home of St. Alessio is seen the decaying stairway under which he lived for seventeen years, a disguised beggar in his patrician father's house. So hundreds and hundreds of personal surroundings of the saints remain. Passing out of St. Paul's gate through the walls, we note a pyramid to our right, which is the tomb of Caius Cestius, praetor, priest and tribune, who died twelve years before the Christian era. Along this Appian Way have passed many triumphal processions returning to Rome after conquests, laden with treasures, and their prisoners chained to their chariot wheels. Here, among others, came Palmyra's captive queen, Zenobia. And these stones have been pressed by the feet of the apostles and the fleeing Christians. Tombs crowd both sides of the way. The family vault of the Scipios is noted, but the "Scipios' tombs contain no ashes now." Here once rested the remains of Barnatus, the great grandfather of Scipio Africanus, who pursued Hannibal into Africa two hundred years before Christ, but Barnatus died in exile.

Two hundred and eighteen years before Christ, Hannibal crossed the Alps, far south. This was a wonderful achievement, as he had to fight his way across the land before reaching the mountains. He started with ninety thousand foot soldiers and twelve thousand horsemen and a large number of elephants. The winter was at hand, yet he accomplished his purpose. It is well to recall here the achievements of the philosopher Archimedes, six years later, who at the siege of Syracuse set fire to the ships of the Romans by means of burning glasses, concentrating the sun's rays, and his construction of powerful engines of war, which aided in the defense of the city. Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, was the father of the noble lady, Cornelia, whose womanly virtues have shone down through the ages, and whose elegant accomplishments made her home a center for the assembly of learned people. Withal, her children were her "jewels," and at her death a statue was erected in her honor, with the simple inscription, "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

We stopped at a modest little chapel by the roadside, built to commemorate the scene where Peter, fleeing from persecution, met our Divine Lord, and, in surprise at the apparition, cried: "Domine, quo vadis?"—"Lord, where goest Thou?" The Lord replied: "I return to be crucified in thy place"; but

Peter, stricken with remorse, turned back, and suffered, head downward, by his own wish, as unworthy to be crucified like his Master. The impress of the Sacred Feet was left on the Way, but was removed, and is on the altar in San Sebastian Church. A facsimile remains here, carved in marble, and surrounded by an iron railing. Two frescoes on the wall keep in mind the incident, also a copy of Michael Angelo's "Christ Bearing His Cross," as St. Peter met Him.

The Arch of Drusus, near by, is the most ancient of all the arches built in his honor, and along this Way his body was carried, to be buried by his stepfather, Augustus. It was written of this period: "At the moment when Drusus was throwing bridges across the Rhine and cutting roads through the Black Forest, it was time to make haste. For ten years later a town of Judea would give birth to Him whose disciples were to pass along these roads and complete the destruction of barbarism."

Now we enter beneath a gateway and ruined tomb and pass dark cypress trees, along a foot-walk, up to a little building, where Trappist monks guard the entrance of the catacombs of St. Calixtus. As we register our names from Kentucky, before starting on the descent, the English-speaking monk smiles and says: "Ah, yes, Kentucky — we have there a house!" and seemed much interested, for at Gethsemane, in

Kentucky, is their retreat. We received our tapers, and followed him with awe down the steps to the sacred way of the early Christians and martyrs. So sacred is even the dust of the tombs, now merely empty niches, that no one may remove a particle, under pain of excommunication. Numerous pent houses, roofed with glass, stand about the fields for air and light for the larger chambers. The heart is thrilled with sacred emotions on descending into these repositories of the ancient Christian dead. As we passed, taper in hand, among the silent, empty tombs, we thought of the fleeing Christians, who here in secresy attended the Divine Sacrifice, entering through hidden paths known only to the faithful, but even then often surprised and dragged to torture and death by the pagan soldiery.

We are indebted mainly to the efforts of Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, for organizing, in 1851, a Commission of Archaeology, headed by the great scientist, De Rossi, and composed of greatly learned men, to conduct, in a systematic manner, researches in the catacombs, thus enriching the world with the relics of the past. These galleries are estimated to comprise three hundred and fifty miles, and with their many windings and turnings form many a labyrinth, into which none dare enter without a guide. Devoted to the burial of Christian dead, the inscriptions

read of hope, of prayers for the souls, of the symbols of faith. Alas! for the scoffer who would enter these sacred precincts. Dead, indeed, to the workings of Divine Grace the heart that would not here bow in humble adoration, and concede the consoling practice of prayers for the dead. Our guide frequently directed us to hold our tapers to some inscriptions and faint frescoes of pious, symbolical nature on the walls. What other proof need one require than a visit to the catacombs, that the Church of to-day is exactly the same as in the time of her Divine Founder? We stood where the body of St. Cecilia had been laid. The pagan rulers desired to desecrate the tombs of the martyrs, so the early Christians often filled them up to conceal them; and here St. Cecilia was found in the beginning of the ninth century. The fresco of St. Peter baptizing is frequent, and everywhere the fish, symbolizing Christ Himself, and bread, the Holy Eucharist. Again, a mother and child in arms, the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Infant; Jonah and the whale, typifying our Lord lying in the grave three days; the raising of Lazarus, the dove, and a prayer for rest and peace. Our guide took our rosaries and pressed them into a little place where the blood of a martyr had been in a vial, as their tombs were always thus marked. As we emerged in the open air we noted a storm ap-

proaching, and hurried to shelter, and while waiting for the wind and rain to subside, added some mementoes of our visit to our very interesting lot of souvenirs.

Farther on, above us on the hill, stood an immense round structure, the tomb of a noble, virtuous matron, Cecilia Metella, the wife of the triumvirate, Licinus Crassus, who fell in battle fifty-three years before Christ. Of this Byron wrote:

> "There is a stern round tower of other days,
> Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone.
> What was this tower of strength! Within its cave
> What treasure lay so locked? A woman's grave.
> I know not why, but standing thus by thee
> It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
> Thou tomb, and other days come back to me
> With recollected music."

Returning, we stopped at the Church of San Sebastian, in honor of the young soldier, who, under Diocletian, won the palm of marytrdom by being shot with arrows. Being left for dead, his body was borne to the house of a Christian, who revived him, and again he appeared to the tyrant, who ordered him to be clubbed to death and cast into the great sewer. A charitable woman beheld him in a vision and recovered his body, which was regarded as a sacred trust, and over his tomb the first Christian

Emperor, Constantine, erected a basilica. To those who have read the beautiful stories of those days the Campagna will present great interest. Sometimes an innocent youth would be selected to carry the Holy Eucharist, unsuspected, to the fugitive clergy for the sick or dying, in order to escape the fierce persecutions, and in the catacombs rested the ashes of at least one young, faithful messenger; suspected, but dumb to the questioners, he suffered death rather than betray his Sacred Treasure. Pope Damasus wrote his epitaph, which, being translated, reads:

"Christ's secret gifts, by good Tarcisius borne,
The mob profanely bade him to display.
He rather gave his own limbs to be torn,
Than Christ's celestial to mad dogs betray."

In Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* such scenes are depicted. The tomb of Seneca is on the Appian Way, and here also stood the villa in which he suicided. So we turn to the city wrapt in dreams of what we have witnessed and dazed with the beauty of the scene. The Alban and Sabine hills in the background, the line of the sea afar off, the mists, purple and gold, over the Campagna — "the moon is up, but yet it is not night; sunset divides the sky with her." The soft tinkle of a bell occasionally, the peasants returning to their homes from labor in

their picturesque costumes — all is like a dream we do not wish to speak.

Another day we go out to visit St. Paul's outside the Walls, and the "Three Fountains." On the road to the basilica is a chapel marking the separation of Saints Peter and Paul, when the latter addressed St. Peter: "Peace be with thee, foundation of the church and shepherd of all the lambs of Jesus Christ." At the Three Fountains is shown the pillar on which St. Paul was beheaded. His head bounded three times, and on each spot a fountain sprung up. Over each fountain stands an altar bearing the head in relief. Here on the 29th of June, in the year 66, St. Paul "bore his testimony and grasped his crown." His body lies beneath the altar of St. Paul's outside the Walls, a most magnificent and modern appearing church, although the foundation dates back to Constantine. It was burned, and restored in its present appearance. A miraculous crucifix is here, and here St. Ignatius Loyola and his disciples received the Order of the Jesuits in 1541. Above the columns are mosaic portraits of every Pope, from St. Peter to the present Leo XIII. During our visit the English pilgrimage was also here in procession, and as they approached the High Altar and stood to intone the Credo, the walls gave back the echoes in tones that thrilled the Christian heart. Here, over eighteen

hundred years ago, the martyred Paul was laid, and now, after the lapse of centuries, come people from every clime to bear testimony to the very same doctrines taught by their Divine Master. No change — the Church is immutable! So great has been the veneration for this spot that when the fire of 1823 demolished the first buildings, foreign rulers, both Christian and otherwise, sent offerings to rebuild it. The Pasha of Egypt gave four columns of Oriental alabaster; the Emperor Nicholas of Russia sent precious malachite. Constantine's first care was to provide for the tombs of the apostles, and with his own hands always broke the first ground. About the church of the Three Fountains the eucalyptus trees grow thickly, and are all along the Campagna. Much has been redeemed of this great plain by reason of planting by the monks of these malaria killing trees. The leaves are long and slender, and much used in preparation of medicines and germ-destroying preparations. "Santa Croce in Jerusalem" contains precious relics of the Passion of our Lord. It was founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, who brought from the Holy Land a part of the true cross, one of the nails, two of the thorns, and the title which the Jews placed over our Savior's head.

We have, meanwhile, made daily visits to St. Peter's, and been privileged to attend confession

and receive Holy Communion, hoping to obtain the Jubilee indulgence. Now we go, kneeling, in at the "Golden Door," and at each side stands a priest with extended rod, which we kiss as an act of humility. Only those who have visited St. Peter's can form an idea of the emotion that possesses one on entering this place. Approaching it through the great piazza, or square, we note on each side the grand colonnades, each containing four rows of columns forty-eight feet high, which a pious writer describes as seeming "like the arms of Holy Mother Church opening to receive her children, coming to her from all lands, while the fountains seem to welcome them." Over the door is St. Peter kneeling at the feet of our Savior, who raises him from sinking in the water, when attempting to walk to meet his Master.

Michael Angelo's "Pieta" touches the heart, as we see the Blessed Virgin with her dead Son on her knees, a fitting introduction to the greatest Christian sanctuary in the world. Lifting the padded leathern curtain, we noted a slab of red porphyry, on which the Christian emperors were crowned. Marion Crawford thus describes the entrance to the church:

"The heavy leathern curtain falls by its own weight, and the air is suddenly changed. A hushed, half rhythmic sound as of a world breathing in its sleep makes the silence alive. There is a blue and hazy atmospheric distance up in the cupola, a

twelfth of a mile above the pavement. The Church is, in a manner, one of Time's great milestones. Its mere name associates it forever with the existence of Christianity from the earliest time."

Straight up the main aisle we go to the tomb of the first of the apostles, the one to whom the Divine Founder of our Faith committed His Church. "Lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep, feed My lambs." Above the High Altar, around the dome, in letters six feet in length, are the words of our Savior, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." In the aisle is a statue of St. Peter, sitting, and holding in his hand the keys, and, like all Catholics, we paused to kiss the foot worn by the touch of thousands. There are many tombs of the Popes, each a gem of art. That of St. Peter is beneath the High Altar, and here nearly a hundred lamps are kept burning. At the altar Mass is read only by the Pope. This grand altar, under the grandest of domes, is a monument as nearly worthy its object as human skill, enthused by deepest piety, could produce. Presumptuous indeed would be the pen that would attempt a description of this shrine, to do it justice. Christian Reid beautifully says:

"Here burn the golden lamps like faithful hearts, and cluster the most glorious memories as well as the most sacred traditions of faith. To this basilica, founded by Constantine, came pilgrims from the then uttermost parts of the earth.

"There came the proud emperors of the East, Theodosius and Valentinian; there came Cedwalla, fair-haired King of the West Saxons, praying for baptism; there came Ina of Wessex, and Carloman of France, and many another royal pilgrim, until the greatest of all, Charlemagne, knelt to be crowned by Christ's Vicar. And there, in the last year of the reign of Leo IV., Ethelwolf, King of the Anglo-Saxons, came also to be crowned, having with him his son of six years, a child who carried from the Apostle's tomb grace to make him blessed in his land, as Alfred of England."

The mosaics are really dreams. On some of them twenty years of labor were consumed, being copies of the best masters in painting, the tiny bits of glass, with their exquisite colorings, reproducing the painter's art. Great and wonderful St. Peter's! And we saw it under such favorable auspices, in the Holy Year, when people of every clime on earth came to pay honors, called by the silvery trumpets echoing the voice of him who is the successor of Peter, who was the successor of Jesus Christ.

We go yet to visit where St. Peter was crucified, "San Pietro in Montorio." Passing through the chapel of St. Francis, containing the tomb of Beatrice Cenci and two Irish Catholics banished by Elizabeth, Hugh O'Neill and the Earl of Tyrconnel, we enter a court containing a small temple, supported on columns. There is a statue of the saint, and in the center of the floor an opening, over which a lamp is

suspended, by which we could see the golden sand in which was planted the cross on which, by Nero's orders, St. Peter suffered, head downward. The custodian dipped up some of the sand and gave us a little.

Emerging again in the open air, we paused to enjoy the view. The whole city lay before us, and we noted the places we had visited, and had pointed out to us many of which we had not time to visit, among them the Church of Ara Coeli, where an ancient sybil had prophesied, "A Virgin should be a mother," and where the tomb of St. Helena is; San Andrea del Fratte, where the Jew Ratisbonne was miraculously converted and became a priest, and hundreds of others, to visit which and learn of their histories would require months of study. From here we see again the Pyramid of Cestius, behind which is the beautiful English cemetery, where lie William and "gentle Mary Howitt," who became a Catholic. Of this cemetery Shelley wrote, on the occasion of Keats' death: "It might make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place." Poor Keats, sensitive, sad and invalid, once wrote: "I could lie down like a tired child and weep away the life of care which I have borne, and yet must bear till death, like sleep, might steal on me." Dying of a broken heart at twenty-five, he requested that his epitaph read: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Not

long after his death Shelley, who had gone to welcome his friend Leigh Hunt to Italy, was drowned, and when his body was recovered, a volume of Keats was found in his pocket. He was cremated, his heart placed here by Lord Byron, who inscribed on his tomb: "Cor Cordium — heart of hearts."

At the Church of St. Agatha, in the Irish College, is preserved the heart of O'Connell. Although coming to Rome as tourists, we endeavored to obey the injunction laid on pilgrims to visit the four great Basilicas. This should properly be done on foot, but we may not be able to do this, so we drive from one to another. First to St. Mary Maggiore. Tradition says this place was designated as a shrine to the Blessed Virgin by a fall of snow on the 5th of August. Among the precious relics is the true crib in which our Savior lay in Bethlehem, recovered in the Holy Land by St. Helena, who encased it in silver. In 624, to escape Mohammedan rage, it was brought to Rome and deposited here, where it has since been, covered with magnificent casing by two noble ladies. It is exposed for veneration on Christmas Eve. The mosaics here are very rich. The arch over the High Altar commemorates the decision of the Council of Ephesus in 431, declaring Mary to be the Mother of God, and the other mosaics represent the honors due her as such. This church should be of great interest

and very dear to Americans for the reason I shall name. The first gold which Columbus received in the new land of his discovery was duly given to Ferdinand and Isabella, who in turn gave it to Pope Alexander VI. This he had beaten into thinnest leaf, and covered with it the entire ceiling of St. Mary Maggiore. Contemplating the beautiful paintings of the Madonna, I am reminded of many of the tributes that Protestants have paid to her, whose name causes the pious heart to thrill with joy. Hawthorne, whose daughter and her husband, years after, became Catholics, makes Hilda say: "A Christian girl, even a daughter of the Puritans, may surely pay honor to the idea of divine Womanhood." Personally he says: "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting something of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshiper more intelligently to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness." Ruskin said: "There has not, probably, been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe, during the whole period of Christianity, in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and sorest trials of woman; and every bright-

est and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite Maiden: 'He that is mighty has magnified me, and holy is His Name.'"

Some years ago Viscount Halifax, defending ritualistic practice in the Church of England, said: "Shall we allow the figures of our Lord on the Cross and His blessed Mother to be torn down from above the altar of St. Paul's? We rejoiced when the Dean and Canons had placed them there, that as we look on One, we may think on all He has done for us, and as we look at the figure of God's dear Mother, we may recall her who is crowned with all glory and honor, and who alone of all God's creatures has dared to say, 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.'" Lord Byron wrote:

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft!
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint, dying day hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son above!"

Longfellow, writing of Italy, says:

"This is, indeed, the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the blood-stained hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present.
And even as children who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet, not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes."

One verse from the beautiful poem of Sir Walter Scott:

"Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer.
Thou canst hear, though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe we sleep beneath thy care —
Though banished, outcast and reviled —
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother! hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!"

These are but a few of the many such from hearts that instinctively feel the need of that divine Mother love, groping with outstretched hand, like children in the dark, crying, "Mother, Mother!"

From here we proceed to Scala Santa, the holy stairs from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, brought by St. Helena to Rome. Up these our Blessed Savior toiled, and His blood sanctified them. They are protected by a board covering, and up here Catholics, or persons who revere holy things, ascend on their knees with prayers. We embraced the sacred privilege with emotions impossible to be described.

St. John Lateran, the Cathedral Church of Rome, bears on its front the inscription, "The mother and head of all the churches." The name Lateran comes from the early owner of the land, Senator Plautius Lateranus. Opposing Nero, he was put to death, his estate seized, and when Diocletian ascended the throne, he gave this to his daughter Fausta, the wife of Constantine. Out of gratitude for his cure of leprosy and his conversion to Christianity, Constantine broke the ground with his own hands, and here erected a basilica. The statues were of solid silver, the sacred vessels of gold, with precious stones. Earthquake and fire injured it to such an extent that in 1362 Urban V. restored it as it now stands. The mosaics are priceless; one alone was repaired by order of the Holy Father at the cost of a million. Here might be cause for remark among those not of our communion, as in early days, "this might have been

given to the poor"; but they do not understand that we desire ever to have a temple worthy of the Sacred Presence, which ever abides in the Catholic Church, and to such work have pious men and women devoted their talents, genius, time and treasure, pouring out love and labor like Magdalen's precious ointment.

At St. Onofrio's Monastery, where he died, are preserved mementoes of the Christian poet, Tasso, author of "Jerusalem Delivered." Called to receive the laurel crown by Pope Clement VIII., he died before the time for the ceremony, fortified by the consoling Sacraments. His last words were: "Into Thy hands, O Lord." Recognizing his approaching dissolution, he said: "Behold, the laurel crown I was to receive has been changed to a better one in heaven." On the three hundredth anniversary of his death, which occurred in April, 1595, literary men all over the world joined in spirit as well as act with the celebration in Rome in his honor. A scrap from a paper six years old I have just read on this event. One verse from his immortal work is exquisite; I almost hold my breath in reading it. It is this:

"'Tis eve; 'tis night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world;— winds, waters are at peace;
The beasts lie crouched, amid unstirring woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;
No twittering bird sings farewell from the trees.

Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;
Beneath her gloom, a glad oblivion frees
The heart from care, its weary labors o'er,
Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core."

In the Sistine Chapel we note the "Last Judgment," the famed picture which Michael Angelo was eight years in painting. The work is magnificent, and by the aid of opera glasses we studied the ceilings. So on through the galleries, with their bewildering array of art, crowned by the "Transfiguration" of Raphael. Like many other seizures of Napoleon, it was returned to Rome after his downfall.

The audience set by the Holy Father for the English pilgrims is close at hand, and we desire admittance to the presence of Leo XIII., the venerable Pontiff, whose great age and increasing infirmities make it ever more difficult to see him. But our visit to Rome would be crowned by the sight of the visible head of the Church; so we go to the American College to present our letter of introduction, hoping not only to meet the honorable President, but to obtain cards of admission to the audience; but, alas! we only learn that he is out of the city and the time of his return uncertain. Our disappointment is great, but we pray earnestly that some way may be found, and in this faith we look over our baggage for a proper costume. The days are passing, and as we see others

with all arrangements made, we scarcely feel that envy in such a case would be wrong, for it might be called a holy envy; but, all unknown to us, friends had arisen around us, and, unsolicited by us, applications had been made in different directions, induced by compassion for the American ladies. So, only thirty minutes before the appointed hour, behold, tickets! Seldom have ladies made so hasty and so complete toilets for so rare an occasion. The carriage we had ordered for a drive to another place served for this, and honored by the escort of a certain Monsignore, whose acquaintance we were so fortunate as to have made, we happily started to join the throng of English-speaking pilgrims. Through the curious streets, across the yellow Tiber, by the Castle of St. Angelo, we proceed up to the right colonnade approaching the Vatican. Alighting and passing in the entrance, up the long stairs and hall, and stairs again, the Scala Regia; the Swiss guards, in their picturesque costumes designed by Michael Angelo, recognizing the purple silk robes of our escort and saluting him, we at last reach seats and rest, while enjoying the sight, quite comfortable in the reflection that our own trailing black, with lace mantilla, is quite elegant and correct after such hasty preparation. To our American eyes all was very strange. The black,

red, purple and lace-robed clergy, the different Orders in white or brown robes, the Babel of tongues — all combined to engage our attention during the wait for the arrival of His Holiness. Presently, from our position near the High Altar, we note, far down the church, a stir among the crowd. Every eye is expectantly turned; a hum of voices rises into a roar: "Viva il Papa! Viva il Papa!" The cry is taken up around us, and we see advancing a frail figure clothed in snowy white, borne on a throne, and surrounded by guards. The dark, speaking eyes, the true windows of the soul, seem starry bright; the emaciated form, crowned with silvery hair, is slowly borne, swaying, through the crowd, dispensing benedictions, and at last the chair is lowered to the ground in front of the altar, and the venerable Pontiff slowly rises and kneels on the steps for a short time, while the thousands of voices take up the familiar hymns for the occasion. The sight was tear-compelling. Here at last we have the extreme privilege of seeing the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, the grandest character on earth, Leo XIII.—"Lumen in Cœlo." Aged, feeble, his rights usurped, his very liberty restrained, from the ends of the earth come loyal hearts to do him homage. At length he rises and feebly ascends the altar steps, and turning, bestows the

Benediction, which falls on all hearts with soothing balm. Kneeling thus at the tomb of Peter, in the Jubilee year, we feel that we have indeed been blessed.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims were thus received, and as Leo XIII. re-ascended his throne and was borne away, the cheers again rose. mingled with singing, and hats and handkerchiefs were frantically waved. One sturdy Briton by my side, with tears on his rugged face, seemed possessed of Stentor's voice, and in spite of my own enthusiasm, I was relieved when he carried his "Vivas" after the crowd which followed the receding form of him who should bear the title of "King of Rome." It belongs to him by right of conquest of this part of the country, and its gift to the Church by Pepin le Bref in 755, and confirmed by Charlemagne. Recalling the words of Pope Gregory VII.: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," — Leo XIII. once wrote:

> "I have loved justice, therefore have I borne
> Conflict and labor, plot and biting scorn.
> Guardian of Faith, for Christ's dear sake would I
> Suffer with gladness and in prison die."

Our visit to Rome was crowned by this day, and we sigh at the thought of leaving, but we expect to first visit the charmed fountain of Trevi, to drink the waters which "insure us to come again." Terribly

fascinating are the records of ancient Rome. What now avail the luxuries, fame and glory of the pagan emperors! Each of their rulings seemed more oppressive than the last; their names were synonymous with cruelty or drunken folly, as witness Caligula bestowing on his horse the title of Consul. In their vainglory they thought to suppress the new creed, knowing not that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church; little thinking that in eighteen hundred years from all over the world would flock the hated Christians to reverence the successor of Peter, whose followers were once hunted through the Catacombs.

To-day rises, fair and prosperous, a college for instruction by a people from the then undreamed of Western world. Proud are we to be represented here! An American institute blossoming among the ruins of the dead past! Here may our youth be trained in the atmosphere of the early Church, the seeds of learning sown here to grow and blossom and bear fruit worthy of the planting in far away America, or wherever the voice of the Church may call the young Levite.

Commenting on the contrast between pagan and Christian Rome, Cardinal Manning once wrote: "And now the Vicar of the Prince of Peace holds here his court, and offers, over the tomb of the apostle, the

unbloody sacrifice of our Redemption. The legions of Rome have given way before a people who have never lifted a hand in war. They have taken the city of the Caesars, and hold it to this day. 'This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith.' The noblest spectacle on earth is an unarmed man, whom all the world can not bend, by fear or favor. Such a man is, essentially, above all worldly powers, and such, eminent among the inflexible, is he, the Pontiff."

Cardinal Newman wrote: "I bear my testimony to what has been brought home to me, as a matter of fact, since I have been a Catholic: the Church would rather save the soul of one single bandit of Calabria or whining beggar of Palermo than draw a hundred lines of railroad. She has her mission, and to do it she will, whether she be in rags or fine linen. She is sent to seek the lost, and she will fulfill it. The Church aims not at making a show, but doing a work."

A gifted young writer has paid this tribute to the Church. Referring to the early days of Christianity, he says: "She took her uncouth, barbarous enemy and molded him into the Christian man; of the haughty Gallo, blood-thirsty and revengeful, she made the mild and gentle saint, and by a superhuman power she changed the pagan Clovis into the Chris-

tian King of a Christian people. Touched by the flaxen-haired youth, she sent her teachers to the far-off Angles, and those that had come to conquer carried back the spirit of peace. With the hands of toil she again sowed the wasted fields, and here and there stored up the relics of antiquity, and transcribed the olden writings for future generations. Where war and rapine and desolation had reigned supreme, there sprang forth the blossom of Christian nations."

This was written while commenting on the sublime spectacle of the Roman Pontiff, old and feeble, coming to the gates of Rome bearing only in his hands the cross, to meet the fierce Attila, who proudly boasted he was the "scourge of God and the grass never grew where his horse had once set foot." Accompanied by one hundred and fifty thousand grim warriors, with champing war-horses, glinting spears and clanking shields, impatient for booty, at the sight of Christ's Vicar, Attila and his barbarian horde turned back, and Rome was saved.

But now the time has come for us to continue our journey, and I can no better define my own emotions on leaving Rome than by quoting the following from Crawford, whose writings have dealt so much with the Eternal City:

"Let us part here at the threshold of St. Peter's, not saying farewell to Rome, nor taking leave without hoping to meet

on this consecrated ground again; but since the city lies behind us, region beyond region; memory over memory, legend within legend; and because we have passed through it by steps and by stations, very quickly, yet not thoughtlessly nor irreverently, let us now go, each our way for a time, remembering some of these things, that we may know them better if we meet again. For a man can no more say a last farewell to Rome than he can take leave of eternity. The years move on, but she waits; the cities fall, but she stands; the old races of men lie dead in the track wherein mankind wanders always between two darknesses; yet Rome lives, and her changes are not from life to death as ours are, but from one life to another. A man may live with Rome, laugh with her, dream with her, weep with her, die at her feet; but for him who knows her, there is no good-bye, for she has taken the high seat of his heart and whither he goes, she is with him, in joy or sorrow, with wonder, longing or regret, as the chords of his heart were tuned by his angel in heaven."

A sad incident occurred one day during our stay at the Minerva Hotel. A gentleman who was connected with the English pilgrimage, many of whom were stopping here, had just passed out of the dining-room, and stopped at the office desk to direct a postal-card. Without warning he fell to the floor and expired. The crowd who were passing through dropped to their knees, while a priest and physician hastened to him. He was past human aid, and the rites for the dying were hastily administered, while strangers knelt around him in prayers and tears.

CHAPTER XV.

NAPLES — VESUVIUS — CAPRI — THE BLUE GROTTO — POMPEII — CUSTOMS OF PEOPLE — RETURN THROUGH ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL — PISA — MILAN — TO GERMANY — LAST DAYS ON THE CONTINENT — SAILING — CAPTAIN'S DINNER — FAREWELL — HOME.

Leaving Rome, we reached Naples at half-past one in the afternoon, and found good quarters at the Hotel Vesuve. Here we were right on the water, with the volcano in front of us. We took much interest in watching the cone, which, very quiet now, occasionally sent up a puff of steamy looking smoke. We drove out through the classic grounds, conscious of the enchantment which travelers here must feel. "See Naples and die" would be more to our liking if it read, "See Naples and live," to enjoy daily more of the lovely bay and surroundings. It seemed easy to transport one's self to ancient days, when this vicinity was the resort of the pleasure-seeking Romans. Memories of Nero, Caligula, Tiberius and other tyrants are plentiful. Baiæ was a resort so beautiful that it was regarded a Paradise, while near by, in the Grotto of Posilipo, where is the tomb of Virgil, was

the hell of the poets, the Lake Avernus, the grotto of the Sybils, where Æneas offered sacrifice. Mythological students are here at home. Virgil, Cicero and Pliny lived and wrote here, and the tomb of Agrippa and the villa of Lucullus, or ruins, are shown. It would be impossible, in this space, to enumerate the places of interest in this vicinity, connected also with Christian associations of Saints Paul and Januarius and others. I have taken my New Testament and read, with a heretofore unknown interest, the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles. Our Savior had adjured St. Paul: "Be constant. As thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Later, brought before King Agrippa and permitted to speak, Paul, claiming the rights of a Roman citizen, said: "I appeal to Caesar." His eloquence caused Agrippa to say: "Almost thou persuadest me." Shipped to Rome, he was wrecked on the island of Melita, and for three months testified of Christ to the inhabitants and healed the sick. Continuing to Rome, the brethren met him at the Appii Forum. He lived two years in his own "hired house," preaching the kingdom of God and teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ." In his Epistle to Timothy his words read like a familiar home letter: "Take Mark and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me in the ministry."

A drive around the beautiful horseshoe Bay of Naples, with its waters as blue as the sky, making it sometimes a little doubtful where sky and water meet, took us through much of squalor and deepest poverty, but withal we saw not, in all our sojourn in Italy, the land of the vine, one intoxicated person, but picturesque even in their rags. The little Bambinos looked like the pappooses of the Indians, and the little nurses carried them around, firmly bound in their wrappings like bundles, while the babies, placid-eyed, surveyed their surroundings, as though sensible a protest would be useless. I thought of our own happy, kicking, crowing little ones beyond the sea, and longed to strip the bandages and turn the little feet loose. When they are large enough to be allowed the use of their feet, they are held in leading strings; and I wondered if this faulty system of dressing were not accountable for the many incidents of dwarf legs on large bodies. The little fellows seem born singing, and the clear voices ringing out operatic airs seemed to us rather precocious. Nature is kind indeed to her children here. The soft climate, fertile soil, waters teeming with luscious fish, beauty all around them, make their nature poetic and gentle.

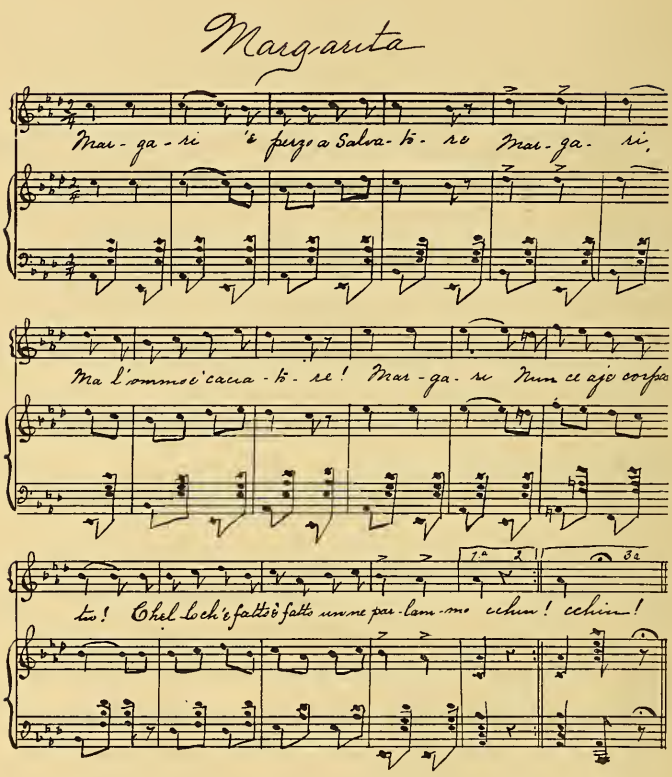
Poor Italy! Groaning under taxes which reach to the humblest, poorest article, no wonder her children look beyond the sea for hope for even life itself!

In Naples we saw the misery of the people demonstrated more than anywhere else. The Lazzaroni have been regarded curiously, but on the authority of a native Italian clergyman, connected with historical societies in our own country, I will state that this class are the lower, called Lazzaroni from their patron saint, Lazarus. They work, have houses and families, and are contented. When they have enough to eat and drink and a few cents to spare to see a punchinello, they seem happier than many who are burdened with money. The devotion of the Neapolitans to St. Januarius is very great. It is here that the miraculous liquefaction of his blood takes place, a fact indisputably proven. When Vesuvius threatens, the relics of the saint are carried in procession to implore his aid.

Near by is the beautiful island of Ischia, which has suffered so much from volcanic eruptions. Soon after the terrible scenes of 1883 I met a young naval lieutenant, whose duties had called him to these waters at that time. He had been of that broad religion which gives no special thought to eternity, but the thrilling scenes then and there, and the untiring devotion of the noble Sisters of Charity and the clergy in caring for the sufferers, awoke his admiration, and he reverted to it so frequently that the im-

pressions on his mind led him to inquire into and embrace the Faith which prompted and supported such heroism.

Capri lies across the Bay, and on the first calm day we boarded the little steamer which bears the tourist to the beautiful Grotto and its historic shores. Where can one find a sheet of water more beautiful than the blue Vesuvian Bay! We enjoyed to the utmost the trip across, and were amused at the pertinacity of the venders of corals, cameos and other pretty trifles. They accepted generally the price offered them, often as a joke, ridiculously low, so that parties were often made owners of what they cared little for. The minstrels, who are everywhere, also accompanied us on board. We regretted that two, with particularly fine voices and dramatic gestures, could not come to our own country to reap the golden harvest which often falls to those of less ability. As we sailed out in the Bay, one turned with feeling attitude to his listeners, and then alternately waving his handkerchief to the shores and pressing it to his eyes, sang "Adieu to Naples"—"Addio bella Napoli." Another favorite song was theirs, but to hear it at its best it must be sung by them with the accompaniment of mandolin, guitar and violin. The chorus runs:


Margarita
Mar - ga - ri è fuzz a Salva - tò - re Mar - ga - ri,
Ma l'ommo è cacca - tò - re! Mar - ga - ri Nun ce ajo corpa
1.° 2.°
tu! Chel lo ch'è fatto è fatto unn'ce pur - lam - mo cchiù! cchiù!

The trip to the Blue Grotto may be made only when the sea is calm, as the entrance under the rocks is so small. Parties have sometimes, after reaching there, been detained by the waves. Arriving at the neighborhood of the Grotto, our little steamer was anchored, and we were at once surrounded by small boats. Only two persons besides the oarsman were

View from the Hotel Veranda, Capri.

permitted to occupy one boat, so F. and G. went in one boat and I in another. Arriving at the entrance, we were bidden to lie down in the boats, and even the oar-locks were removed. A chain is attached to the rocks, which the boatman grasps, watches the waves, and in a moment he is lifted into the cave. What a fairy land! The atmosphere and water were a silvery blue,— the walls, the gently dipping oars—all are an indescribable, heavenly blue. Tiberius is said to have had a secret entrance from above during his residence on the island, where he retired and built twelve palaces, living in the greatest luxury and wickedness. This monster's life is known to every one familiar with Roman history. The great precipice at one end of the island is where he cast his tortured victims into the sea. Emerging from the fairy grotto, we boarded our little vessel, returned to the landing, and soon we were driving up the steep road to the hotel, where our lunch was set out on the veranda, in view of the water, and our little steamer was anchored below us. While enjoying the scene and an appetizing meal, our minstrels came up to us, and sang and played for our entertainment. "Trovatore" seems a favorite, with "Margari" for a change. Then they played "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and I dismissed them, for we did not want to be made homesick. The lunch was followed by a

drive away up on the top of the rocks, where the scenery was most beautiful, and we realized Bayard Taylor's lines:

> " Far, vague and dim the mountains swim,
> While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
> With outstretched hands the gray smoke stands,
> O'erlooking the volcanic lands.
> There Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles,
> And yonder, bluest of the Isles,
> Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates
> Beguiling to her bright estates."

Now we descend to the shore and board our boat, and while waiting for the passengers to assemble, watch the gambols of the boys in the water. Calling our attention with a few words of English, " Signora bella, money, money; that's all right!" we throw some change to them. They go down like fish diving for it, and come up with it between their toes, whence it is quickly transferred to the mouth, and " More money, Signora bella." The boys take to the water like ducks, and their antics are very amusing.

The shores are lined with little boats and fishing smacks and net menders, making a very picturesque scene. As the shore recedes and we turn towards Naples, we see cliffs crowned with forts and castles — Castellamarre especially remarked, standing on a promontory. We must not stop now, for the white-caps are beginning to appear on the waves, and we

keep to our boat till we are landed again at the quay. A night's rest prepared us for a trip to Pompeii, through at first a pretty drive, and presently into a long street, where everybody seemed living on the sidewalks, and away out into the country-like road along the bay. What much attracted us was the manufacture of macaroni. It was hanging on poles to dry in the open air, looking like long rows of yellow bead curtains. I wondered if the festive microbes, bacteria and all other germ-like things infest the air here, and if I shall ever again relish the toothsome dish, after beholding these scenes. It seems in these countries, everything that is not served with tomatoes is flavored with chestnuts. These are very large, and served everywhere steaming hot.

At last we reached Pompeii, and after lunch and rest, eagerly start out to visit the old streets, now silent, which once resounded to the clatter of horses' feet and the roll of chariots, whose wheels left the ruts still marked. To our modern idea of space, bred by life in free America, where we may live without jogging our neighbors' elbows, this ancient style of abode seemed exceedingly cramped, for most of the streets are extremely narrow, having room but for one vehicle; no yards or breathing space, even in the homes of the wealthy, save a little interior court. Still Pompeiian life was luxurious, and we saw many evidences

of it. One house, nearly excavated and well preserved, had been restored sufficiently to give the visitor a good idea of the plans. Much like a Mexican home was this, and flowers had been planted around the pool, and were the only sign of life in this dead city, over which Vesuvius still puffs her deadly smoke, like a crying child which has exhausted its rage and grief, and still sobs convulsively at the remembrance.

The sea once came up to the city gate, the Porto della Marina, but since retired. The casts of many bodies are seen in the local museum. Plaster has been poured into the cavities discovered where animal life has been, thus the molds preserved. Particularly pathetic was the story of a soldier on duty, sternly braving the terrors of that terrible night of the year 79, when Vesuvius belched flame and ashes, and surprised the busy people of Pompeii in their occupations and amusements. Bravely he stood amid that rain of fire, with obedience to his military duty, and now, nearly two thousand years later, the world admires and praises him. Two poor prisoners were found confined in the stocks; the miser clutches his gold; the mother clasps her children; every human sentiment depicted. We saw loaves of bread from the ovens, grain, horses, dogs writhing in agony; rings, keys, lamps, jewelry and boxes, and tear bottles which were placed near cinerary urns. The great jars for

water or oil, perhaps, brought back the story of the forty thieves with Ali Babi, Mustapha, and Morgiana. Stately Minerva still stands guard, broken indeed, but powerless to save the city. The floors in the best houses were curious mosaics; in one place two thousand bits were in a square foot. The Pompeiians had many customs of to-day. On some of the walls we noted what our guide told us were advertisements for the theater, or the announcements for the candidates' names for offices, and "Please vote for him — O. V. F." Some of the caricatures remind us of some of our own mischievous boys' pranks with a piece of chalk.

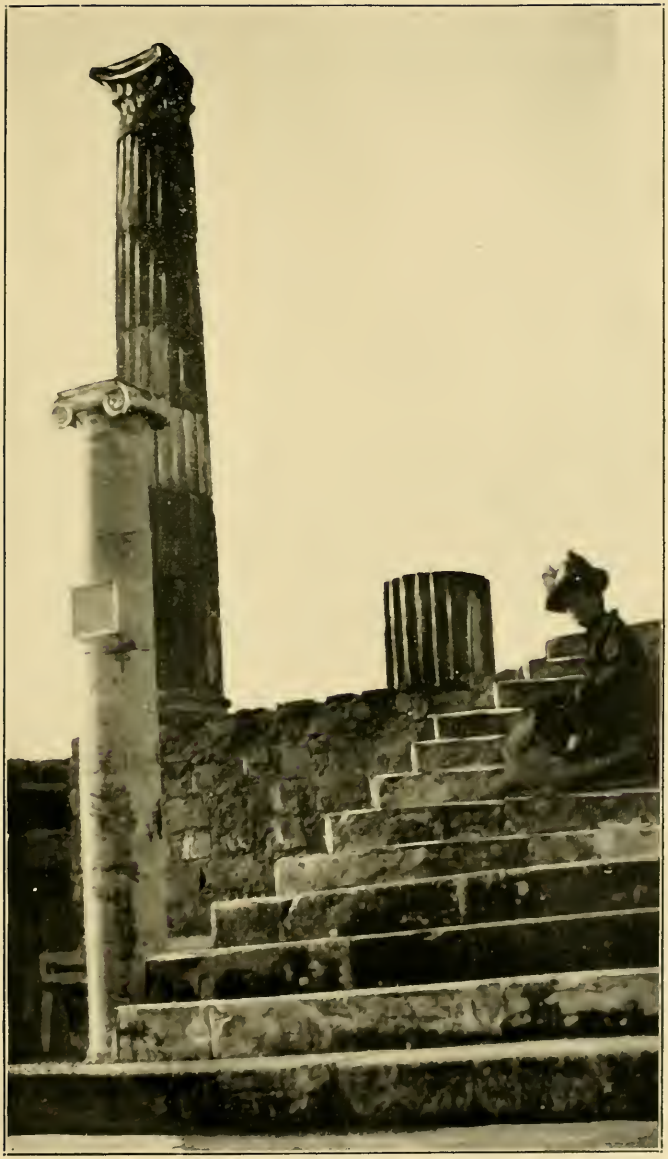
The frescoes remained bright, representing cupids at work, or sporting amid flowers to music, showing their aptitude in figures and coloring. And the baths seemed quite modern, with their pipes for hot and cold water, steam rooms and swimming pools, all decorated and luxurious, and were meeting places for gossip and music. At the doors would be the salutation, "Salve." At the door of the house of Glaucus, the dramatic poet, is a dog in mosaic and the Latin, "Beware of the dog."

At the Temple of Isis, where the oracle was consulted, is exposed, after eighteen hundred years, the hiding place of the heathen priest who spoke. The Amphitheater is well preserved, and the various tem-

ples to the gods, roofless, all to the open sky. We pass along the deserted streets, swept and cared for now, and almost expect to see an old Pompeiian busy in his shop, so is the place peopled by ghosts of the dead and gone. At a street crossing is a well, the curb worn with the pressure of hands now dust, that once leaned on the stone while drinking or drawing the water. Great stepping-stones are at the crossings, between which wheels passed. It seems intrusion to enter one of these homes and note the way of living. My lady's dressing table of stone still stands in many houses, and the pool in the center of the court marks where the shining waters reflected her charms. The altars, both public and private, gave insight into the pagan worship. The street of tombs was interesting. We passed silently through these records of the past and shuddered at the memory of that awful night.

> "Go, seek Pompeii now with pensive tread,
> Roam through the silent city of the dead.
> Explore each spot, where still, in ruin grand,
> Her shapeless piles and towering columns stand,
> And muse in silence on a people's grave."

A distinguished writer describes Pompeii as a miniature of the civilization of the age. "Within the narrow compass of its walls is contained a specimen of every gift which luxury offered to power."



In Old Pompeii.

Sallust, the tragic poet, Pansa, the aedile, Diomed, Glaucus, what familiar names! The house of Glaucus has had an iron gate placed in front, through which one may gaze, and we fancied the feasts at which these other worthies sat. Think of a dish of nightingales' tongues! Naturally our minds turned to that terrible night when Pompeii was destroyed; and at the Amphitheater we see, in fancy, the crowds of gaily dressed people, and the gladiators, with their light and springy step, boldly contending in the arena, and breathlessly await the coming of Glaucus, the Athenian, falsely accused, doomed to battle with the hungry lion, whose instinct warned him of the approaching convulsion of nature. Called by the cry of Arbaces, the Egyptian, to the sight of Vesuvius, above whose top the clouds of smoke and ashes assumed the appearance of a pine tree, as the earth shook and the fiery rain began to descend upon the city, so full of gay life, we turn to flee with the others. "To the sea! To the sea!" And behold blind Nydia leading Glaucus and his beloved Ione to safety, guided by that inner sight the blind possess, that sixth sense. And so both escaped; but the elder Pliny, commanding a fleet at anchor, approached too near in his ship to note the phenomenon, and was killed. The younger Pliny, intent on saving his mother, witnessed the scene, and wrote

thus: "By this time the murky darkness had increased so much that one might have believed himself abroad in the black, moonless night, or in a chamber where all the lights have been extinguished. On every hand were heard the complaints of women, the wailing of children and the cries of men. One called his father, another his son, and another his wife. Only by their voices could they know each other. Many, in despair, begged that death would come and end their distress. Some implored the gods to succor them, and some believed that this night was the last, the eternal night, which should engulf the universe. Even so it seemed to me, and I consoled myself for the coming death with the reflection, Behold, the world is passing away."

Bulwer's romance graphically, but from imagination, describes this scene, and I quote a few lines: "An old philosopher of the Stoic school, in long, loose robes, in the midst of a flying crowd, which had been arrested in despair and doubt, said: 'The world is to be destroyed by fire. Stoic and epicurean wisdom have alike agreed in this prediction, and the hour is come!' 'Yes, the hour is come!' cried a loud voice, solemn but not fearful. Those around turned in dismay. The voice came from above them. It was that of Olinthus, the Christian, who, sur-

rounded by friends, stood on an abrupt eminence on which was a ruined temple to Apollo. Then again came that sudden illumination, glowing over the mighty multitude, awed, crouching, breathless. Never on earth have the faces of men seemed so haggard; never had been meetings of mortal beings so stamped with the horror of sublimity and dread; never, till the last trumpet sounds, shall such meeting be seen again. And above all the form of Olinthus, with outstretched arms and prophet brow, girt with the living fires. And the crowds knew the face of him whom they had doomed to the fangs of the savage beast. Then their victim, now their warner. Through the stillness came his ominous voice, 'The hour is come!'"

At last we turn from this most fascinating spot and return to our carriage, past a number of beggars exhibiting deformities, down a beautiful walk, plucking here and there a flower or leaf as a memento. The long ride to Naples carried us over the buried streets of Herculaneum. The excavations have not made much progress here, owing to the fact that this city suffered from lava floods, while Pompeii was buried under ashes, hot water and stones. Bulwer is authority for this, after inspecting the strata. In his story of the *Last Days of Pompeii* he says he has res-

urrected the skeleton of his characters as they were found, and reanimated them, to serve their little time on the stage of the story-teller.

Driving back to Naples, we are amused by the antics of little boys running beside us, turning cart-wheels, standing on their heads, going through general acrobatic exercises, and then hurrying along with grimy little paws extended for rewards.

Here is to be seen the extended hand, a custom so annoying over the continent, although worse in Italy than anywhere else. Leaving a hotel, the head waiter brings your bill, in the payment of which you include a tip for him; the chambermaids stand conveniently around, waiting their tip; one porter carries your baggage down to the hall, a tip; another takes it to the carriage, another tip; a boy or man opens the carriage door, a tip; a porter at the depot lands your luggage in your compartment, a tip; the drivers expect one, "buono mana," which in Germany is "Trink gelt," in France "Pourboire," in England "Something for the driver, lady." Porters run to the arriving trains, and right welcome are they, for tourists go much with only hand baggage, which will accumulate, preferring to do with less amount of clothing than have to give so much personal attention to heavy trunks en route. Only a few days may

Old Capuchin Convent, Amalfi.

be spent in Naples among the contrasting wealth and poverty, picturesque sights, beautiful things on which one must determinedly turn one's back, the enchanting scenery and associations. Often shall I feel, I am sure, that —

> "My soul, to-day, is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian Bay.
> With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
> Under the walls of Paradise."

Now we turn back to the north, for our passage is engaged from Bremen; so we pass through Rome, taking the railway that conveys us through tunnel after tunnel, on one side of us the blue Mediterranean, on through Pisa with its Leaning Tower. Curious indeed is this, one hundred and eighty feet in height, fourteen feet inclined out of the perpendicular. In the grand Cathedral is the lamp whose oscillations inspired Galileo's ideas of the pendulum. Here in the Campo Santo the graves are in earth brought from the Holy Land over six hundred years ago.

And now on through Milan, with its matchless Cathedral, which also we must leave for that hoped-for future visit. I am told that over the triple doorway are the inscriptions:

> "All that which pleases is but for a moment.
> All that which troubles us is but for a moment.
> That only is important which is eternal."

Arriving at the entrance of St. Gothard's Tunnel, we apostrophize the Italy we are leaving in Byron's words:

"Yet, Italy, though every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side,
Mother of Arts, as once of Arms, thy hand
Was then our guardian and is still our guide,
Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven.
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide and sue to be forgiven."

Now we enter the wonderful tunnel through the Alps to Switzerland. What skill was required to engineer such work! It is nearly ten miles long, twenty-one feet high, twenty-six feet wide; was eight years in building, and cost eleven million dollars. Think of hundreds of men working on this great undertaking, thousands of feet beneath the ground, from opposite sides of the mountain, and meeting exactly. The memory of that trip will ever remain with us for comfort, which in European travel is not very common. Even in the tunnel proper there was not the usual stuffy, suffocating sensation, although we were nearly half an hour under ground. From one side to another our glances were directed while passing through the mountains. It was a panorama of beauty, grandeur and sublimity. At last we reach

Lucerne, only to rest and spend Sunday, having been here before. At any rate we have no time to spare, and it is not so inviting here in the last of October as when in midsummer we visited the lovely lake. Now on again, through ancient Basle and along the Rhine, this time by rail, greeting "hail and farewell" to the charming spots we had visited before. Soon Cologne is reached, and here we perfect the arrangements for home travel, pay fleeting visits to spots endeared, wind up our shopping trips, and bid farewell to our trunks, for here the steamship company takes our baggage for Bremen and the steamer's hold.

A loyal German curiosity was aroused by a whisper that the two fine looking lads seated at the table next to ourselves at the Dom Hotel, and accompanied by their governors, were the second and third sons of the Emperor. They were in Cologne, incog., attending a celebration in honor of Von Moltke, a fine statue of whom stands on a square. I say nothing of the curiosity of the other guests, all, of course, politely half concealed; our own casual glances revealed a pair of manly looking boys in business suits, who strolled unconcernedly about the reading-room, apparently enjoying their freedom as would any other lads released from restraint. Now, a day at Bremen, with its cosmopolitan traits, its

funny street fair, its charming park and quaint church, and now a little more rail to Bremen Haven, and, behold, our good ship, like a friend from home, lying there awaiting us. So we mount her decks and hasten to our room, the same that we had on our voyage over; arrange our trappings in the familiar places, and secure the same seats at table. From the portly captain, in whose care we feel so safe, to the polite stewards, who remember us, and hasten to minister to our comfort, all seems homelike. Down through the North Sea to the coast of France our way was rough, but after a stop at Cherbourg and resumption of our trip, the waters calmed, and our voyage was most delightful. We touched at Southampton, where we received a parcel and welcome letters from English friends. The passengers on a liner, shut up for a week in a little world of their own, become friends, and many a life's attachment has thus begun. The nights were beautiful; the full moon, bright above us, formed a shining path in our wake, and as I leaned over the guards and watched the golden way, I recalled every spot we had visited, and each happy remembrance seemed a silver milestone along the road, receding as we neared our native shores, to take up again the cares from which we had been for a while released. The night before our arrival was the usual "Captain's dinner," with its

Happy Days on the Atlantic.

complimentary extras; the fairy-like march of the waiters among the tables when the lamps were extinguished, and only the illuminated castles of cakes and creams they carried in procession gave us light. And the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," for now we are in American waters. Returning to the deck, we found our side cleared for dancing, tarpaulins forming a protection, flags of all nations draping the impromptu ballroom, electric lights strung along, the band in possession, and happy feet danced away the last hours of our stay on the floating palace that for a week has been our home. Although we feel regret at leaving it, the sentiment of gratitude overpowers us that we are once more at "Hame, where we fain would be," and only a few hours now separate us from the dear ones we left behind us, for what has been to us indeed

A Red-Letter Summer.

ELEANOR CHILDS MEEHAN.

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